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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



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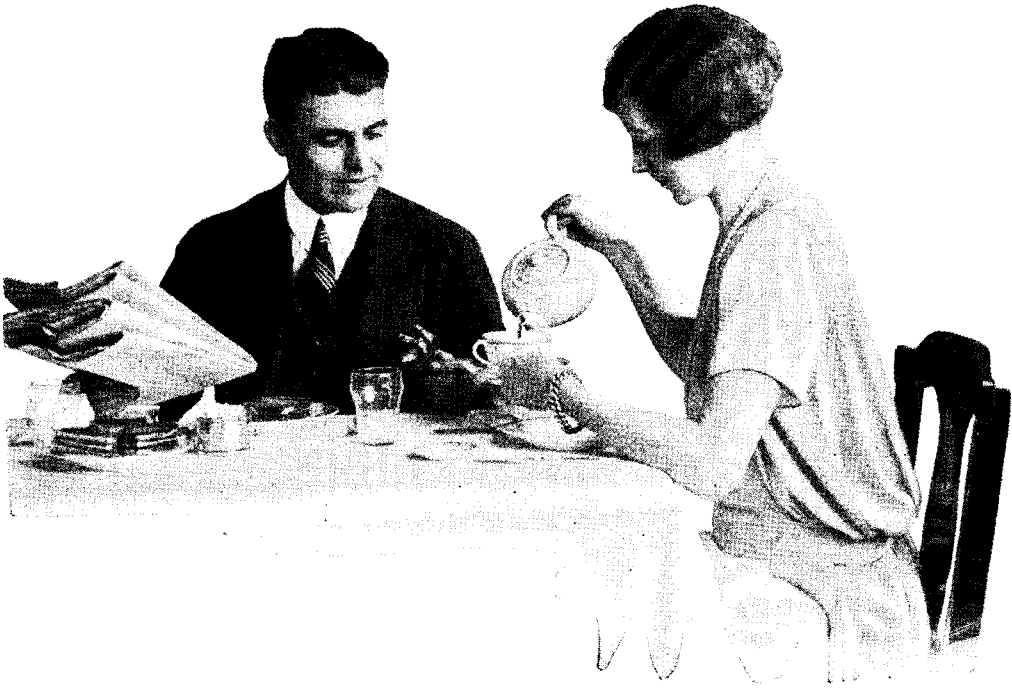
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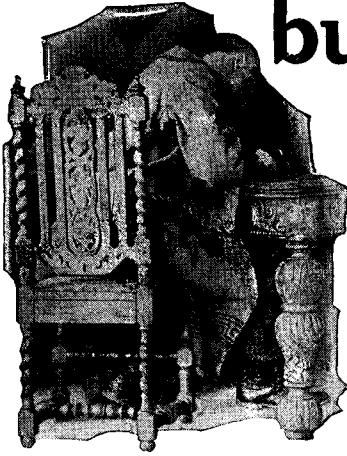
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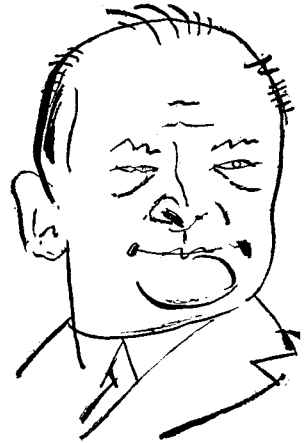
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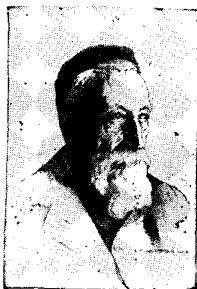
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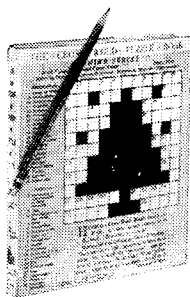


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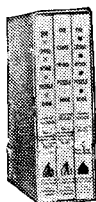
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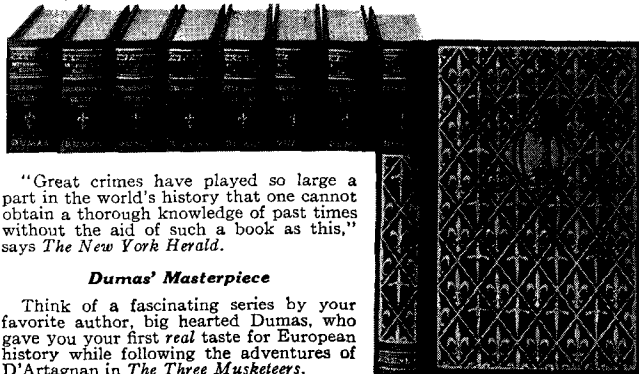
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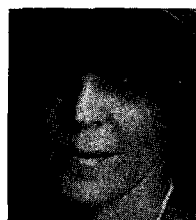
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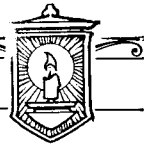
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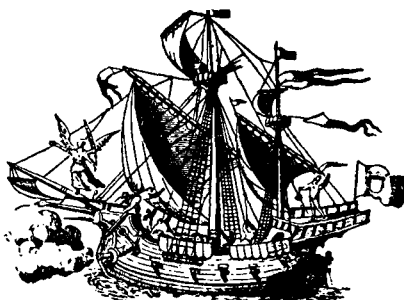
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THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

WITH a triumphant centralization, and with the robber tariff and banks of issue, arose the Grangers, the Greenbackers and other sharked-up resolute, bent on restoring justice in the land. These rebels against the established order were idealists, dreamers, cranks; but they were also brave and good men, men of ideas and insight. Some of them were fanatics; a preoccupying idea which never becomes an act turns some minds to the fantastic or evil behavior of the knight errant. The Civil War had laid the Democratic party flat, but the two administrations of Grant, both within a decade of its close, were so corrupt that the old party of Jefferson began to feel muscular again as early as 1872. Briefly to say it, Cleveland swam into the ken of national life in 1884, though his first election was largely a fluke. Benjamin Harrison defeated him in 1888 with the old chatter of the bloody shirt, and with the old sophistry of the tariff. But in 1892 Cleveland came back with impressive strength. He had gathered around him not only the radical elements, the discontented and the disinherited, but also the intellectuals, the able men who had turned to the Republican party in the war, and now turned back to the Democratic party in order to save the cook-stove in the White House from the thieves. The issue was the tariff,

and not only did Cleveland sweep the country for himself; he also carried it for a Senate and a House. At the same time an unknown man, a new type of man, was elected Governor of Illinois. He was John P. Altgeld, who had been a student of penology, of social conditions, of the administration of the law. His political note was novel, and a forecast of a new order. How happy were the Democrats!

One day in the Fall of 1892, amid the prolonged rejoicings of the Democrats over the election, I was walking with my father down Michigan avenue in Chicago. I have never known a faithfuler, cleaner-minded Democrat than he, using that word to mean a man who loved liberty wholly, and had some idea how to have it and to keep it. "There will never be another Republican President," he said. He was then a young man, and happy beyond measure over the complete rout of the Republicans. As the election was a referendum on the tariff, and the Republicans had no other issue and none in sight, there was reason to believe that a future dominated by a McKinley, and later by a Harding, could never come to pass. Who could foresee that the Cleveland strength would evaporate, and that Cleveland himself would allow it to ooze from his hands? But it happened so, because he neglected the mandate on the tariff to step aside and

tinker with the currency. This divided his Congress badly, and threw fury into the Grangers, Greenbackers and Populists, with the result that when the tariff question was reached, everyone was by the ears; and a tariff bill passed which was so fraudulent that Cleveland allowed it to become a law by the contemptuous neglect of ten days' failure to sign it.

Other things happened: there was a panic, and a great railroad strike, and Cleveland sent troops into Illinois against the protest of Altgeld. Debs was jailed for violating a labor injunction. The Supreme Court invalidated the income tax, and exacerbated an already bad feeling by doing it by a divided court. So again there was a swarming of the hive. The Populists had polled a large vote under Weaver in 1892. Now, with all the old groups, and with the disappointed Democrats, followers of Altgeld and others, they started to make a real end of plutocracy. All the while Altgeld was writing letters and making speeches and giving out interviews. "The tariff has slain its thousands, but the gold standard its tens of thousands!" That was the cry as well as the whisper. Jevons, Ricardo, Mill, Walker and Adam Smith were taken from their dusty shelves and studied. They were mostly bimetalists. Also, the gold standard was a British contrivance to rob the world and rule it!

There was a man then in Missouri named Richard P. Bland, whose sobriquet was Silver Dick. His shriveled reputation began to pulse with new life. He had fathered and fought for the Bland-Allison Act of 1878, which partly restored silver to use; and now he began to be hailed as the man to run for President in the approaching campaign of 1896. He was the candidate most talked of by the radicals, as the silver issue mounted and the country seethed with interest. But this country is sectional, economically, politically, spiritually, and even poetically. It always has been a sectional country, and it is likely to remain so. Hill of New York, enemy as he was of Cleveland, nevertheless aligned himself

with Cleveland on the money question; and in the West, Vilas of Wisconsin, a Cleveland henchman, prepared for the fight against the anarchists. For the most part it was a fight between the East and the West, between the country and the city; and all the while Altgeld was vilified and caricatured as no other man in America has ever been. A cartoon was published of him in an eastern journal (I believe it was called "A Journal of Civilization") in which he was pictured as a huge viper, the deadly snake of anarchy; and magazines of lofty spirit lent themselves to articles in which his reasons for pardoning the deluded playboys of the western world, who had escaped hanging in 1887, were analyzed in order to extract from them all satanic poisons.

II

But one-half of the world laughs and goes on and ignores such disturbing quarrels; perhaps it is the wiser half. In the midst of the rising political storm America had a glorious interlude: it was the World's Fair in Chicago, where most of the country feasted and was happy in a Summer of unexampled beauty. Here Buffalo Bill brought his Wild West Show, to the Coliseum, a huge structure near Jackson Park, in which the Indians and the cow-boys frolicked all that wonderful Summer, and the Cossacks rode, and the dervishes whirled for an indefatigable hour to the strains of the cow-boy band. There was most excellent beer, too, at Old Vienna on the Midway; and I, who believed still in the notes to "Queen Mab," and listened at times to the rumblings of the silver movement, found happy oblivion at the Coliseum and at Old Vienna. Soon another show was to be staged at the Coliseum; and I was to see it thoroughly, too, with the notes to "Queen Mab" as the dominant overtone in my mind.

The second show was the Democratic National Convention of 1896. My father, still hopeful of democracy, was a delegate from Illinois, and he gave me the ticket

which admitted me to its sessions. I didn't miss any of them. Daily I saw the Coliseum, with its thousand of delegates and spectators, seething with wrath against the banks, the tariff, government by injunction, the Supreme Court, plutocracy, and Cleveland; and etched out against the scowling mass was the pale face of Altgeld, whose hour had come. He couldn't be nominated for President, for he had been born in Prussia, but he could help to make a platform, and engineer the nomination. Silver Dick was the man.

There was first the fight as to whether the Cleveland men or the silver men should run the show. The silver men won, and that meant an Altgeld platform, and an Altgeld nomination. But before the Altgeld platform was adopted, Hill, Vilas, and Williams of Massachusetts fought desperately against making that pronouncement of repudiation and anarchy the program of the party. I can see Hill yet, bald and short, with his dipping, pointed nose and his badger-like ferocity, gesturing with short strokes, as if with a broad sword, as he predicted the disgrace and the overthrow of the party of Jefferson and Tilden if this dreadful attack upon the prosperity of the country, this assault upon the Supreme Court, were adopted. There were many to applaud him, too; but it was nothing compared to the bellowing cyclone soon to break loose!

I was sitting just above and outside the delegates' space, watching the fight. Suddenly I saw a man spring up from his seat among the delegates, and with the agility and swiftness of an eager boxer hurry to the speaker's rostrum. He was slim, tall, pale, raven-haired, beaked of nose. They caught at his hands, his coat, as he made his way, as if to bid him God-speed, for he was going to reply to the great Hill of New York. But for that matter, Hill's voice had not carried sufficiently; neither had that of Vilas, nor that of Altgeld, who was known to be ill, and who showed it. But as this young man opened his great mouth all the twenty thousand persons

present heard its thunder. "I would be presumptuous, indeed," he began, "to present myself against the distinguished Senator from New York, if this were a measuring of abilities."

With this forensic artifice, the audience yielded itself to him. Then he was smiling, a sweet reasonableness shone in his handsome face; and then he rose to the thrilling drama of telling epigram, of parry and thrust, of prophetic wrath. Through forty-five minutes he played upon the colossal strings of that responsive audience and when he finished the convention went mad. The delegates arose and marched for an hour, shouting, weeping, rejoicing. They lifted this orator on their shoulders and carried him as if he were a god. And I—was not this the man to carry out the notes to "Queen Mab"? William Jennings Bryan, from Nebraska—that was the word that went round to inform us who didn't know. William Jennings Bryan, only thirty-six years old! William Jennings Bryan, who at thirty-four had beaten and cowed the great Tom Reed of Maine in a debate on the tariff in Congress! At last a man! Silver Dick must step aside as John the Baptist did of old!

I must use a cut-in here: I saw Bryan at Madison Square Garden in 1924, not applauded, but hissed; not carried on shoulders, but in danger of being booted; not smiling, young, trim, inspiring and inspired, but hard, set of mouth, dogmatic, shriveled, old and malicious. The defeat of 1896, and his later defeats, had sculptured him to this figure. It had been better if he had died, or been assassinated in 1896. He would then have become a sort of political Keats, a treasure of the imagination to his country! He saved his life and lost it!

But six million five hundred thousand of us voted for William Jennings Bryan in 1896; and how our hearts were hurt by the terrible assaults made upon him! Why did Joseph Medill call him a "popocrat"? Why did Henry Watterson write him down as a "dishonest dodger," and sneer at him as a "boy orator"? Why did the clergy of New

York characterize him as a "slobbering demagogue," and a "political fakir," and the whole East see him as "an addle-pated boy"? We, the young eagles of that day, could not understand the depth of this malice. Suppose he were not a good lawyer, as his enemies said, as an old associate of his, an able lawyer of Chicago, declared. What of it? Suppose he had not succeeded as a lawyer, suppose he was poor. What of it? So was Lincoln poor; and we had a passionate belief in the integrity of this new Lincoln, and in his courage, his dauntless will. We followed him to listen to his great voice balancing epigrams and hurling them at the trenches of Privilege! We saw him riding amid swarming crowds that would have touched him for the curative virtue of his genius to their own souls. And the bands played Sousa's "El Capitan," which became his triumphal march, as it afterward sang itself in memory as the dirge of his hopes and ours. We marched for him, we lost prestige for him, some of us hurt our chances for life by our devotion to him.

As for myself, I was a precinct captain at one of the Chicago polling-places, deputed to help guard the ballots against the machinations of Mark Hanna. I stood watch all night, until seven o'clock in the morning, when some of us believed that he had been elected—particularly after an old Civil War veteran, also on duty that night, had gone out for a cup of coffee, and returned with the news that McKinley had lost his own precinct. This poor man dropped dead that day from anxiety and fatigue. And I went home to sleep; and found myself in the middle of the afternoon about to crawl out of the window and drop to the street four stories below. I was having a dream that McKinley was elected, as he was! Bryan's picture was in an afternoon paper, showing him staring with fierce beetle eyes, his face thin and drawn from the campaign. Under the picture were words of terrible contempt, of ribald exultation!

We thus gave ourselves to him, and then

he left us—not immediately, but gradually, for the germ of his defection was in him from the first. He had begun with the cry of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one; in a few years he was to betray liberty for the thirty pieces of silver given him for lectures which corrupted the thought of tens of thousands of Americans. And now that he is no longer a presidential possibility nor a law-maker nor a law-giver, he is no less the most dangerous enemy that American liberty and culture has. He is the Christian Statesman, out of a job. Having imagined Gladstone in that rôle, he has evolved himself in imitation.

III

As he had no law practice of moment when he was nominated for the presidency, he had none to return to after his defeat; and he had to finance himself somehow. Lecturing was the only thing, or the writing of books (which is always profitable!). Somewhere in those years he was attacked for trying to keep a bequest against the desire of a Mrs. Bennett, whose husband had admired Bryan, and had tried to provide for him financially. Bryan went to court over this matter, and lost the case. He was then charged with loving money too well; but we who clung to faith in him did not believe it.

He had written a book in 1897, called "The First Battle," which was a report of his travels and speeches in 1896. It was one of the thinnest productions ever put together by a man of equal conspicuousness, and was disfigured by a biographical sketch by his wife, lacking quality and taste. But we forgave all these things in the consideration that the book had to be composed hurriedly in order to take advantage of the waning interest in the campaign; and to write it seemed a legitimate way for him to finance himself, after the exhaustion through which he had just gone. Moreover, he was reported to be giving part of the proceeds to the silver cause, and the fact helped us to defend the charge

of cupidity that was made against him. He also began now to lecture, and to make a great deal of money. His pride had been stung by the flings at him that he was poor, and he started to answer the charge and vindicate himself by getting rich. He was not an Emerson, or a Whitman, subordinating all things in life to a philosophy, a message. Here his ruin began. Also, he was always on the move, lecturing or going to Mexico to look into the matter of fifty-cent dollars; and thus he had no tranquillity for reflection or growth.

The Spanish-American War came on in 1898, a war without justification, like our war against Mexico, which had angered Lincoln. Bryan was against the war because it was causeless; but also because he was now beginning to present himself as a Tolstoyan, a Christian statesman. But when the war actually began, he enlisted and became a colonel. Still, there were some of us who did not see any moral inconsistency in this course. America lives always in a condition of unseriousness, of tenuous conviction, of childish prattle and action about everything. Beside, there is the doctrine that, while a war may be opposed on moral or political grounds while it is brewing, after it is entered upon patriotism requires everyone to support it, in spite of all scruples. Furthermore, we wanted Bryan to win in 1900, and if failing to be a colonel stood in the way of his success we were willing to subordinate our conscience to what seemed to be the greater good—at least, those of us were willing to do this who were not moralists. What did it matter? What does matter? We always see what matters when life has been made, and cannot be unmade.

But things happened in a sequence which shocked most of us profoundly. When the treaty with Spain was made known Bryan said of it: "That is imperialism. It leads us into the hateful paths of colonialism." And we agreed, and rejoiced that he saw it so quickly. But when the treaty came into the Senate, and was in peril because of its imperialistic character, Bryan showed his

elastic expediency by journeying to Washington, and exerting all his influence, which was then very great, with Democratic Senators, to get them to vote for the very treaty he had but recently so vehemently denounced! It had difficult sledding in the Senate, and with Bryan against it it would have been rejected. Why did he do this? He resorted to an epigram as usual in explanation of his course. "It is easier to make laws with friends than treaties with enemies." The Bible came in again as the infallible authority: Agree with thy adversary while he is in the way.

But what were the facts behind the mist of this rhetoric? The facts made a ridiculous paragram of the Bryan summation. It was *not* easier to make a law freeing the Filipinos than it was to make a treaty with humiliated and decrepit Spain. Spain had no power to recuperate during the consideration of the treaty, nor during the time which might have been taken after its rejection for the formulation of another treaty. Spain was whipped, and abjectly abided our will. In consequence of these facts, and because Bryan used the treaty as a basis for raising the issue of imperialism, after he had himself procured its ratification, he was accused, and with justice, of creating the object of his own virtuous indignation and his own plaintive oratory when, at Indianapolis, where he was notified of his nomination in 1900, his peroration swung to the rhythmic appeals of: "Behold a Republic!" This was his nearest approach to an oration in all the tens of thousand speeches that he has made.

So Bryan started forth clothed in the armor of a righteous cause, namely, to get a law to emancipate the Filipinos, and to undo the despotism of the treaty. But the Hamiltonians, having long had their banks of issue, and their tariff, now had their colonies. They had succeeded, after a hundred years of effort, in fastening upon the young throat of America the brass neck-lace of old world mercantilism. They had been trying to do it all along, whether calling themselves Federalists, Whigs or

Republicans. They were as likely to legislate themselves out of the tariff as out of the Philippines. In the campaign Bryan was mocked for his course on the treaty, and reminded that long ago the far-seeing Chief Justice Marshall had called the United States an "empire," and that it had become one to the full, as he foresaw. No, said the myopic orator of the Platte! What Marshall meant was "an empire of love." Please pass the bowl!

Some of us were badly nauseated by this sentimental bosh, especially those of us who knew what Marshall had done to centralize the government, and who remembered how Jefferson hated Marshall, and how Jackson contemned his judicial decree in the Cherokee Indian litigation. In consequence, some of us now perceived that Bryan was not holding back a great intellectual equipment and power in order to be understood of the plain people, but that he was in truth only the "boy orator," and "dishonest dodger" that the seasoned men of 1896 had denominated him. For that matter, the "empire of love" excited the risibilities, too, of the plain citizen of that day; for there were hemp and sugar to be had in the Philippines; and also we were going to civilize and Christianize the Filipinos; and after that we would let them run their country—maybe! It takes time and study to learn how to run a country, as America is run—and time to master the intricacies of the Westminster Confession of Faith, as well as time to believe it, even when gatling guns are used as persuaders.

Now Bryan had to deal with McKinley, a successful Methodist, who asked, looking all the while with accusing eyes, "Who will dare to haul down the flag?" Bryan was afraid to say who would do it. Who, indeed, would want to do it, if the Constitution actually followed the flag, as many averred, though this was disputed? But look how God works to good ends! The Eighteenth Amendment, that masterpiece of the Christian Statesman, keeps intoxicating beverages from all places sub-

ject to the jurisdiction of the United States, and thus the Filipinos are saved (at least in theory) from rum! So did imperialism come to good! Let us pray!

IV

Again was Bryan defeated. In this campaign of 1900 Roosevelt brickbatted him with the charge of a "cowardly shrinking from duty." England smiled at our entrance into the world game, and wished for Bryan's defeat. Being defeated, he announced that he would continue to give his attention to public questions, and to the end of his days. He would also stick to Nebraska as long as he lived, and his ashes should repose in her sacred soil! So he founded the *Commoner* to keep alive the Bryan *cultus*, and began the custom of referring to himself in its columns as "Mr. Bryan,"—which was considered, perhaps, more delicate than the use of the capital I, while being as collective and impressive as the editorial we.

Not long after this a friend of mine went to see him—also to see the new mansion which he had built out of his lectures—and to express a regret that he had entered upon the work of an editor. "What shall I do?" asked Bryan pathetically, as this friend reported the matter to me. My friend answered, "Stay at home, study, read, lecture a little for a living, and grow." He was then only forty years old; and my friend believed that if he would read and reflect he would deepen and strengthen his mind. That was an ill-founded conclusion; but even had it been a well-founded one Bryan was too much infected with the taste for applause, for the stimulation of audiences, for him to heed the advice. Beside, there was much money to be made, and he loved money. Everyone saw this now with perfect clearness.

In the year 1899 I happened to be a house guest over Sunday (called "the Sabbath" by Bryan) where Bryan was also a guest. He did not regard it as sinful for him to take a little time from the service

of God to receive the people of the village on this Sabbath, so he consented to do so. Among the devotees of that afternoon was an old man whose son had gone to the bad with drink, or on account of the saloons, as it was then termed. This old man, in my presence, took Bryan by the hand, and in a plaintive voice inquired: "Mr. Bryan, why don't you come out against the saloon?" Bryan's reply was: "The saloon is a local question." He was in this particular then running true to form. The same rigid respect for form made him fantastic on the railroad question in 1906, when he advocated State ownership for State lines, and national ownership of trunk lines. All in deference to State sovereignty! So the saloon was a local question; and so it would have remained if State sovereignty had not been overshadowed by Bryan's desire to revenge himself upon the liquor interests for larding the lean earth with his political gore. The contributions of the breweries and the distilleries to his campaign funds were acceptable—until he was no longer in the running. That was after 1908. In 1910 he became a Prohibitionist, a matter to be further referred to.

Of the same moral cloth was his treatment of Alton B. Parker. Bryan denounced him as a tool of Wall Street, but when Parker was nominated in his despite he came out for him, and made speeches for him, and said that he had faith that Parker was the Moses to lead the Democrats out of the wilderness. In the convention of 1904 he had made a speech in which he spoke a good word in passing for most of the nonentities who were candidates, but studiously avoided any mention of Parker. Finally, by an oratorical surprise, he threw his choice to Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, an ex-Confederate soldier of no worth-while distinction. He repeated this process in the convention of 1924. He first denounced John W. Davis, and then pledged him his support when Davis was nominated. He made a speech in the convention, just as in 1904, referring to practically all the candidates but Davis.

In 1896 he propounded a doctrinal query which did not at the time, to many of us at least, connote the dangerous fallacies which he gradually evolved from his maniacal fanaticism. Because Altgeld had pardoned the men called anarchists, some of whom were anarchists, the newspapers in 1896, with their usual ineptitude of epithet when bent upon destroying someone, started the cry of "anarchist" against Altgeld, and against Bryan and the whole silver movement. Bryan's reply to this seemed to many of us exceedingly apt, what Walt Whitman would call cute. "Who shall save the people from themselves?" In truth, Bryan derived from the Bible many of his oratorical tricks. He fashioned his retorts on the principle which inspired the dangerous query: Is the baptism of John the Baptist of man or of God? All this might be well enough for the purpose of posing a dilemma, and to put sons of hell like Mark Hanna to confusion. But Bryan actually believed in the people with appalling faith, in the face of any fact whatever; and so he believed that none but the people could save themselves. Great minds could not save them; the wisdom of superior thinkers could not save them. They and they alone had within themselves the secret of their own regeneration and progress—after being made to see the light by Bryan himself!

He passed from this way of stating his faith to the open declaration that the people could rightfully have a king if they wanted one. Democracy to him was just a matter of voting, and not a matter of what the people were voting for. The desideratum was not liberty, but popular rule. There is in him no logic of life as a fundamental source of laws and instruments of government, no categorical imperative. Concretely, freedom of speech and of the press, and liberty of the individual, and of conscience rest not upon reason, but upon the sacred will of the people, and can be taken away by the people as justly as they were given. Blessed be the name of the people! Because of this

conception Bryan was never a democrat, nor even a popocrat; he is better described as a mobocrat; and what he has done since 1908 shows his madness and his ignorance hurtling with fierce fanaticism toward the extravagant conclusions to which this disastrous idiocy necessarily leads.

So in 1908 he made his campaign on the slogan of "Let the people rule." And they did, so far as his candidacy was concerned, though he went about saying that the American people would never elect a man President who disbelieved in the Virgin Birth and the divinity of Jesus, referring thus to the Unitarian faith of Taft. Jefferson, a hundred years before, had been elected President when all New England called him an atheist, and the people hid their Bibles against the day when he should come to power and search their houses for the hated book. Jefferson was a deist, and moreover had compiled a reader's Bible, from which everything but the words of Jesus was excluded. There was also before Bryan's nose, at this time, the plain fact, often evidenced directly or indirectly, that the American people will generally elect a Republican, no matter what he is, instead of a Democrat, whatever he may be. Another catch phrase, this matter of Taft and the Virgin Birth,—a spring to catch the woodcock of his fancy, like the "empire of love," and the later epigram that it is better "to study 'The Rock of Ages' than the ages of the rocks!"

The campaign of 1908 finished him as a presidential possibility. Like the unbidden guest who had been thrice kicked from the dance-hall, he concluded that the American people did not want him. But "The Prince of Peace" lecture was still popular, and there was money to be made, and there was religion to be inculcated, and the saloon to be overthrown, and evolution to be voted down and proscribed by law. In general, an urban intelligence which had fully taken his measure was to be punished. All of this could be done by applying the doctrine: "Let the people rule." He had always been more or less cavalier toward

Altgeld and the radicals; and the campaign of 1896 had given him a fear, so that he now retired into every crevice that was conservative or looked conservative. Even in 1900, when he debated the trust question with W. Bourke Cockran, he announced, "I am a conservative man." What is so conservative as religion? How can you call a believer in free silver a radical when he champions the plenary inspiration of the Bible, not excepting the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes!

Before 1908 he had done much traveling, even circling the globe; and always lecturing, or sometimes writing a book, as he did, for example, in answer to the literary hoax entitled "Letters of a Chinese Official." Bryan, in his reply, undertook to controvert the philosophy of Confucius and Mencius, whom he had thoroughly mastered in his extensive travels! He was also solemnly assuring his countrymen that he had investigated Brahmanism, Buddhism, and all the other world religions, and that Christianity was immeasurably above them all, for these other faiths were the work of men, while Christianity was the work of God! There you have it!

The "boy orator of the Platte" had become a world figure with a mundane and even a cosmic view. What was the presidency compared to this vast opportunity to do good by lecturing? What was it compared to the moral leadership of the religious people of America, whom he could build up into a voting strength against the saloon which had not liked him, and the plutocrats who had defeated him, and the intelligent and cultured who had seen through him from the first? Political questions are moral questions at bottom! That is Fundamentalism; and he was later to appraise himself publicly as a Fundamentalist in all things, and one who had been so from his youth. So by lectures on religion, comprehending in their implications "pending problems," he could enter the churches, in spite of the fact that they were mainly run by Republicans, and win the moral constituencies of the country.

Once it was shown that a belief in evolution led to atheism and immorality, the lawful right to interfere with its teaching overcame any right of free speech. Here was a trick of reasoning with more vitality to it than that which expressed itself in the poser, "Who shall save the people from themselves?" Bryan had grown intellectually! He had discovered the police power!

V

About this time William Marion Reedy, a great Liberal and a keen analyst of human motives, began to write me: "Bryan is malicious." I looked for his malice, and soon found it. It was not necessarily that Bryan did not believe in what he was preaching, but that he was preaching it for an ulterior and punitive purpose. Someone should collect in one book all of the good deeds that have been done in malice, and then analyze their results to see what the malice always does to the good act. Whenever I saw Bryan now I caught the malice that was gradually etching itself into the expression of his mouth and eyes. Along the way I was considering the kind of mind which believed implicitly in the Westminster Confession of Faith, and how almost invariably such a mind brings ruin upon itself. So it was that Bryan the idealist—but not the Brand type of idealist,—was also Bryan the lib-
erticide. As a Calvinist he was a covert antagonist of all the liberal sects on the one hand, and of Catholicism on the other. In the democratic convention of 1924, instead of denouncing the Ku Klux Klan for its attack upon religious liberty, as Stephen A. Douglas, in the face of mobs, excoriated the Know-Nothings of his day, he again resorted to a trick of rhetoric: the Catholics were strong enough to take care of themselves!

In the eighties, in Illinois College at Jacksonville, from which Bryan was graduated, the course was the usual run of the classics and mathematics, with the science of that time. What Bryan read in those

days, if he read anything outside of Demosthenes' Oration on the Crown, and William Cullen Bryant's poems, I don't know. In spite of his talk about democracy, he is socially protective of his privacy of mind. He is distant and cautious, and, when speaking, oratorical rather than conversational—somewhat condescending, too, in the manner of a proud Methodist bishop, and intolerant of contradiction, as well as averse to consultation. Jack Reid once broke through these barriers and extracted from him the confession that "La Paloma" was his favorite piece of music, and "Ben Hur" his favorite drama.

But for the most part we are remitted to "The First Battle" to know what he has read at all. In that book is a list of books he read on the money question. His speeches on the tariff show that he knew that question, too. Today his lectures and books on evolution show indisputably what he has *not* read of science and what of science he has not understood though claiming to have read it. In this field the trouble for him is that he trained himself from the beginning to be an orator, as was the custom in his school days. No one then thought of taking a course to be a writer, a poet. If you were an orator you might go to Congress, but if you were a poet you were headed toward the poorhouse, with plenteous contempt from the moral community along the way. A poet tries to tell the truth; an orator tries to persuade. Bryan was always bewitched with the art of persuasion. Hence his epigrams, plays on thought, forensic dilemmas, appeals to fears and prejudices; they sway, coerce and use the mob psychology. With these tricks and arts he has sought to argue for immortality and against evolution. Now, after forty years, he embodies in "The Prince of Peace" a "finished bit of prose," also quoted in "The First Battle," and sees no absurdity doing so. It was composed while he was a student at Illinois College. I quote a portion:

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power
the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn,

and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose-bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the Autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another Spring-time, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of Winter come?

Bryan then answers his own interrogatories in the negative, but without demonstrating the affirmative. Since he can do no better, an audience, when he propounds these queries, would be justified in chorusing a simple "yep" or "nope," as it might suit it. Or some village atheist might arise and point out that the heart of the acorn, which afterwards sprouts, is not dead when it falls into the earth, whereas the heart of a dead man is dead when it is buried in the grave, and sprouts no more to the knowledge of these eyes of flesh. Everyone to his hope and to its lyric expression, under the Bill of Rights! The objection to the "finished bit of prose" is that Bryan uses it to infuriate the plain people to the enactment of laws prohibiting the teaching of evolution.

In 1896 he had roared with agony and indignation when the Republican leaders warned the working men of the country not to return to work the day after election if he were named for the presidency. And in 1900 I saw him escorted by policemen through a vast crowd which choked Michigan avenue in Chicago, and mount a platform near the Library. He was still young, and there was dramatic charm to him as he flapped a black silk handkerchief around his neck, and sailed into the trusts for threatening the workers with starvation if they voted for him, declaring that he would close every trust in America if he became President. Then, in the Winter of 1923, I saw him again. The place was the Moody Tabernacle in Chicago, and he was lecturing on evolution to an audience of 4800 people, and some hundred clergymen, seated on the stage to his left. This audience went into roars of applause when he advocated the starvation of teachers who taught evolution. Separate them

from their salaries and they won't be so smart!

Is this man dangerous? He has been the most potent influence in having laws passed in the western States forbidding the teaching of evolution. Kentucky escaped by one vote. There is not a State where such laws have been passed whose constitutions do not guarantee the freedom of speech, of the press and of conscience, and the separation of church and state. But what of it? "Let the people rule!" The Westminster Confession of Faith and "The Descent of Man" are in conflict. Who is to choose between them, and settle the dispute peacefully at the polls? The people! There shall be no state religion, true! But there must be law to give supremacy to the Book of Genesis. Here the Bryan mind of old comes forth. He has explained that liberty of speech is not infringed by these monkey laws, because evolution may be taught, under their careful safeguarding of the principle of free speech, as an hypothesis; and that the only thing that is forbidden is its teaching as a truth. Very well! Come now, you atheists, get laws passed forbidding the teaching of the divinity of Jesus, except as an hypothesis!

About two years ago the president of Wisconsin University was reported in the press to have declared that "Bryan is crazy." I myself see in him evidences of an almost pathological condition of mind. But in tracing his career, reading his speeches of long ago and of late, and going over his numerous books—for he occupies about an inch in the card index drawer of the New York Public Library—my conclusion is that his mind is simply congenitally twisted, malformed, turnip-shaped, so to speak; just as the skull of the man is something between a watermelon and a squash. If you will look at his earlier photographs, before the loss of hair gave him the counterfeit presentment of a forehead, you will see that the frontal development is crude and cavernous. But, remembering that the head of Schiller was shaped like a

horse's, it may be that the product of a head is a safer test of intelligence than its shape. Already a good deal of the Bryan product has been exhibited. A few more specimens are too choice for omission.

VI

After 1908 he was changing his position on the saloon and getting ready to forsake the principle that it was a "local question," as he had said in 1899 to the old Prohibitionist in my presence. The Prohibitionists had no foe so outspoken as the Democratic party in the days of Dow and Levering; and its platforms regularly denounced all "sumptuary legislation" as violative of the personal rights of man. If I mistake not, even the platform of 1896 contained such a declaration; I have no book at hand by which to verify this matter, and the reader may look it up for himself. But in 1908, the last year of the Bryan candidacy, Missouri went Republican, and thereby endorsed the deistic faith of Taft. So did Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and New York. Bryan concluded that the saloon had overcome the natural repugnance to deism which the electorate of those States unquestionably entertained. And so he felt impelled to take up the moral issue and make it a political one. It would never have become an issue of moment, never enlarged itself anyway to the proportions of prohibiting all drink, had it not been that the Southern States wanted to keep gin away from the Negro and that it got the aid of Bryan.

It was now July, 1910, and the Democratic State Convention was in session at Grand Island, Nebraska. A majority report had been brought in condemning county option, probably because it was not democratic, and did not confine the matter to the boundaries of a "local issue." But the saloon was now a moral question with Bryan; and he had fully developed his theory of the equivalence of moral and political questions, and the duty of men to make laws out of them; and so he was,

in this convention, evidently much abated, judging by the tone of the speech he made in support of his minority report, which contained this proposition: "We favor county option as the best means of dealing with the liquor question,"—not, mark you, national Prohibition, as the Prohibitionists had been at that time demanding for years. His morality was yet to grow from county option to national Prohibition. He was then only 50. In support of his minority plank Bryan said this:

And some have said that I am actuated by a spirit of resentment; that I am mad because the liquor interests were against me last Fall. Well, my friends, it is true that the liquor Democrats and liquor Republicans put the liquor question above all else. They traded me in this and in other States; I would have been defeated in my own State if it had not been for Republicans, who because of State pride came to my rescue and took the place of Democrats who deserted me. In Missouri, also, I have no hesitancy in saying, the influence of the liquor element was sufficient to account for my loss of that Democratic State. We had the same difficulty in Indiana and Ohio. We had the same trouble in Illinois, and in New York. And do you say that I must not refer to the liquor influence in politics for fear somebody will accuse me of being sore over being defeated?

Then as to his belated championship of the cause:

Do not accuse me of bringing this question into politics. I met an issue after it had been introduced, and if I have any apologies to offer, I shall not offer them to the liquor interests for speaking now; I shall offer them to the fathers and mothers of this State for not speaking sooner. If I am to blame at all, it is for keeping silent—when they had more reason to expect me to speak than the brewers have to expect me to keep silent now.

Yes, he met the issue after it had been made. Kansas, at this time, had long been under a State Prohibition law, so had Maine, so had several Southern States; and the matter had been constantly agitated, according to the American fashion, for seventy-five years. Bryan came to the front only after the brewers took democratic Missouri away from him! And, even then, only with the mild proposition of county option, not national Prohibition and by a constitutional amendment, creating theocratic imperialism!

Having thus started on his course of

Prohibition by the route of county option, he began accumulating arguments for the abolition of *all* drinks, though they were mild as the wine which Jesus by a miracle synthesized for those who grew mellow and happy at the wedding in Cana. One of these arguments was that people who drink blur their minds so that they cannot serve God! Another argument was that men spend money for drink which should be given to God. According to this test, if oratory and lecturing and twisting your political course blur the mind so that God cannot be properly served; and if tours of the world, and fried chicken, and owning real estate in Florida, take money which should be given to God, then these should be prohibited too. However, Prohibition came to pass. And now there was other work to do in the service of the Master. Work while there is day—and box office receipts. Atheism must be stamped out, and the way to do it was to overthrow Darwinism. He took up the task.

In the way of supporting the proposition of special creation there was the matter of demonstrating the possibility of a miracle. It was well for the originality of his logic that he had never read Hume's "Essay on Miracles"—or digested it if he did. There is the law of gravitation, said Bryan. It can be overcome by a miracle. I hold an apple in my hand and will that it shall not fall to the earth. A miracle, and proven! Then he wrote a book, and entitled it "In His Image." Herein he attacked the hypothesis of evolution. He showed first that the Bible declares that man was made in the image of God; therefore, it is false and blasphemous to say that man is related to the apes. But what are we to do? The Bible does not say that Adam and his progeny were changed as to countenance for the sin of Eve, but only that they were driven out of the Garden and made to work. We must conclude therefore that man to this day is still made in the image of his Creator. The difficulty is to decide whether Bryan himself looks like God or the tree

men of South Africa do. This is one of the mysteries with which we are confronted as we allow ourselves to think on the matter.

As for Bryan himself, he has moments of inspiration. You will find him so reporting in one of his books. It occurred to him while traveling one day that the divine inspiration of the Bible could be demonstrated by a syllogism, and instantly, as if by God's dispensation, one came into his mind. Here it is: The Bible was either written by man or by God. If it was written by man, man could write another. Man has not done so. Therefore, the Bible was written by God! By the same reasoning God is also the author of the Iliad, the Divine Comedy, and the works of Voltaire. But there may be subtle reasons why this is not so as to these books. At all events, when Bryan backs this logic with his oratorical presence the work of Darwin lies in ruins on the floor of the Methodist Church of Fiatt, Missouri. He is aided by the character of the audience itself, brought together out of the ten million Americans who have never learned to write an intelligent letter, and the fifty million Americans who do not comprehend the nature of free government, and the half of the State legislators who never get beyond the grammar-school.

VII

The Westminster Confession of Faith revenged itself on Bryan at last, curiously and bitterly. He took to it because it was the natural food of his mind, and when he had eaten of it freely it built him up until he toppled with his natural and acquired imbecility. It led him, in short, to select Wilson to wear the mantle of democratic leadership. At that time, 1912 and before, there was a remnant of the free silver radicals, the Zionists of 1896, who, hearing that Wilson had looked with superior and ironic eyes upon Bryan, and had even written the hope that something would "knock Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat," entertained a deep and scowling suspicion

of Wilson's political orthodoxy. So Bryan began to quiet the apprehensions of his followers, and again blinded his and their vision by the rainbow of an orphic epigram. The epigram was *en clef* with his now habitual religious thinking, and was to the effect that Wilson had experienced a change of heart, or, otherwise phrased, that Wilson, having always been of the elect democratically, was also now of the saved by the grace of a mystical regeneration; and that all who understood the alchemy of the Presbyterian doctrine would know what he meant, and would trust the man.

Wilson, long before this, had published a history of the American people in which he had disparaged almost every democratic leader from Jefferson on, with a special slur upon Altgeld and references to Bryan himself that easily assayed to Bryan's disadvantage. In it he had shown his preference for Hamilton over Jefferson, and indulged himself in a lofty survey of the record of Andrew Jackson and the bank. Yet now Wilson had been washed of his sins, Bryan really believed. He did not see that a man's convictions of a life time, arrived at by study and adhered to by the nature of his mind, were not to be changed by argument nor by any miracle, political or religious. So Wilson, with Bryan's great aid, became President, taking the wand of leadership away from Bryan by making him Secretary of State, and closing the door of his castle upon the Bryan following. How Wilson stung Bryan in the breast when he had him thus wandless and out of hearing of his lost constituency; and how, having stung him, he also planted in the holes of the stings the eggs of a devouring consequence . . . these things are well known. Wilson finished Bryan; and then went on to the same disaster himself: the tragedy of the phrase-maker and the divided mind. The most dangerous thing in the world is to trifle with one's mind, said John Stuart Mill. Both Bryan and Wilson proved the truth of this observation.

Bryan has not always done the best that

he could, as he plaintively asserted one time to a suffragist heckler. He has frequently chosen the lower path of expediency and party regularity when questions of great moment were pressing and much was at stake; and he has done this with slick twists and turns, and with demagogic word-plays. He never in his life showed the moral courage that Robert M. La Follette showed with reference to our entering the Great War. Though he left the Cabinet because of his opposition to the Wilson capitulation, and though he knew that the English were all along affronting our sovereignty more vitally and more impudently than the Germans, yet upon a declaration of war he tendered his services to the government, as he had done twenty years before in the Spanish-American War, which he had also condemned to the extent of his power.

Sincerity perhaps is of no moment in the valuation of a character. Sincerity in the words and deeds of a man help him as little as lack of intent helps to bring back to life a human being accidentally slain. But neither does sincerity save him from being a pest and an injurious influence to his country. Clio cares only for results. What that severe Muse will do with Bryan, who is not sincere and is also the next thing to a fool, it is easy to guess. There would not be any justification for this article, by these tokens, save for the fact that he is in his life time dangerous to the intelligence of the country. No country beside America could produce Bryan; nor could he survive in a country where there were not enough unfit to pay him a living wage for lectures on "The Prince of Peace." McMaster's "History of the American People" has a vast assemblage of facts touching the freak characters and the freak movements with which this country has been annoyed. No one has any idea of the extent of it who hasn't turned to the hilarious pages where these things are recorded. We have had pantisocrats, Know-Nothings, Anti-Catholics and anti-divorce agitators, as well as the worthy emancipationists, the Grangers,

the Populists, and the Greenbackers. We have also had teetotaler societies, and temperance societies, and societies to enforce Sabbath observance, and laws to prescribe the kind of clothing permissible to be worn, and whether people might dance, and if so in what way, and when people should go to bed, and what pictures they could paint, and what books they could read and write, and other laws sprouting from every sort of opinion, conviction and fanaticism.

These influences were in Bryan's background. Out of them he came. With people who devote their lives to the business of interfering with the business of other people, the chain of reasoning is simple enough: If a thing is good for me it is good for my neighbor. If it is good it is from God. If it is from God there should be a law to enforce it. There is one pregnant sentence in the Bible which Bryan has always passed over, but at the last it will devour the whole culture of which he is the evangelical exponent, I fondly trust. St. Paul was shouted down in Ephesus, but before that in Athens the descendants of Sophocles and Plato and Pericles took the wandering fanatic to Mars Hill, and bade him talk of the new doctrine of resurrection from the dead. "For the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

All of the movements briefly catalogued in a preceding paragraph had righteousness for their inspiration; all of them wanted to do good; all of them had goodness as their God-imposed mission; all wanted to thrust goodness upon their fellows, even with the bayonet. The heirs of these American absurdities have been busier and more effective since the World War than at any time since the days of Stephen A. Douglas, who was a democrat with a brain, and a tongue fit for the ironic description of the crank movements of his day. Bryan is the Grand Kleagle of the united Ku Kluxers of today. He is our national Reverend Davidson, eager only to

imperialize the Republic for his God. For myself I should rather see it imperialized for Mars or Plutus. Are there others?

One more picture: In the Fall of 1908 I had already read the works of Nietzsche, so far as they had been translated and published in English. Bryan called upon me, and I do no wrong to the proprieties by reporting what he said to me in a private conversation, since he has often delivered himself of the same thing in public since. The matter of his recent defeat having been explained by me, as best I could, and the subject for the time exhausted, I asked him in a pause of the conversation if he had read Nietzsche. His face turned red with wrath, his jaw set, the militant evangel flamed in his eyes. "He died crazy," was Bryan's bitter and exulting retort. Then a silence reigned which made liquid the air of the room; and he left me!

"He died crazy!" That was Nietzsche's punishment for attacking the philosophy of Christianity. God will be avenged, you know! Sometimes! Hundreds of millions of Brahmans, Buddhists, and Jews have sane and quiet consummations, but Nietzsche had to get it! Good Methodists and Presbyterians occasionally die crazy, even from intense study of the antinomies of free will and predestination and the truth of Holy Writ, but that only proves their piety. In the case of Nietzsche sin darkened his intellect!

Ah! But there remains a true American who has taken the oratorical palm away from Bryan. His name is Elmer Chubb, LL.D., D.D., He has paraphrased Bryan's "finished bit of prose," and made it more convincing, as it is more scientific. Here it is:

If the Father deigns to gift with virgin birth the mean and lowly aphid, which in His infinite wisdom He has made the handmaid of the ant, will He deny to His own Son the precious privilege of a stainless origin, and let the atheist's sneer blow down the fairest fame of God's own spouse?

Here I rest with his epitaph: William Jennings Bryan, Christian Logician and Statesman!

THE GRAMMARIAN

BY JOHN McCLURE

A TINKLING sound that he heard through a shutter made him curious, and the dwarf Biogenes peeped in. There was a man at a table with a candle and before him was a quill and some fool's-cap. At the man's side was a fork in a cork, which was still jingling and shaking like jelly. As the sound ceased, the man seized the quill and wrote savagely. The dwarf Biogenes tapped at the window.

The door opened after an instant, with the man in it, and Biogenes could see that he was bald.

"Is this the door that you knocked at?" he demanded, for there was some doubt, as Biogenes was still at the window.

Biogenes nodded and bowed.

"I should be grateful," he said, "though it does not concern me, to know what the devil it is you do with that fork."

"Be kind enough to come in," said the man in the doorway. "You are strange to me, but I shall explain it."

The dwarf Biogenes entered and sat on a chair.

"The fork," said his host, "placed as it is in the cork, vibrates into music if you flip it."

"I am familiar with that," said Biogenes.

"I flip it this way or that way," said his host, "and listen intently, absorbing both the tone and the rhythm. Then I attempt to imitate it in Greek. I will in this way arrive at a kind of poetry nobody has heard of."

"Your conception is very ingenious," said the dwarf Biogenes.

"I am a grammarian," said his host, "and make it my business to discover new beauties in language."

"You make a living at it?" asked Biogenes.

"Unfortunately no," said the grammarian, "and I have lost all my hair and forty pounds weight from living these years on less than a pigeon's diet."

"Then why do you persist in it?" asked Biogenes.

"It is a sort of urge," said the grammarian. "I desire to leave something behind me."

"You are afraid, then, apparently," said the dwarf Biogenes, "that you will one day be listed among the things that time forgot."

"I will admit that that fear has troubled me," said the grammarian, "as much as the urge."

"But the use of machinery like a fork," said Biogenes, "in the production of poetry appears to me as bizarre a procedure, revealing as artificial a dogma, as that of the young fellows in Syracuse who are attempting to be melodious in describing such absurd transactions as riding to the top of a house in a basket or turning a crank in a flour mill."

"I am no apologist for the modernists," said the grammarian, "and I am not at all sure that my own system is perfect. But that it is original no one can deny. I have written a number of verses in ordinary prosody. They are not satisfactory. And I am determined yet to be reckoned among the lyricists of Cairo and Alexandria, to say nothing of Antioch, when any critic begins counting them on his fingers."

"It is ridiculous to strive for supremacy over one's contemporaries," said the dwarf Biogenes, "since Plato and Æschylus."

"They are dead," said the grammarian,

"and their glory no longer pains us. But it would be very embarrassing, as you infer, if they were living in Cairo."

"They are very much alive," said Biogenes, "if only the jackanapes who are slitting one another's throats for supremacy knew it. And I dare say some of them do. I knew one such author in Alexandria. Somebody had put a bug in his ear and he was indefatigably attempting to destroy all the works of Plato. There was another who danced with joy when the library burned. If they would aim at the excellence of those elder men instead of scrambling for première place in the journals, the history of Egyptian literature would be richer."

"You cannot keep competition out of Grub Street," said the grammarian. "It is life or death there. You speak as an outsider."

"On the contrary, I speak of these fellows with authority," said the dwarf Biogenes, "for once I was one of them. I perished, almost, while writing three tragedies, an epic and a novel."

"You have not the appearance of a poet or a novelist," said the grammarian.

"I have been making a living for seventeen years," said Biogenes, "in the manufacture of baskets. I speak of when I was an elf, living altogether in the ghostly world. Then I learned what the life of letters was like. I composed a poem about opium that was much admired by the young men with new whiskers."

"There were lively times when I was a beginner," said the grammarian. "I knew a young man who stabbed a better poet to death with a goose-quill."

"It was quite common to circulate a libel about anybody who had been praised by the critics," said Biogenes. "I did it myself. When did you take up composition?"

"I served my apprenticeship in Antioch twenty years ago," said the grammarian. "I was a young man of ærial nature, and always had a leaning toward verse. So I went to the city and joined the young fellows who knew all about beauty. There

were a number of us, all barking up the same tree. We were hounds for fame in those days, as we are yet, and we were even jealous of a popular syncopator who invented a melody that maddened the population from Fall till Spring. We were charmed, any of us, to see our names in the bulletins. The desire for immortality is pardonable in any man, you will admit, and I dare say you have felt it yourself."

"It is very difficult to write a line that will be immortal," said the dwarf Biogenes. "And we must remember too, that the desire to perpetuate beautiful work or abstract ideas and the desire to be personally remembered are different things. Plato wrote the 'Phædrus.' A ballad-monger and lecturer I know of, who died of the pip, caused to be inscribed on his tomb that it contained a very brilliant man. Marcus Scaurus—and how many remember him?—wrote three books concerning his own life. Do you think the world will eventually care whether today you had artichokes for your dinner?"

"I have planned an autobiography, whatever you say," said the grammarian, "and I will explain everything accurately."

"You are on dangerous ground when you treat of affairs that are of significance to nobody else," Biogenes replied. "Our glory in daily transactions is more or less chimerical and, though we fill twenty volumes about them, we are likely to fare worse in the tricky memory of men than Critander, who is remembered for a witticism he exchanged with an apothecary. But return, if you will, to Antioch."

"Reared in the Soudan," said the grammarian, "I was not a little ashamed of being a poet. But a pamphlet by a young bank clerk, full of songs about women and death, reassured me. I became one of the new generation, cozened the moon, and twisted the speech and the metre so my songs would be surprising, with the best of them. We had a jolly enough assortment of poets in Antioch in those days. One fellow I knew had to abandon writing because it gave him the shingles. I remem-

ber another, very metaphysical, who attempted to explain a hole in his shirt as an illusion. One witty young man who wrote nothing at all made money off his remarks, charging a penny a word for those that were cribbed by the omnivorous scribes, from whom nothing escaped. One dramatist, rebelling at being interrupted by people who had nothing to do, did his writing in an attic, by the light of a burglar's lantern, so nobody could see he was home. There was an Alexandrian who was extremely conceited and always talked loudest at table. He wrote horribly. His sonnets had been refused, and my volume of verse, which I sent to him with an inscription, he hurled in the fire.

"For I had got out a book, done by an excellent copyist, with illuminated initials. It contained songs about everything. But trouble began at once. I was honored with a vitriolic review, which without doubt I deserved. However, I should have preferred to be spitted on finer steel, and I wrote to the critic in question and reminded him that when the Emperor Augustus met an ass before the battle of Actium he considered it a favorable omen. And as tokens of my esteem I presented him with a pad of butter and a duck-egg, but he took the gifts in bad spirit.

"I forgot to say," added the grammarian, "that I had neglected to establish credit when I arrived in Antioch. We were all of us poor, as we should have been, for none of us was willing to work. We had elaborated a theory, at a mass-meeting in a dramshop, that society should pay us a salary because we were worth money as ornaments."

"There was a black man in Abyssinia three thousand years ago," said the dwarf Biogenes, "who demanded honor and a pension for a song in original metres. Herodotus, in one of his lost books, referred to him as having been in his old age a butler in the home of a ship-chandler."

"We were never put on the government list," said the grammarian. "And our Parnassian school was eventually broken

up under economical stress. One young fellow, I remember, before the group was dismembered, was through good luck invited to dine at a silversmith's—by the artificer's wife—but a fish-bone stuck in his throat and he died the victim of a square meal. The rest of the bards, including myself, were high-spirited rascals, with a good deal of mettle, but two years of hunting for dinner and freezing tamed us considerably. We discovered that we were unable to live upon dew like the fairies. When we saw anyone eating we became jealous and wondered how the devil he got the money to pay for it. But I was determined to be literary, and I took classes in composition and taught imbeciles and children how to parse Greek.

"The others went different ways. One obtained work as a court reporter during an epidemic of murders and shortly afterward hanged himself with his cravat, saying that he found life intolerable because he had no time to write verses. Another became notorious by advertising in the market-place, and anywhere there were billboards, for a rich wife. One posted a bulletin at the exchange, saying he was willing to pull a cart in harness if they would pay him for it. One opened a shop selling hair-powder, and another, selling geographical maps. A sonneteer made a little money hocus-pocusing at a street carnival. A fellow who had specialized in the rhapsody did clog-dances in pothouses, passing his hat. One became a critic, for twenty pennies a week, making himself the scourge of all æsthetic iniquity. Another was hanged when they caught him with a mold, making piastres out of pewter. One, the luckiest, made a fortune selling beer to sailors."

"Did any of you write further?" asked Biogenes.

"Some of us did," said the grammarian. "I have kept at it. One, who had become a broker, fell in love with a country girl and composed the best verses of his career."

"It is perhaps not necessary that a man should struggle eight hours a day with a

pen in his hand," said the dwarf Biogenes. "The most beautiful story was conceived, not by a practicing romancer or poet, but by a monk. It is 'The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.' And the most delicate of pastoral love-songs was written by a revolutionary who was the terror of nobles and shopkeepers."

"There is no question it would be better," said the grammarian, "if we could do nothing but write. That monk and this raggedy-breeches you speak of were exceptional men. If you were a writer at heart, you would realize this fully. Why, may I ask, after writing tragedies, epic verse and a novel, did you abandon the profession of letters?"

"I was unable to discover an herb that was a prophylactic against foolishness," replied Biogenes. "And I simply grew tired of blushing."

"All great writers have had the courage to be foolish," said the grammarian. "It is only the little men who live in terror of making asses of themselves."

"I was very small fry then," said Biogenes. "But continue with Antioch."

"I began to eke out a living," said the grammarian, "as I told you, by giving instruction in Greek and teaching versification. The latter was worse. Strange creatures brought me their poems, which I criticized at great length for a penny a line. And on reading these verses which came so hard I was racked by a sympathetic pain, to which I attribute the beginnings of rheumatism."

"You can imagine that, teaching ten hours a day, I got little accomplished. I was twenty-eight when I began and I am now forty-seven. I wrote two or three pages a week. When I left Antioch and came to Cairo five years ago it was still uncompleted. But, with hard application since I arrived here, and, unfortunately, with fewer students in Cairo than I had formerly, I wrote the last words during the Winter just past. I am now waiting for it to be issued by a bookseller in Antioch. He says that it is good and I have confi-

dence in him. When it is published, I shall emerge from retirement, return to Antioch and enjoy a hard-earned triumph."

"And what is this novel about?" asked the dwarf Biogenes.

"It is about a grammarian," said the grammarian.

"Your reappearance in Antioch after the volume is published is not likely to be accompanied by an earthquake," replied Biogenes. "We live in a busy society. But I trust it will be successful."

"There is no question about that," said the grammarian.

"Life and letters are always uncertain," said Biogenes. "Coculus Naso was sure of his fame, but the night before his Corinthian tragedy was first put upon sale he saw a spectre standing under a lamp-post which predicted its murder at the hands of the critics."

"I do not anticipate any difficulty," said the grammarian. "This novel is good."

"Do you plan to compose another?" asked Biogenes.

"Possibly," said the grammarian. "When I have disposed of my autobiography. But, as relaxation, I have returned to verse lately. My theory about sounds has taken all my time since April. I have nightly imitated the noise of that fork and am gradually developing a monotonous rhythm that tapers off into nothing. There have been no poems written by anybody in precisely that crooning tone. It is new, and since it is new, I have faith in it. I will become famous also for that. If you wish, I'll read you a specimen of this extraordinary metre—"

"I have an engagement," said the dwarf Biogenes, purpling. "I should not have stopped in the first place."

"And I should be at my work," said the grammarian tartly.

He gave a flip to the fork. The dwarf Biogenes departed in some confusion, and stepped into the street as the vibrant tin sighed into silence and the grammarian's quill once more went scratching savagely over the fool's-cap.

TRIAL BY JURY

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

MR. CROWE: That [Dr. W. A. White's record as a psychiatrist] is objected to as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. The only purpose of it will be to lay a foundation for him to testify as an expert on the question of the sanity or insanity of the defendants. On a plea of guilty, your honor has no right to go into that question. As soon as it appears in the trial it is your honor's duty to call a jury. . . . I insist that the question of sanity or insanity is a matter under the law for a jury. . . . From the moment you hear evidence on insanity everything you do becomes of no effect under the law, and this becomes a mock trial.—*Chicago Tribune*, July 31, 1924.

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, the learned attorney for the State, if he had exhausted a day in formal argument and exposition, could not have more thoroughly evinced the utter bankruptcy of his scientific knowledge and the totally archæological nature of his juristic concepts and orientation. . . .

Walter Bagehot is said to have remarked that the chief cure for admiration for the English House of Lords was to go and give it an ocular inspection. It is equally true that in most cases we can be cured of our reverence for contemporary social institutions by a casual investigation of their history. What has been viewed hitherto as a gigantic example of divine solicitude, condescension and revelation appears upon research to be but a clumsy and awkward product of centuries of historic evolution, embodying, like the great rock formations, a vast number of fossil and vestigial remains, many of them quite as anachronistic today as the theory of the four humors or medieval astrology. Of no other institution is this more true than of the jury as an instrument for the ascertainment of the guilt or innocence of men accused of crime.

I have not space here for a thorough review of the history of the jury, such as might be founded upon the illuminating researches of Brunner, Pollock, Maitland, Thayer and Haskins, but I may point out briefly the salient facts in the matter. In the first place, more than ninety-nine per cent of human history was passed without any such institution as the jury having a place in criminal procedure. It had, indeed, a very recent origin. Even the highly developed Roman jurisprudence knew it not. Its beginnings in late medieval times in Western Europe were due as much to accident as to design. During the greater part of the Middle Ages the ordeal, trial by battle and compurgation were the most widely used devices for ascertaining the guilt of the accused. But early in the period the political, rather than the juristic, conditions of the times were evolving machinery which, though far removed in its origin from court procedure, was destined ultimately to beget the modern jury.

Its remote origins are to be found in the nature of the *fiscus*, which was related to the royal revenue jurisdiction in imperial Rome. This power was carried over by the Franks, to whom the royal lands were known as fiscal lands. Among the more important administrative business of the Frankish Empire was the inquiry into royal rights, and particularly into disputes over royal lands. In order to establish his rights the King would frequently direct an *inquisitio*, or inquiry into the actual state of affairs. The matter was usually settled after conversations and adjustments between the royal representatives and private citizens. In due time the *inquisitio* was ex-

tended still further. The King's representatives would summon a group of leading citizens and extract from them an opinion or statement as to the taxable wealth of their community, the state of the public order, and the prevalence of offenses against the King and his laws. This group of citizens or neighbors was known as a *jurata* and its report to the King or his representatives was known as a *verdictum*. Here we have in embryo both the terminology and the procedure of the modern jury.

This first stage of its development, as primarily an administrative rather than a juristic instrument, was most perfectly realized by the Normans, who took the practice to England in 1066. There the royal inquisition soon came to be known as an assize. Exactly a century after the landing of William the Conqueror, namely, at the famous Assize of Clarendon in 1166, the grand jury took definite form. A varying number of country gentlemen and burghers were summoned before the royal representatives and compelled to tell whether they knew of anyone accused of crime in the neighborhood. At least twelve of those summoned had to agree as to the accuracy of the report in order to secure royal action. That so large a number was summoned was due to the fact that in the case of powerful violators of the King's peace a single individual feared to make accusation. This jury of accusation, which appeared shortly after the middle of the Twelfth Century, was, of course, the grand jury rather than the trial or petit jury of today. Those accused of crime by it were commonly subjected to the ordeal or duel in order to ascertain their guilt, though as early as 1160, in certain civil cases, Henry II is said to have allowed the accused to decline trial by battle and resort to a crude form of jury trial. The development of the trial jury, as we know it, however, was delayed for half a century or more.

The thing which did more than anything else to establish it was Innocent III's condemnation of the ordeal in 1215. This strong pronouncement of the Church

against the prevalent method of ascertaining guilt led to the gradual substitution of the jury trial, which made its appearance in England by the close of the first quarter of the Thirteenth Century. At first, it was rather common for the grand jury to act also as a trial jury, but in due time the two bodies came to be definitely separated in composition and function. For a century or so a person who preferred to do so might decline a jury trial and resort to trial by battle or accept torture. The incentive in these cases was the fact that conviction by a jury led to the seizure of the property of the accused and the possible destitution of his relatives. Trial by battle was gradually outlawed, but torture remained legal to the close of the Eighteenth Century. In the early juries there had been no definite uniformity as to numbers, with the exception that usually twelve of those chosen were compelled to agree before a decision could be made, but in the course of time the English jury came to consist definitely of twelve "good men and true." The choice of the number twelve unquestionably was based upon scriptural precedent, and the primordial jury was clearly related to the earlier device of compurgation, by which, in the absence of direct evidence, twelve friends of the accused could swear to their belief in his innocence. The Holy Spirit was assumed to hover in close proximity to the compurgators, and when the jury developed it was believed that It watched with equal solicitude over the decisions of jurymen. The Holy Ghost was supposed to be particularly favorable to the number twelve because of the fact that there had been twelve tribes of Israel and Twelve Apostles. It is probably only an accident that the sacred Hebrew number seven was not chosen instead of twelve. A definite deterrent advantage might certainly have arisen had the choice fallen on the number thirteen!

At the outset, the trial jury performed the functions of the present jury plus that of the witnesses. The jurymen were usually men who had a knowledge of the facts in

question and they based their verdict upon their own information or judgment. By the opening of the Fifteenth Century in England, however, the jury was gradually transformed into a body which founded its decisions mainly upon evidence supplied by witnesses. For a considerable period the only witnesses summoned were those for the prosecution, and the defendant was at a distinct disadvantage. Gradually, however, he was given the right, under progressively lessened handicaps, to call upon witnesses to testify in his behalf. Along with this went the development of rules of evidence, and of the right to challenge jurors, and improved methods of impanelling the jury. The rules of evidence and the court-room procedures which prevail today are a curious mosaic, embodying elements which originated as early as the Fourteenth Century in juxtaposition to such highly novel devices as the summoning of trained psychiatrists to aid judges and juries in their decisions. The modern rules of evidence and procedure, in other words, present a recapitulation of the entire history of trial by jury.

It should be quite evident from even this brief and casual sketch that the jury is far from the divinely created and sanctioned bulwark of human liberty which right-thinking men now suppose it to be. It took its origin in a non-judicial field and was clumsily adapted to its present purpose simply because nothing better was at hand. Far from being a rampart of human freedom or a safeguard of democracy, it was in its origins one of the most potent and highly prized instruments of royal absolutism and monarchical oppression. Compared to other institutions of the time, trial by jury probably made a fairly respectable showing in the Sixteenth Century, when there were relatively few highly trained lawyers, and the men summoned for jury service represented the intelligent and cultured upper class. But the progress of medical knowledge, sociology and jurisprudence since that time has made it as preposterous and out of date as the sun dial

of James I or the coach of Charles II. Moreover, the average jury is today chosen from an altogether less intelligent class than that which furnished jurors in the Sixteenth Century.

II

The complete futility and inadequacy of the trial by jury can be best indicated by a brief analysis of the actual procedure from the impanelling of the jury to the rendering of the verdict. The selection of the panel is determined by lot, the names of a definite number of citizens being drawn at random from a collection of slips or cards bearing the names of all the qualified citizens of the county. At best, any such panel can only at rare intervals include a better than average group of citizens. It cannot be limited to those possessing unusual intelligence or special knowledge of criminal matters. In the usual case, the panel is made up of an average collection of farmers, shoemakers, barbers, plumbers, hod-carriers, and day laborers, with a few professional or business men sprinkled among them. In many cases, of course, the theory of a choice by lot has become a legal fiction, and accommodating commissioners of juries are willing, for a reasonable consideration, to draw the names of the men desired by district attorneys or lawyers for the defense. Such selected panels are by no means rare, and when one of them supplies a jury the outcome of the trial is assured before a single witness has been summoned. Even when a panel is honestly selected it fulfils exactly the democratic doctrine that special training is in no way essential to competence in the handling of public affairs. It is drawn from precisely the classes from which a mob might be raised by the Ku Klux Klan.

In the choice of the actual jury from the panel we observe the operation of a process that may be called counter-selection. The obviously more intelligent and abler members, drawn from the business and professional classes, are for the most part automatically excused from service, leaving

only the farmers, cobblers, barbers, clerks, hod-carriers and day-laborers. These men are questioned forthwith as to whether they have read about or formed any opinion concerning the case. Those who answer in the affirmative are likewise automatically disqualified. It is quite apparent that in regard to any significant case any honest man possessing a modicum of literacy is compelled to give an affirmative answer to this interrogation. Hence, the actual choice of jurymen is limited to the illiterates and the liars.

Naturally, the attorneys on the two sides desire to obtain a jury which will be *a priori* as favorable as possible to their sides. Therefore, they challenge all jurymen who, because of party affiliation, religious belief, class membership or nationality may possibly be against them. If the defendant is a prominent Democrat, the district attorney will naturally desire a Republican jury, and a Catholic defendant suggests immediately the desirability of having a heavy representation of Methodists and Baptists. If a so-called Red is on trial the district attorney endeavors to get a jury of bank-clerks and stock-brokers, while the counsel for the defense labors to secure veniremen who admire W. Z. Foster. The liberal legal arrangements for challenging without cause, and the practically unlimited right of challenging *for* cause, make this manoeuvring easy. Only an exactly equal balancing of knowledge and wits on the part of the approving barristers can prevent it. The jury chosen is thus often either "fixed," "hand-picked" or composed of the most colorless and feeble-minded of the illiterates and liars.

This jury, after a few days of bewilderment in the new and strange atmosphere, settles down into a state of mental paralysis which makes it practically impossible for the majority of its members to concentrate intelligently and alertly upon the testimony and the rulings of the court. At best, it is in a state of distraction and absent-mindedness. The farmer wonders whether his hens are being fed or his horses

properly bedded down, and the drummer bemoans his lost sales. Awakened from time to time from this stupor and these fantasies by the unusual beauty, volubility, resonance or obscenity of the witnesses and testimony, the jurymen suddenly pounce upon some more or less irrelevant bit of testimony and forget or overlook the most significant facts divulged by the witnesses. Thus we have, in a typical jury trial, the testimony of the witnesses and the rulings of the judge presented to a group of colorless men drawn from the least intelligent elements in the population at a time when they have lapsed into a mental state which practically paralyzes the operation of their normally feeble intellects.

The situation as regards the testimony itself is scarcely more satisfactory. Psychologists, following the pioneer work of Münsterberg, have proved time and again that the most honest and intelligent eye-witnesses, having observed an act in question leisurely and directly, are unable to testify about it with any degree of exactitude or unanimity. The testimony normally produced in a court-room is incomparably inferior to that brought forth in carefully controlled psychological tests. There is usually a paucity of eye-witnesses, and those that actually exist are rarely persons of intelligence. Quite as likely as not they are among the "undesirable citizens" of the place, who would not be believed under oath if they were disgorging from any other vantage point than the witness-chair. But even these inferior persons with their inadequate information are rarely allowed to testify in a straightforward fashion. The technical rules of evidence often prevent their being permitted to tell the most pertinent things they know. On the other hand, counsel may seduce them into making all sorts of vague insinuations about things of which they know practically nothing.

But even this is not the worst of it. As everyone who is not absolutely innocent of court procedure knows, witnesses are

usually as carefully coached by counsel as prize speakers in a rhetorical contest. Very frequently the "best" type of witness is one who knows absolutely nothing about the case and so may be coached from the beginning to tell a coherent story. Convictions or confessions of perjury in all sorts of cases, from the celebrated Mooney case to the recent case of Sacco and Vanzetti have demonstrated the frequency of this building up of "impressive" testimony by counsel and witness without the slightest factual basis. It is one of the marvels and injustices of our criminal procedure that in the case of a conviction of perjury the witness alone, instead of the witness and counsel together, is compelled to suffer the penalty of the law. But even if we had the most accurate testimony by witnesses of the highest intelligence and undisputed veracity, its value and significance would be practically lost upon the illiterate, inattentive and distracted jury. Hence, the outcome is essentially this: a body of individuals of average or less than average ability who could not tell the truth if they wanted to, who usually have little of the truth to tell, who are not allowed to tell even all of that, and who are frequently instructed to fabricate voluminously and unblushingly, present this largely worthless, wholly worthless, or worse than worthless information to twelve men who are for the most part unconscious of what is being divulged to them, and would be incapable of an intelligent interpretation of the information if they heard it.

In case there is intelligent, pertinent and damaging testimony and a few competent and alert jurymen have slipped by the lawyers during the period of challenging the jury, an attempt is made by the lawyer whose side seems likely to lose by this testimony to obscure its significance and divert the attention of the jurymen from it. Every form of inflammatory oratorical appeal is permitted by the rules and every type of effort to stir the prejudices of the jurymen. The jury may even be covertly

threatened with mob reprisal if it does not render a certain type of verdict. Particularly in closing appeals is this rhetorical gaudiness utilized. If the evidence is strongly unfavorable to one party, the lawyer representing it is likely to ignore the testimony altogether and to appeal solely to the emotions of the jury. And it need not be said that to the average jury an emotional appeal is far more potent than a factual demonstration. Perhaps the most instructive thing about the modern jury trial is that neither the district attorney nor the counsel for the defense is vitally interested in the hard facts. The district attorney commonly desires to convict whether the defendant is innocent or not, and the counsel for the defense desires an acquittal whether his client is guilty or not. Moreover, it is the jury which invites the lavish use of money in hiring expensive counsel to obscure facts and create fiction—that transition which Hobhouse describes as the substitution of battle by purse for the ancient battle by person. Before a group of trained experts the vaporings of high-priced counsel would have about as much standing as the pulpit gymnastics of Billy Sunday.

The technical rulings of law are as ineffective before the jury as is the testimony. The average jurymen is abjectly ignorant of even the most elementary law, and almost invariably misses the significance of the judge's interpretations of it. Even in those cases where the rulings are simple, explicit and direct, the jury often brazenly and defiantly ignores them. A writer cites an interesting case where a judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict in a certain manner unless they felt that they knew more about the law than he did. Astonished when they disregarded his advice, he reminded them of his charge. Whereupon the foreman responded; "Well, jedge, I reckon we considered that point, too." Especially futile are the rulings with respect to the rejection of evidence that has been actually presented. If a jurymen has been impressed

with testimony, in not one case out of ten will he be influenced by a subsequent ruling of the judge that it is irrelevant and must be excluded from consideration.

The burlesque upon science and justice which trial by jury thus presents is carried from the court-room to the room where the jury deliberates. Here it is free to, and frequently does, ignore absolutely all the instructions of the judge and all the testimony presented, and comes to its decision upon the basis of the prejudices of the members. In a recent notorious murder trial in New Jersey the jury frankly disregarded all the testimony, knelt in prayer, and then found a unanimous verdict for the defendant. This case was unique only in regard to the frankness of the jury's confession of the method it pursued and the publicity which that confession received in the press. Even in cases where a jury is reasonably alert in following the testimony, the desirable results of such an unusual phenomenon are likely to be destroyed by the presence upon the panel of a powerful and impressive personality or a stubborn moron. There are innumerable cases of a miscarriage of justice due to the conversion of the jury to the point of view of a prejudiced but convincing orator or to the presence of a juror who through bias, bribery or stupidity has held out against the judgment of his eleven colleagues. And even the most elementary psychology makes it clear that though we had twelve able men on the jury they could rarely come to a concise, definite and well-reasoned agreement upon the basis of a study of the same body of facts.

We have thus the spectacle of a "fixed" or "selected" jury, or one of colorless liars and illiterates deciding the matter of the corporeal existence, public reputation, property rights or personal freedom of a fellow-man upon the basis of prayer, lottery, rhetoric, acrimonious debate or intimidation, in ignorance or defiance of legal rulings which they do not understand and of testimony, perhaps dishonest,

which they have only imperfectly followed, and from an intelligent comprehension of which they have been diverted by the fervid emotional appeals of counsel. If one were to protest against the accuracy of this picture by the counter-allegation that most verdicts are nevertheless sound and that such a result could scarcely be expected from so grotesque a procedure as I have described, the first answer suggested would be the query as to how one knows a particular verdict is a correct one. The majority of our convicted murderers go to the chair bawling protestations of innocence, while many obviously guilty ones are freed. There being under our system an opportunity only for a verdict of guilty or not guilty, by the mathematical laws of chance verdicts should be right in fifty per cent of all cases, taking a sufficiently large number of cases and extending them over an adequate period of time. Surely there is no person of reasonable IQ, sanity and literacy who would contend that more than half of our jury verdicts are accurate, or that the majority of those which are sound are such for any other reason than pure chance. An equally satisfactory result might be obtained far less expensively and in a more expeditious and dignified manner by resort to dice or the roulette wheel. I should be quite willing to defend the thesis that, in so far as certainty and accuracy are concerned, the modern jury trial is not a whit superior to the ordeal or trial by battle.

III

The amusing but tragic travesty which almost invariably accompanies a jury trial is due, chiefly, of course, to our democratic hallucination as to the intellectual acumen, information, and judgment of the average specimen of *Homo sapiens*, and to our entirely wrong-headed and antiquated concepts in regard to society's proper attitude toward the criminal. Hitherto, our criminal justice has been concerned almost entirely with the crime and its commission and not with the criminal and his personality.

Modern criminal science repudiates this mode of approach. It is the criminal and not the crime which must be primarily considered, whether we emphasize the reformation of the criminal or the protection of society. The nature of the criminal personality is the point of attack for the rational criminologist, and there is no greater scientific fallacy extant today than that which was urged so tenaciously by Mr. Crowe and his associates in the recent Chicago trial, namely, that the penalty should be made to fit the crime. Only in a very limited degree is the crime any real criterion of the potential danger of the criminal to society or of the possibility of his reformation. The California Bluebeard, J. P. Watson, who was discovered some four years ago to have killed at least nine wives, was potentially less dangerous to society than a low-grade feeble-minded boy whose chief offense to date has been the pilfering of marbles and candy. Mr. Watson, under proper therapeutic treatment, could probably have been cured of his compulsion neurosis in a couple of years and restored as a safe member of society, but every criminally inclined imbecile is an incurable potential murderer as long as he lives, even though he may never commit any crime during his entire career.

Accepting, then, as basic the notion that we should deal with the personality of the criminal and not with his alleged act, it immediately becomes apparent that criminology is a highly complex technical subject. To be successfully pursued it requires the collaboration of biologists, psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers. Obviously, its problems are not to be entrusted to lawyers or to the sort of men who serve on juries. The jury-room is no more a place for the functioning of the common man than the operating-room of a hospital, the designing-room of the American Bridge Company or the research laboratory of the General Electric Company. Least of all can we rationally entrust the decision in a case of alleged insanity to the average man. Imagine, for example, a

group of plumbers, barbers and the like being assembled before a class of medical students to diagnose a case of inflammation of the pancreas, or gallstones, or tumor of the uterus. Such a grotesque absurdity would be exactly comparable to the burlesque of calling a jury to decide upon the insanity of a defendant in a criminal case were it not that the determination of insanity is often a much more difficult and subtle task than the diagnosis of a physical disease. If Mr. Crowe desired to have himself laughed out of the society of rational men, he could have furnished no better ground than his plea for a jury to determine the mental state of Loeb and Leopold.

Modern criminal science, indeed, makes it clear that a lawyer is a wholly improper person to have any dealings whatever with criminals. He is as much out of place in the criminal court-room as he would be in the hospital or the chemical laboratory. Of course, we shall probably need legal forms and prescriptions for the conduct of the new criminology, in the same way that we now have legal regulation of medical practice and hospital organization, but the lawyer is not today thought to have any proper function in the bacteriological institute, the psychiatric clinic or the observation ward of a hospital. We can, perhaps, tolerate the presence of a judge, but we can safely assume that all the legal guidance necessary may be supplied by this judge without the assistance of prosecuting attorneys or lawyers for the defense. The legal profession, of course, will not welcome any proposal, however scientific and logical, which will forthwith remove a considerable portion of its professional income. But this obstacle, in due time, will be worn down, as it has been in the past in connection with the progress of scientific knowledge in other fields. We have taken the practice of medicine from shamans and surgery from barbers, and in time we shall take criminology from the legal profession. No unprejudiced and informed person can deny the need for this reform, for it is probably true that the

average contemporary barber is better equipped to perform a major surgical operation than the average lawyer is to deal scientifically and efficiently with criminals.

The new criminology will delegate the study and treatment of the criminal to a permanent group of experts under the leadership of trained and enlightened psychiatrists. Such a group will not be concerned primarily with the mere legal guilt of the person accused. Guilt of criminal action will be regarded only as a symptom of initial significance. Accusation and guilt will be viewed chiefly as means of bringing a criminal personality into the custody of scientists. The important question will be the menace of the individual to society and the possibility of so treating him as to eliminate that menace. If it is found that his personality is such as to make it permanent and serious, he will be segregated for life, whether he has committed a multiple murder or stolen a bag of peanuts. On the other hand, many a person who has committed a murder will be committed to a sanitarium for treatment, with the expectancy of his ultimate release to a life of freedom if his motivating compulsive disorder is of the type which promises recovery under treatment.

Those who allege that the new criminology will not offer adequate social protection argue badly and in a circle. Surely no person would contend that our present criminal jurisprudence in the United States offers adequate protection against, say, crimes of violence. A careful statistical study by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has recently shown that there is only one execution to every one hundred and forty-six homicides in this country and that our homicide rate is seventeen times as high as that of England. The new criminology will prescribe a technic and procedure which will be much more effective than even the English procedure. For the first time in the history of criminal jurisprudence there will be a group of individuals actually interested in the real facts about crime and capable of making

use of them in an intelligent manner. It will no longer be a matter of gubernatorial ambitions on the part of the district attorney or fees and reputation for the counsel for the defense. The new system will go beyond Chief Vollmer in urging improvements in our police, so as to make the discovery of crime and the subsequent retribution swift and sure. It will advocate devices to discover in advance of criminal action the existence of personalities likely to become menaces to society. In the case of a young person suffering from incipient dementia-præcox we do not insist upon waiting until he has assassinated his grandmother before we commit him to an institution. Likewise, it is not invariably necessary to wait until a potential murderer has committed his crime before he is detected and segregated. Many will allege that it will be very difficult to discover such potential criminals in advance, but it may be retorted that it is equally difficult to discover persons who are spreading contagious diseases. Yet it is only as we succeed in this last that we are capable of giving any reality and value to preventive medicine. In all probability, arrest by ever more scientifically trained police will remain a major method of bringing the criminal to the attention of psychiatrists, but a greater and greater percentage of anticipations will be realized through mental hygiene clinics, compulsory mental testing, and the extension of psychiatry into the work of the public-schools.

Even more, the scientific criminology will emphasize the necessity of sterilizing and segregating that class which produces most of our potential criminals, namely, the feeble-minded. There will be no more time sentences; the period of segregation will depend entirely upon the progress made toward the cure of the disorder which motivates and precipitates criminal conduct. The same criteria will guide our procedure that governs it today with respect to the release of patients from hospitals for the insane.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

DIFFICULTIES of a poor man in the faubourgs of Birmingham, as described in an open letter to the celebrated *Birmingham News*:

To the Editor *The Birmingham News*:

I am a resident of Ensley, having been in this place for the past twenty years. I am a taxpayer, a voter and also a property-owner. One-armed man, pure white, work at steel plant for an honest living, and in good standing. I feel as if I have been treated unjustly. My cow strayed from my yard this morning and I immediately went to the pound pen and notified the head man in charge that my cow had got out and to 'phone me as soon as he had heard or seen her. A few hours previous to this conversation I sent my boy to the pound pen to see if my cow was there, and she was. They had milked her and got about four gallons of milk, and charged me \$2.50 to get her out. Now, this cow had only been caught about two hours and the poundkeeper never reported to me he had ever seen or heard of her. He said it was his duty to milk all cows. Now I want to say, if the City of Birmingham is in such hard circumstances that when they catch a man's cow and have to milk her and then charge him \$2.50 in addition to get her out, they had better call a referendum for another bond issue and beg the people to support it.

J. W. CAWTHORNE.

1723 Avenue H, Ensley.

THE perils of amour among the white, Protestant Nordics along the Coosa river, as described in a Gadsden dispatch to the same great newspaper:

Smith Hill is in the county jail on the charge of assault to murder. It is claimed that he was passing the home of his rival, Sam Aiken, in East Gadsden, when he saw him standing in front of a mirror arranging his necktie. Hill decided to put him out of business, it is charged, and so pulled a revolver and fired. The bullet passed close by Aiken's head and shattered the mirror.

CALIFORNIA

FROM a page advertisement in the *Los Angeles Times*, composed and paid for by the go-getters of the Greater Santa Monica Club:

The climax and apex of civilization are at Santa Monica. . . . She attracts men of advanced thought and ability. She inspires them with ideals. . . . We invite creative thinkers and doers to make Santa Monica the scene of their work.

ORDINANCE lately passed by the Christian legislators of Long Beach, the Coney Island of Hollywood:

No person shall indulge in caresses, hugging, fondling, embracing, spooning, kissing or wrestling with any person or persons of the opposite sex in or upon or near any public park, avenue, street, court, way, alley or place, or the beach, or any other public place in the city of Long Beach, and no person shall sit or lie with his or her head, or any other portion of his or her person, upon any portion of a person or persons of the opposite sex upon or near any of the said public places in the city of Long Beach.

FROM a circular issued by the Brotherhood of Light, a fraternity of Los Angeles illuminati, with headquarters in Postoffice Box 1525:

CHARMS

We have had constructed under our instructions gold buttons, silver pendants and silver pins suitable to convert into charms. These are emblems of the Brotherhood of Light in gold or silver on a field of blue enamel. They are handsome pieces of jewelry, such as anyone may well feel proud to wear. Full instructions are sent with each for magnetizing and consecrating for the purpose of making it a charm.

COLORADO

HEROIC renunciation of the editor of the eminent *Boulder News-Herald*:

Politicians try to punish editors who will not sacrifice convictions for commercialism. Because the state Republican organization is controlled by the Ku Klux Klan, the *News-Herald* will not be given any part of the contract to publish initiated and referred measures in Boulder county. We should rather lose money for the sake of a principle than take money at the expense of our conscientious beliefs.

LAW-MAKING by the *Polizei* in Denver, as reported by the patriotic *Post*:

Chief of Police Candlish issued an edict Thursday forbidding white women or white girls

being in the employ of Greek, Japanese, Chinese, Mexican or Negro restaurants, candy stores or other places of business. It is estimated more than 100 white women are now working in such places. The chief did not promise to find jobs for them. "I'm not going to allow any white girl to be in the employ of these people," he said.

CONNECTICUT

DECISION of the learned Aubrey, J., of the City Court of Meriden, in *Dziekiela vs. Kama*, an action for slander on the ground that the defendant called the plaintiff a drunkard:

An oral charge of drunkardness is not actionable *per se* unless it charges a crime, or unless it is coupled with some business in which drunkardness is a disqualification. Our practice requires that oral words, to be actionable in themselves, must either charge an offense which upon conviction would call for an infamous punishment or an offense which involves moral turpitude. It goes without saying that drunkardness does not call for an infamous punishment and in a refined sense, drunkardness in the sense of intoxication is not of itself made a misdemeanor or crime in this State. The gravamen of the offense lies in being found intoxicated. Counsel suggests that since the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enforcement laws supposed to carry the same into effect, drunkardness has become a crime involving moral turpitude. But the penalty for intoxication still remains unchanged and we cannot find that this claim is well founded either in law or in fact.

How the commercial giants of Stamford seek relaxation from the strain of Service, as reported by the eminent *Advocate*:

The Rotarians, at their meeting yesterday noon at the Suburban Club, were entertained by Robert G. Alter of Cincinnati, vice-president of the American Tool Co., who rendered several selections on his musical saw, accompanied on the piano by Miss Nellie Morrison of the Hotel Manor.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

EFFECTS of the Law Enforcement campaign under the shadow of the White House, as reported by the *Washington Daily News*:

Gin, synthetic of course, which cost \$7 a short quart in Washington three years ago, has gradually slid down the scale to three and four. Some is even lower. Whiskeys which brought from \$12 to \$20 are now from \$6 to \$10.

MORE evidence in the same direction from the same great moral and intellectual newspaper:

The police have issued a report showing that arrests for drunkenness in the District have increased 121% since 1910. During this period the population grew 32.17%. Arrests for driving automobiles while drunk have increased 850.94% since 1918.

FLORIDA

WARNING to potential evildoers in Miami, as described by the esteemed *Herald* of that city:

A small monument made a mysterious appearance on S. E. First street on the sidewalk near the Urmev Hotel, early yesterday morning. An inscription on one side of the monument reads: "On this spot a few years ago a white man was found who had been tarred and feathered because he preached social equality to Negroes." On another side were the words: "If you are a reckless Negro or a white man who believes in social equality, be advised Dade county don't need you." The monument had not been removed last night.

GEORGIA

PROGRESS of Fundamentalism in bucolic Georgia, as revealed by a press dispatch from the State capital:

During a debate in the Legislature on a measure to allow counties, school districts, or municipalities to establish and maintain public libraries, either by taxation or by donations, Representative Hal Wimberly, of Laurens county, made a speech against the bill. According to Mr. Wimberly there are only three books worth reading in the world—the Bible, the hymnbook and the almanac. "Those three are enough for anyone," said the Laurens representative. "Read the Bible. It teaches you how to act. Read the hymnbook. It contains the finest poetry ever written. Read the almanac. It shows you how to figure out what the weather will be. There isn't another book that is necessary for anyone to read and therefore I am opposed to all libraries."

The measure failed to pass. The vote on agreeing to the favorable report of the committee was 57 for and 63 against.

FROM a public address at the capital of coca-cola and the Invisible Empire by Prof. Wesley Peacock, described by the eminent *Georgian* as "a well-known educator":

Success in business is no criterion for genius. Success socially ought to be, and usually is, for geniuses are usually, according to the case histories of 643 of them and more on record, well developed physically and socially, are good sports, and are leaders in public speaking, histrionics, debating and organization. They make good newspaper reporters and feature writers.

HAWAII

RESULTS of the Americanization movement in the Pacific, as reported by the Honolulu *Times*:

Mayor John H. Wilson walked from his chair at the board of the Board of Supervisors at adjournment this afternoon and hit Supervisor Ben Hollinger in the jaw, breaking his teeth and knocking him against the wall.

From behind, Supervisor Ahia struck the mayor and was floored by Louis Cain and others.

When Ahia got up the mayor turned from Hollinger, who showed no fight, and, wheeling Ahia around by the arm, struck him.

Blood flowed from the mouths of both Hollinger and Ahia as they were escorted from the room.

ILLINOIS

FROM a laudatory article on the learned justices of the Supreme Court of Illinois in the *Illinois Publisher*:

Mr. Justice Stones . . . is a member of a number of fraternal orders, being a Knight Templar and a member of the Knights of Pythias. He is also a member of the Peoria Rotary Club.

Mr. Justice Thompson . . . is an Elk, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, a Moose, an Eagle, a Modern Woodman and a Mystic Worker.

Mr. Justice Heard . . . is a 33rd degree Mason, a member of the Presbyterian Church, an Odd Fellow, a member of the Freeport and Dixon Country Clubs, and a Kiwanian.

APOTHEGM credited to the Hon. Richard Yates, A.B., A.M., LL.B., LL.D., former Governor of Illinois, member of the Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Congresses of the United States, and lay delegate to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the advertisement of a new movie in the eminent *Photoplay Magazine*:

I believe we never would have had the Abraham Lincoln we love—the tender, gentle, merciful and sympathetic Lincoln—if he had not loved wildly and madly, even as you and I.

INDIANA

CONCLUSION reached after five years of prayer and cogitation by the eminent South Bend *Tribune*:

The best and easiest solution of the Prohibition problem would be for people to quit drinking.

SCIENTIFIC note on the Mexican from the distinguished *Lake County Times* of Hammond:

As a general rule, he is not one half as bad as exaggerated newspaper reports make him out.

He is human like the rest of us, only his customs and ideas are different from ours. Hence it is our mission to educate him in our ways and thoughts.

IOWA

TART political note in the Des Moines *Capital*:

For more than 20 years Senator La Follette has not made a really patriotic speech. On no Fourth of July has he stood up and said to the young men of Wisconsin that this republic is the greatest country in the world. In view of Senator La Follette's history the *Capital* would like to inquire on what ground he is entitled to receive one vote for the office of President.

FORMAL termination of the war for democracy in Iowa, as reported by a press dispatch from the up-and-coming town of Lisbon:

Approximately 10,000 persons gathered here from eastern Iowa to attend Sauerkraut Day, formerly an annual event, but abandoned during the war. The crowd ate 120 gallons of kraut, 250 pounds of wieners, and 75 pounds of crackers for lunch, and about the same for supper.

KANSAS

PSYCHIC effects of Prohibition in Kansas, as reported to the pious Philadelphia *Public Ledger* by the Hon. Jay E. House, a native of the Kansas steppes:

As in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the state of Prohibition in Kansas is whatever you want to believe about it. If one desires to believe that the prohibitory laws are enforced, he can easily find thousands of excellent citizens who will agree with him. If, on the other hand, he desires to believe that Prohibition is not enforced, he can easily purchase the evidence necessary to sustain his view. He will not, however, if he lives in Kansas, publicly express such view. He will confine his remarks to the circle of tried and true friends with whom he engages in wassail and song. In Kansas it is not considered good form to say the prohibitory laws are not enforced. Very few have the courage to defy this convention. What is done openly and without apology in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania is done behind the barn or in the friendly obscurity of drawn blinds in Kansas. They're not afraid of the awful liquor they drink out there—if they do drink it—but they're afraid to talk about it. In Kansas if you say drinking is going on you get into trouble. The result is that those who know about it—and a good many do—keep it to themselves.

KENTUCKY

COLLAPSE of the Law Enforcement crusade in rural Kentucky, as revealed by a letter

to the editor of the historic Louisville
Courier-Journal:

Some time ago I obtained reliable information concerning the prevention of conception. I have already given this information to a number of girls and young women. I shall continue to disseminate this knowledge, and I dare anyone, either man or woman, to try to stop me
Hodgenville, Ky. MRS. BAKER.

THE American language as she is taught in rural Kentucky, from a state paper in the esteemed *Anderson News*:

NOTICE TO TEACHERS!!

All teachers seem to have the wrong conception of the course of study about teaching the grades. I say to all teachers that "All grades are to be taught every year. Do not quibble about this with your patrons. It must be as I say.

The Odd Grades as Major Grades and Even Grades as Minor Grades to be taught in the Even Years. And the Even grades as Major Grades and the Odd Grades as Minor Grades in the Oddyyears.

Respectfully,
T. J. LEATHERS, Supt.

MAINE

EFFECTS of Prohibition in Maine, which has been dry since 1851, as reported by the distinguished Portland *Advertiser*:

The grand jury for the present term of the Superior Court will have to consider something like 50 complaints that have been made of persons found driving automobiles while under the influence of intoxicating liquors.

GLOSS upon the foregoing by the *Press-Herald* of the same great city:

When the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted and the Volstead Act was passed, most people who believed in Prohibition thought that the question was settled so far as Maine was concerned. They were mistaken about it. The Eighteenth Amendment made it more difficult for the officers of the law to enforce Prohibition in Maine than it ever was before. There was a good reason for this. The Volstead Act sent up the price of liquor and put ten men into the business of liquor-selling where there was one before. It made bootlegging so profitable that a class of men who would never have become liquor sellers, under the conditions which previously prevailed, entered the business.

MARYLAND

STRANGE nocturnal diversion of a Johns Hopkins scientist, as reported by the renowned Baltimore *Evening Sunpaper*:

Dr. Robert W. Wood, professor of experimental physics, has been studying for 20 years, with

marked success, the fundamental nature of night.

New sure cure perfected by Prof. Dr. J. F. Dirzuweit, inventor of the New Life System, with headquarters at Baltimore:

Lying on the couch or sinking down in your easy chair, make sure that every muscle is relaxed. *First, deliberately make your right leg heavy, then the left.* Think of each joint—ankle, knee, hip—to make sure that no muscle is holding any of these parts tense. Relax the trunk; make sure that no single muscle of your back is supporting you in any way. Be sure also to relax the muscles of the face and neck. The jaw must not be clenched; the tongue must not press forward against the teeth nor back against the palate. Now close your eyes. Roll them slightly upward, fixing them on a point far off, on an imaginary horizon. Now gather in your wandering thoughts and try to fix your mind upon a pleasant *blue color*. Visualize, with your eyes closed, a deep blue sky, endless as to dimension. This will aid you to relax, and you will probably feel the desire to go to sleep. Breathe deeply about twenty to thirty times. After this rest, you may return to work. You will find that you have recharged your nervous system with vital force and that you have gained strength and poise for the rest of the day.

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM the Boston *Traveler's* able report of an exhibition of funeral furnishings at Horticultural Hall:

It is the theory of the undertakers that the time has come to approach the matter of funerals with the same sanity and coolness shown in coping with any other inevitable situation.

"You make a will. Many persons select their own burial lots. Why not caskets and other funeral necessities?" a leading undertaker asked a reporter.

A few visitors proved their presence to be due merely to a morbid curiosity, but they were soon given to understand that their presence was not appreciated. Not one person among the general public, so far as could be learned, evinced a desire to buy a coffin, although many sincere queries were made of the salesmen as to the character of the material and linings of the elaborately wrought caskets. The latter are not sold direct to the public, however, but only to undertakers.

The women were interested most in the burial gowns of vivid hues and fashionable design, which, as a matter of fact, could not be distinguished by the ordinary person from afternoon or evening gowns. Three live models are showing them.

A six-piece orchestra, for which the mezzanine floor was cleared, played popular airs last night for the entertainment of the general public and visiting undertakers.

A number of children, passing by on their way to and from nearby schools, insisted on

being admitted to the hall yesterday until told by the door man, "There's nothing in here but caskets." They turned and fled. Three old men, all above 70, were sorely disappointed when they learned they could not be admitted to a lecture on embalming.

THE Higher Learning at Smith College, glimpsed in a dispatch to the eminent Springfield *Republican* from Northampton:

A pickled monkey, which once acted in one of D. W. Griffith's pictures, is perhaps the strangest gift ever presented to Smith College, which has received many useful, ornamental and historically valuable presents.

FROM an advertisement of a treatise on literary composition by Prof. Samuel Thurber, of the Newton High School:

These exercises furnish methods for increasing a student's power of mastering thought, and perfecting his skill in making that thought articulate. They include excerpts from the writings of . . . Brander Matthews, Henry van Dyke, and Calvin Coolidge.

MICHIGAN

SPECIMEN of philosophical verse by the poet Fred Barron, of Detroit, from the *Shoe Retailer*:

Silent beasts of burden,
Those wondrous man-made shoes,
Unfortunately you were created slaves
To carry us where'er we choose.

Thru the mud, thru the snow,
Thru the streams where waters flow,
And never a whisper of discontent,
Those wondrous shoes on their mission bent.

Protectors of the feet of man,
With great delight in you we stand;
In all our biddings that you must do
Your services are praiseworthy, you wondrous shoes.

THE qualifications of the jurist in Michigan, as described in a circular received by alumni of the State university:

I am enclosing cards of Guy A. Miller, who is a candidate for the office of Circuit Judge. Back in '96 to '99, Judge Miller was pitcher on one of the best baseball teams Michigan ever had. In 1898 and 1899 he had a record of twenty-seven games won and four lost.

MINNESOTA

APOTHEGM by the gifted Francis Burgette Short, A.B., D.D., in the program-book of the twenty-second annual convention of the Northeastern Minnesota Educational Association:

Teachers have no right to think as they please unless they please to think right.

GHOSTLY news from the city of St. Paul, reports to the estimable *Atlantic Monthly* by Dr. Glenn Clark, professor of English at Macalester College:

I wish that I lived nearer Boston so that I could have a little conversation with you and relate some of the amazing answers to prayer that have come to me in the past two years. When I say that I have had one hundred answers to prayers in the last six months, I am putting it very conservatively.

MISSISSIPPI

RISE of the scientific spirit in the Bible Belt, as reported in a dispatch from Jackson, seat of Milsaps College, a leading Methodist place of learning, and of the State government of Mississippi:

Albert Brunson, a Negro, who was taken from officers last night by a party of masked men, was returned here today from Clinton, where he was found after his release from his captors, who performed an operation upon him.

MISSOURI

FROM an address by the Hon. Fatty Arbuckle to the Kansas City Board of Aldermen:

I made a mistake, one great mistake, and God knows I am sorry for it. I am with God now every moment, living a decent, orderly life. On my return to Los Angeles I intend to join the Baptist Church, and live the life of a consistent Christian.

SCIENTIFIC police methods in St. Louis, as described by the eminent *Times*:

William Lashley, a Negro, was reported by the police yesterday to have admitted shooting to death Lieut. Sidney E. Sears of the police force. It now appears that Lashley made this "confession" after he had been knocked unconscious with a gun butt, had his jaw broken, three ribs fractured, and had been kicked in the face and stomach and otherwise man-handled. After all these things were done to him, he says, he was asked about the shooting.

MONTANA

THE last word in science, imparted to the Helena *Record-Herald* by Dr. J. R. Collinson, a celebrated Montana chiropractor:

The neurocalometer is an instrument the function of which is the detection of heat along the spine for the purpose of detecting the location and extent of nerve pressure.

NEBRASKA

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in the Foreign Missions Belt, as described by the *Campbell Citizen*:

A law was enacted by the Legislature of 1923, making it the duty of poultry dealers to keep a registry of every batch of poultry purchased, showing the date of purchase, the name of the buyer, and the number and breed of the fowls. The purpose of the law is to enable the tracing of stolen poultry and to prevent the sale of an occasional hen that may be enticed from its flock by the youngsters about the alleys. At the present time the Governor is calling attention of law enforcement officers to the lack of observance of this law.

SOCIAL note from the same instructive journal:

The children of Mr. and Mrs. A. L'Heureux, or a majority of them at least, to the extent of eight boys and three girls, with the families of such of them as are married, making, when assembled, a rather formidable crowd, gave their mother the surprise of her life Saturday evening when they descended upon the parental home to help celebrate her fifty-seventh birthday anniversary. Ma was doing up the housework when the invaders arrived and Pa had taken off his boots to ease his corns and was listening to "Dream Daddy" on the radio, but the program was immediately changed and the evening was spent in hilarity and feasting from the laden baskets with which the children were well provided. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

NEW JERSEY

BELATED local tribute to a late citizen of Camden, as reported by the eminent *Daily Courier*:

With 628 shares already subscribed, the Walt Whitman Building and Loan Association organized and elected officers last night in the Commission Chamber at the City Hall.

EXTRACT from a history of Christian endeavor, its triumphs and disasters, in the great State of New Jersey:

The ministers of Jersey City are solidly behind the movement to prevent the holding of the Wills-Firpo fight. They hopefully look to Federal Judge Runyon (a Sunday-school teacher) to issue the warrant charging white slavery against Firpo, an act which would prevent the holding of the fight. Should their hopes prove vain, every one of these ministers will spend the day in earnest prayer for rain. An answer to their prayer would compel the postponement of the fight by the promoters.

NEW MEXICO

MELANCHOLY advertisement in the amiable *Santa Fé Public Voice*:

PUBLIC NOTICE

Since my wife of two weeks, Mrs. Zetta Chamber-Goins-Root, has decided to stay in Santa Rosa and look after her own needs with no regard for my interests, I give notice that I will not be held responsible for anything she says, does or contracts for.

W. G. Root.

NEW YORK

FROM a press-sheet announcing the appointment of the Hon. Richard C. Fowler, an eminent Detroit advertising man, to be general manager of the American Viewpoint Society, of New York:

At the close of the war he initiated a movement, which received the enthusiastic support of President Harding, to place the American flag at the top of every Christmas tree.

ARGUMENT against the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection delivered before the massed Christians of Elmira by the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday:

If anyone wants to teach that God-forsaken, hell-born, bastard theory of evolution, then let him go out and let him be supported by men who believe that blasted theory and not expect the Christian people of this country to pay for the teaching of a rotten, stinking professor who gets up there and teaches our children to forsake God and makes our schools a clearing-house for their God-forsaken dirty politics.

CONTRIBUTION to Shakespearean criticism by the learned editor of the *Catholic Mind*:

The author of the Shakespeare plays, whoever he was, may very well have been a Catholic, but cannot possibly have been a Protestant. What is the proof? If he were a Protestant, why did he not display his Protestantism? He had every inducement to do so; all his Protestant compeers did it. But he never did. There is no touch of Protestantism in any Shakespearean scenes which are certainly authentic; no attempt to gratify the mob or the Queen with an anti-Catholic fling. . . . The absence of Protestantism in his plays is therefore a strong (if not absolutely conclusive) proof that he was not a Protestant. The absence of definite Catholicism is no proof that he was not definitely a Catholic.

NORTH CAROLINA

MYSTERIOUS workings of the Holy Spirit in the bogs along the North Carolina coast, as described in a dispatch from Wilmington to the Hon. Josephus Daniels' paper, the *Raleigh News and Observer*:

Untouched by human hand, the siren on the death car in which Leon George and Sam Lilly rode to their doom in the Brunswick swamps

sounded incessantly this morning at the exact hour a jury in the Brunswick Superior Court was bringing in a verdict of guilty against the alleged slayers, according to Captain N. J. Williams, chief of the detective squad at the local police department. So incessant was the blast of the horn, the police official declared, that it was necessary for the police mechanic to sever the wires connecting the horn with the battery to silence the clamor. The machine at the time was in the police yard to the rear of the City Hall. Half a dozen policemen corroborated the story.

THE campaign for Law Enforcement along the Cape Fear river, as reported by the esteemed Winston-Salem *Union-Republican*:

A couple of Prohibition enforcement officers hired a jitney driver at Dunn, Harnett county, to take them on a trip a few days ago and while out made it known that they would like to have some whisky and persuaded the driver to get it for them. As a result of his kindness they arrested him for retailing and transporting.

OHIO

FROM a report of the deliberations of the Savings Division of the Investment Bankers Association, lately in session at Cleveland:

Delegates to the division were advised by Ruth Roland, motion picture star, to cultivate the friendship of the boys and girls as a practical method of promoting thrift.

CONTRIBUTION to sociology by the editor of the distinguished Toledo *Blade*:

There are many definitions of a hick town. We don't like the phrase, but to our mind a hick town is a community where half the women count backwards when the first baby arrives in the home of a newly-married couple.

PROGRESS of penology at the Ohio Penitentiary, as reported by the *Northern Review*, the official newspaper of the Ohio Northern University:

I made it a point to visit the penitentiary and was informed in the presence of Warden Thomas that 95 per cent of the 2,800 prisoners incarcerated there at this time use tobacco. But they do not smoke cigarettes, for Warden Thomas will not permit a cigarette within the prison walls.

OKLAHOMA

DISPATCH from the fair town of Hobart, under the heading, "O. U. Boys Win Glory," in the celebrated Oklahoma City *News*:

Nine more of Oklahoma University's alumni have become successful jazz musicians. Carl A. Smelser and Hershel Nix, formerly of this city,

have written home from Montreal, Canada, where they are playing with George Freeman's orchestra, and report that they have started what promises to be a most successful season, opening at the Venitian Gardens in Montreal. All nine members of Freeman's band are former students or graduates of Oklahoma University.

INCIDENT of life in Ku Kluxia, as reported in a press dispatch from Wichita:

Armed deputies guarded all highways in this section today in an effort to capture an unidentified tourist, reported speeding across country with the bodies of his murdered wife and child. According to Mrs. John Roy, who operates a filling station here, a man, woman and two children alighted from their automobile to purchase gasoline. The couple quarreled and the man, presumably the woman's husband, opened fire, killing the woman and one of the children. He then snatched up the bodies, pitched them in the rear seat of the car and with the other little girl sped away.

OREGON

EVIDENCE of a rise of interest in dramatic art in Portland, from the letter column of the estimable *Oregonian*:

To the Editor—In last week's play of the Forrest Taylor stock company, "Sweet Seventeen," what color sweater did Ann Berryman wear in the first act, pink or blue? A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer—According to Miss Berryman her sweater was rose with a few white stripes at the border.

TRIBUTE to a gifted exhorter by the eminent *Coos Bay Times* of Marshfield, Coos county:

In his sermon this evening, the Rev. A. B. McReynolds, the Texas evangelist, will picture the death of Ezell Stepp, who was hanged at McKinney, Texas, last Winter. The evangelist is able to paint word pictures so vividly that children in the congregation almost gasped for breath Wednesday evening when he described the death of a little girl that fell into a 60-foot well during his last meeting. In describing the hanging of Ezell Stepp, Rev. A. B. McReynolds has had women scream aloud when he comes to the dramatic climax where the sheriff springs the trap.

PENNSYLVANIA

HAZARDS of social life in the town of Lebanon, as reported by the celebrated Harrisburg *Patriot*:

Ted Faust had two teeth splintered and his jaw fractured when he was kicked in the face by a girl friend while coming down the chutes at Valley Glen Park.

DICTUM of the Rev. Peter H. Hershey, chaplain of Post No. 27 of the American Legion, as reported by the estimable Harrisburg *Evening News*:

If you tear the Eighteenth Amendment out of the Constitution you might as well tear one of the stripes out of our flag.

CONTRIBUTION to theology by the Society of The First Division, in its history of the same, published in the Quaker metropolis of Philadelphia:

War is indeed a holy thing, and they who experience its purging and its exaltation exemplify those divine attributes which the Maker gave when He created man in His own image. A soldier expressed this truth when he said to his chaplain, "In battle we are all chaplains."

SANTO DOMINGO

WHY the Marines love the job of civilizing Hayti and Santo Domingo, from the *Star*, published by the Second Brigade at Santo Domingo City:

GARDEN OF EDEN

We announce that we have the choicest selection of wines and liquors in the City of Santiago. Visit me and visit Heaven on earth!

JOHN'S PLACE

Come and tell your troubles to an ex-Marine who knows good cold beer and good chow. I am located in front of the radio station.

AMERICAN BAR THE COLONEL'S PLACE

Come over and sample my choice selection of Beverages. Cold drinks at all times.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FROM the platform of the Hon. Mountain Lion Sloan, a candidate for public office in Greenville county:

I believe in outlawing liquor because it's bad and I believe in outlawing swimming-pools because they're bad. I'm against them, and I'm going to do all I can to put them out of business. How a man could let his wife go to one with a crowd in which there are other men, and still live with her, is more than I can see.

TEXAS

SWEETLY solemn thought by the editor of the eminent *News* of Dallas:

If Carnegie medals were awarded for the endurance of pain and suffering alone, many a sick, weak woman who suffers from so-called female troubles would be entitled to the highest honors.

EXERCISE in logic by the accomplished editor of the Cuero *Daily Record*:

An old man 81 years of age was knocked down by a passing car and his condition is serious. Either one of two things is apparent in these frequent knockings down of old people by autoists: either the old folks walk too slow or the car drivers drive too fast.

FROM the opinion of the learned Lattimore, J., in the case of Hatten vs. the State, handed down on June 4 last in the Court of Criminal Appeal of Texas and reported in 263 *Southwestern Reporter*, 312:

It is true that the parties are Negroes, but they appear to give testimony in every way worthy of belief.

SPECIMEN aphorisms by the gifted editorial writer of the Houston *Chronicle*:

No matter how we may respect them in other respects, we cannot admit that our ancestors were right with regard to strong drink. We cannot mention it, or allude to it in such a way as would create the impression that we might think they were right.

Granting the right of free speech, why should it be exercised at times and under circumstances which irritate people?

VIRGINIA

BEGINNINGS of a horrible doubt in the mind of the gifted editor of the Petersburg *Progress*:

We confess that for years we regarded alcohol as one of the agents chiefly responsible for crime in the world. Yet, losses by larceny, burglary and embezzlement are over six times as great as they were while we had the saloon and before the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act was ever heard of.

NOTE on the progress of civilization in Richmond, from the Indianapolis *Fiery Cross*:

Acca Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, are planning a \$1,000,000 mosque which is to rank as one of the finest in the nation. It is to have a roof garden which, it is said, will be the largest in the world. The building is to be of Mohammedan architecture and will contain a tile swimming pool, 75 feet by 18 feet; a gymnasium, 126 feet long, large enough for indoor baseball, basket ball and races, and two billiard rooms. There is to be an individual steel locker for every noble and a checking room large enough to accommodate the hat and coat of every member of the temple. The band, patrol, drum corps and chanters will each have private rooms, with separate drill rooms, showers, lockers and lavatories. There

will be lounging rooms, card rooms, writing rooms, a big library, parlors, retiring and smoking rooms on each floor and 1,902 bedrooms, each with private bath, all outside rooms, for resident and transient nobles.

WASHINGTON

RISE of voluptuousness among the Tacoma Calvinists, as reported by the eminent *News-Tribune*:

That was a splendid reception accorded the great concert tenor, Leon Rice, at the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning and evening, where the auditorium was crowded to capacity, fully 2,000 attending and eagerly absorbing the thrilling tones that poured forth from that splendid vocal organ, tones rising and falling with such ease as might some inexhaustible wind of heaven. Yet it was perfect art that controlled that tone production, especially where, at its fullest strength, it finished with pulsating breaths like visible tone waves. One asked, "Does your voice do that to you, or do you do that to your voice?"

WISCONSIN

THE Higher Learning at the University of Wisconsin, as glimpsed in the news columns of the eminent *Wisconsin State Journal*:

Wearing his famous green vest, Prof. Carl Russell Fish was introduced as Wisconsin's outstanding tradition to 250 freshmen attending the annual freshman banquet at the University Y. M. C. A. Wednesday night. Professor Fish and his vest were loudly cheered by the new students.

PROGRESS of the Law Enforcement campaign in the La Follette Belt, as described in a dispatch from Milwaukee:

Hurley, Wis., a town of 3,188 persons and sixty-one saloons, is going dry. This was indi-

cated when the City Council yesterday refused licenses to ten saloons, cutting the number to fifty-one, or one for every sixty inhabitants.

THE HIGH SEAS

EXTENSION of the methods of the Anti-Saloon League to the oceans beyond the twelve-mile limit, as revealed by an advertisement in the *Ocean Post*, the daily wireless newspaper of the Holland-America Line:

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

SMUGGLING

Under the Tariff Act of 1922 (Section 593), anyone who knowingly and wilfully smuggles jewelry, precious stones, pearls, or any other dutiable merchandise into the United States, "shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisoned for any term of time not exceeding two years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

The United States Government will pay 25 per cent of any amount up to \$200,000, recovered in duties, fines or penalties, for information leading to the detection of smuggling or seizure of dutiable merchandise.

Information relating to jewelry smuggling may be sent, by cable, wireless, or letter, to the

AMERICAN JEWELERS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Nos. 17-19 West 45th Street
New York City

(Cable or Wireless Address: PROTECTIVE, NEW YORK)

or may be given to United States customs officers on the steamer or on the pier.

The name of anyone giving information to the American Jewelers Protective Association *will not be divulged, even to the Government officials*. The Association will collect the award and turn it over to the informant in full.

EDITORIAL

FIVE years of Prohibition have had, at least, this one benign effect: they have completely disposed of all the favorite arguments of the Prohibitionists. None of the great boons and usufructs that were to follow the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment has come to pass. There is not less drunkenness in the Republic, but more. There is not less crime, but more. There is not less insanity, but more. The cost of government is not smaller, but vastly greater. Respect for law has not increased, but diminished. Even the benefits that were to come from the abolition of the open saloon, long damned as a constant temptation to the young, are not visible. On the contrary, the young are now tempted as the saloon, even in its most romantic and voluptuous forms, never tempted them. We were, in 1920, a nation of mild drinkers, moving steadily and certainly toward greater and greater temperance. Business and the professions had cast off strong drink; boozy lawyers and doctors were disappearing; the very drummers were practicing their science cold sober. Few American women drank at all; among the young the vine was almost as much a stranger as the poppy. Now all those gains are lost. The absolute number of users of alcohol has at least doubled, and few of the recruits show any sign of using it with discretion. Progress takes the back turn, and we descend rapidly to the hard and steady guzzling of the Webster era. One or two cocktails, in the old days of freedom, made the average American dinner party, at least outside Manhattan Island, somewhat devilish. Today the dose is as much as the liver and lights will bear.

The Methodists who gave us Prohibition hate their fellow-men, but they are not altogether asses. The facts so brilliantly

displayed on all sides are not lost upon them. Hence they quietly shelve their old arguments. One no longer hears from them—save perhaps when they address remote yokels, far from all reach of sense—that Prohibition has obliterated or will presently obliterate crime, or that it is abolishing poverty and disease, or even, indeed, that it actually prohibits. What one hears is simply the doctrine that it must be enforced because it is the law. In other words, the principle is set up that there is a mystical virtue in law *per se*—that what is on the statute-books must be obeyed as military orders are obeyed, exactly and completely, no matter how unjust, dishonest, ineffective and idiotic it may be. This principle, of course, is sheer nonsense. It is not believed in by any intelligent man. More, it is not believed in by the Prohibitionists themselves, nor by their official agents and catchpolls. Every day, in the effort to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, they violate the Fourth Amendment, prohibiting searches without warrants, and the Fifth and Sixth Amendments, forbidding the jailing of a citizen for crime without the consent of a grand jury and a petit jury of his peers. These amendments, the essential articles of the Bill of Rights, are violated deliberately and in a wholesale manner. Every Prohibition enforcement agent habitually violates the Fourth and almost every district attorney and Federal judge violates the Fifth and Sixth. Well, if a pack of disreputable job-holders, nominated and bossed by the Anti-Saloon League, may pick and choose among the amendments to the Constitution, observing this one and rejecting that one, then why shouldn't decent citizens have the right to do the same thing?

This law-enforcement gabble, in truth, will get the Prohibitionists into even

worse trouble than their original tall talk and gaudy prophecies. For every person of any sense is well aware that, as between the Eighteenth Amendment and the Bill of Rights, there is no choice whatever—that the Bill of Rights is enormously the more important. We got along without the Eighteenth Amendment for 132 years, and no one save a minority of fanatics missed it, and even those fanatics were silent for the first century. But if it were not for the Bill of Rights no citizen would be safe in his home, and everyone would be liable to summary jailing without trial. The Prohibitionists, unable to force their will upon the rest of us legally, now try to do it illegally, and their first point of attack is the Bill of Rights. In this benevolent enterprise they have the willing aid of official bruisers, on the bench and off. Every time a Prohibition enforcement officer makes a raid without a warrant the Fourth Amendment is brought that much nearer the dustbin, and every time a Federal judge issues an injunction against an alleged violator of the Volstead Act, and so cuts off, by a device of equity, his constitutional right to a jury trial, the Fifth and Sixth Amendments move down the same chute. Now and then, when a victim of some influence gets into the net, there is an outcry and the process is halted. This happened, for example, a few months ago, when a relative of Chief Justice Taft was the mark of a raiding party. But the majority of persons so robbed of their clear rights are not related to His Honor, and so they have to bear it. No Federal judge has been appointed, for five years past, without the consent, express or tacit, of the Anti-Saloon League. Its veto would block any advocate of the Bill of Rights doubly, first at the White House and then in the Senate chamber. Thus it is useless to look for any relief, save by a sort of miracle, from the Federal judiciary. It is apparently firmly committed, with a few honorable exceptions, to the Prohibitionist scheme of law enforcement, which is to say, to the scheme of enforcing one law at the expense of all others.

II

As I say, no reflective man is deceived by this buncombe, and so the campaign for law enforcement languishes, even when it is hymned from the stump by such office-seeking mountebanks as Dr. Coolidge and the Hon. John W. Davis. Such statesmen are in favor of it for the same reason that the majority of other politicians are in favor of it: because the yokels have an unfair advantage, at elections, over the people of the cities, and one of their votes is worth from two to fifteen votes of city men. This is how the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act got upon the books, and this is how and why they are kept there today. These yokels are hot for the Volstead Act, not only because their pastors teach them that God hath ordained it, but also and more especially because they observe that it is oppressive to city men, who have a better time in the world than they do and whom they therefore hate. They themselves are expressly excepted from its terms: they are quite free to make cider out of their own apples without interference from the corps of Prohibition enforcement black-legs, and even wine out of their own grapes. Moreover, two-thirds of them also have stills, or know where the produce of stills is to be obtained. All the more fanatical dry States, in fact, are now extremely wet: Kansas, North Carolina, Georgia and Iowa especially. But in the big cities of the more civilized States the police power of the Federal government is concentrated, and so Prohibition bears relatively harshly on the city man, both by making it difficult for him to obtain decent drinks and by making them inordinately expensive when he gets them. The fact delights the rustics. They gloat over it in their remote Methodist tabernacles as they gloat over a hanging. The Christianity preached to them by their pastors is now frankly a religion of hate, and there is no one they hate more than the city man.

Meanwhile, the city man himself gets used to law-breaking, and all his old in-

stinctive antipathy to it tends to disappear. Here, perhaps, I should qualify a bit: *all* is not the word. The city man is still fundamentally orderly and law-abiding: his close contact with so many other men forces the habit upon him. He is, indeed, a far better broken animal than the yokel, who steals when he can and is commonly a brute. But the city man has had forced upon him a clear realization of the difference between two sorts of law: that which has some ground in justice and common sense, and that which is simply arbitrary and despotic. He is still in favor of the former. If you don't believe it, start beating a horse on a crowded street, or snatch a purse, or make a row in a street-car. But in the cities the multiplication of laws of the second category, chiefly by the votes of rural politicians wooing the dunghill electorate, has simply demolished the old theory that they, too, ought to be respected and obeyed. That theory is now in almost complete collapse. No one ever voices it, in the cities, save political mountebanks and the agents of the bucolic Prohibitionists. Not only has Prohibition itself gone to smash on the hard pavements; the Constitution and the Revised Statutes, in so far as they are tied to Prohibition, have also gone to smash. It is practically impossible, in any big town, to find a man above the level of a Methodist who does not violate the Volstead Act deliberately and habitually. There may be pious minorities in back streets who obey it, but there is certainly no show of respect for it where collars are clean and there is regard for the tense of verbs.

III

So the matter stands after five years of relentless dragooning and blackjacking. The Bill of Rights has been suspended, the Federal courts have been reduced to impotence and absurdity, the enforcement of the ordinary laws has been impeded, the jails have been filled with men full of resentment and a bitter sense of injustice, millions and millions of the taxpayers' money has been

wasted, the few remaining half-decent politicians have been converted into frauds and liars, a horde of professional thugs and blackmailers has been turned loose upon the country, and at least two-thirds of its adult citizens, not to mention millions of its younger ones, have been inoculated with the notion that breaking the law, and even violating the Constitution, is, after all, no serious thing, but simply a necessary incident of a civilized social life.

Such is the net result of government by and for *Homo Neanderthaliensis*. The remedy is not to bawl vainly against the result, but to seek out and dispose of the causes. They stand before every man plainly, and they are as plainly responsible, not only for Prohibition, but also for all the other unjust and idiotic laws that now ride the American people—for example, an income tax that fetches every city clerk, but lets eight farmers out of ten escape. Such imbecile laws are not due to irrational acts of God; they are due to the simple fact that the 80,000 cowherds, miners, shyster lawyers and bootleggers in Nevada, none of them ever heard of outside their native desert, have two votes in the United States Senate, and the 11,000,000 people of New York also have two votes—because, when it comes to ratifying a constitutional amendment Nevada has one vote and New York has one vote. Delaware is one of the smallest and most miserable of American States: a mere sand-spit, flea-bitten and desolate. Aside from its public job-holders, who get in *ex officio*, and five members of the du Pont family of war profiteers, it contributes but thirty-eight names to "Who's Who in America," and they are all borne by nonentities. Yet Delaware, when it comes to voting on Prohibition in the United States Senate, has just as many votes as Illinois or Pennsylvania, and when it comes to ratifying a constitutional amendment its Legislature of forlorn farmers and slaves of the du Ponts is just as potent as the General Court of Massachusetts.

H. L. M.

THERAPEUTIC THAUMATURGY

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is the ignoramus than to discover who is the wise man.—*Talleyrand*.

AT an earlier date, before government assumed the right to tell us what we should eat, what we should drink, and howsoever we should be clothed, the motto of American business was *caveat emptor*. Today the tendency is to insist that it is the seller who should beware—*caveat venditor*. The earlier motto was that of a race of individualists; it was a natural application of *laissez-faire*, a natural functioning of the Manchester school. And in general it worked very well. True, the bucolic visitor to the bright lights might be persuaded to part with perfectly good money for a fictitious title to the Woolworth Building, but the balance of trade was maintained when sophisticated and hard-boiled urbanites visited the great open spaces and were sold real estate which, if it was more material than fake titles to skyscrapers, yet had no greater value.

In the barter, sale or exchange of practically every line of merchandise save one, the purchaser has a chance of learning, eventually, whether or not he has been swindled. Even to the unexpert, time through its agencies, wear and tear, makes clear whether one has made a good or a bad bargain in the purchase of an automobile, a piano or a suit of clothes. Conversely, the man who sells cars, or musical instruments or raiment has nature as an opponent. If the goods are not up to specifications, it is but a matter of time before the purchaser learns the fact, and so acquires knowledge which, if he has brains, may

prevent him making the same error the next time. But there is one commodity in the purchase of which the public never does and never can get an even break: products or services that are sold for the alleged alleviation or cure of human ills. For here the seller has nature, not as an opponent, but as an assistant. The healing power of nature—*vis medicatrix naturæ*—is such, fortunately for biologic perpetuity, that the general tendency of the disordered animal economy is to get well. Not always, it is true; there come stages and conditions in which the tendency of the ailing body is to go on to dissolution. But in probably eighty per cent. of all human ailments the afflicted person gets well whether he does something for his indisposition or does nothing for it. Herein lies the opportunity of the quack and the nostrum vendor.

II

In that special branch of industry commonly, though incorrectly, spoken of as the patent-medicine business, the let-us-alone policy reached its highest degree of development just prior to 1907. In no other field did individualism in trade go to such lengths. Although the business is one that affects not merely the purse but also the very health and life of the nation, it was subject to less control and reeked with more fraud and chicanery than any other line. Until January 1, 1907, the manufacturers of the proprietary remedies commonly called patent-medicines were under no restraint whatever save that imposed by their own consciences—and it was rare, indeed, for them to have consciences.

True, the seller of nostrums, even in those days, was in theory subject to the Common Law and it prohibited the perpetration of fraud, but the public seemed to assume and the courts to acquiesce in the assumption that claims for therapeutic effect lay outside the realm of fact and belonged in the broad and elastic field of opinion. No one ever heard of the manufacturer of a sure cure for consumption or cancer being sued by a defrauded purchaser who had failed to be cured. Occasionally some particularly crude quacksalver was haled into court by the heirs of a victim who had been poisoned by his vicious concoction, but no one ever thought of bringing suit against a seller of the elixir of life because his preparation merely failed to live up to the claims made for it.

Then, in 1907, there went into effect what is known as the Pure Food and Drug Law—the National Food and Drugs Act. The enactment of this statute reflected the influence of that large body of citizens who had come either directly or through their near forbears from the more paternalistic governments of continental Europe. It was an effort on the part of the Federal government to protect the uninformed from their ignorance in a field in which ignorance is peculiarly helpless. When the bill which finally became the law was introduced it was fought tooth and nail by the sophisticators of foods and the exploiters of nostrums, and much was done during its consideration to tone down the restrictions originally planned by those who framed it.

As it finally went on the statute books the law said, in effect, that a patent-medicine or any other drug product would be deemed misbranded "the package or label of which shall bear *any statement which shall be false or misleading in any particular.*" To the non-legal mind such a statement seems fairly definite and clear cut; and it was so interpreted by many courts and by most of the proprietary remedy fraternity. The majority of patent-medicine sellers, as soon as the law became effective, modified

their labels and packages so as to eliminate the false and misleading claims that had previously appeared on them. They began to confine their mendacity to those avenues of publicity that were immune to the law—newspaper advertisements, billboards, circulars for the drug counters, etc.

It took a cancer-cure quack to show that what appeared to be a plain statement of fact was really something to be interpreted only in a Pickwickian sense. This man, when proceeded against by the Federal authorities for making false therapeutic claims regarding his "cure," advanced the plea that the law was not intended to cover questions of therapy. The court in which he was tried upheld his plea and, when the case was carried to the United States Supreme Court, that august body, in a divided opinion, sustained the lower court and held in effect that the statement "false or misleading in *any* particular" really meant false or misleading in *certain* particulars. The court admitted that, "logically" interpreted, the Food and Drugs Act probably prohibited the making of false statements regarding curative effects, but it held that if interpreted "idiomatically" it did not so prohibit. And the majority of the court decided in favor of an idiomatic interpretation, and, incidentally, in the interests of as vicious a gang of high-binders as ever operated under the protection of law. It is but fair to record even at this late date that Justices Hughes, Harlan and Day vigorously dissented.

Naturally, the decision was greeted with joy by the more crooked of the patent-medicine interests, but their victory was short-lived. Recognizing that the interpretation had dealt the law a body blow, President Taft, in a special message to Congress, urged the passage of an amendment that would specifically prohibit false claims for therapeutic effects. As a result, the Sherley Amendment was passed. In its original form the amendment declared in effect that a patent-medicine or other drug product would be deemed misbranded if

the package or label bore any statement regarding its curative effects which was "false or misleading." The patent-medicine interests were able to force a change in this wording and to substitute for the broad and inclusive phrase, "false or misleading," the narrower "false and fraudulent." As fraud, in the eyes of the law, implies intent, and intent is a difficult thing to prove, the change was of great tactical value to the fakers.

A comparison of patent-medicine labels of pre-Pure Food Law days with those issued after the passage of the act is an education in the art and science of mendacity. Piso's "Cure for Consumption" became a mere "Medicine for Coughs, Colds, Etc." Lydia Pinkham's well-known alcoholic pick-me-up, which had previously appealed to suffering womankind as "A Sure Cure For Falling of the Womb," first dropped the "sure cure" and eventually reached the comparatively innocuous, "Recommended for the Treatment of Non-Surgical Cases of Weakness and Disorders of the Female Generative Organs." Kilmer's Swamp Root, which used to "cure" various kidney diseases, was first made to "correct" these troubles and finally was meekly "recommended" for them. But the manufacturers of Castor Oil Pills, which "give the effect without the taste," were left in a predicament by the law. As the pills contained no castor oil, the name was so obvious a falsehood that not even an idiomatic interpretation would release it from the law's penalties. But the name of a patent-medicine is really its most important commercial asset, the composition being of minor moment. It thus became necessary for the exploiters of Castor Oil Pills, in casting about for a new name, to coin one that, while passing muster, would not make all their previous advertising a total loss. That the name had to be changed was obvious, but there was nothing to prevent the retention of the pronunciation. So it came to pass that a public that continued to call for Castor Oil Pills was handed Casca Royal Pills.

III

But the National Food and Drugs Act was not the only restraining influence on the traffic in proprietary medicines. States and even municipalities, awakened to the menace of the trade, enacted restrictive legislation. As a result, the catarrh snuffs, loaded with cocaine and creators of numberless "coke snuffers," were practically put out of existence, while the sellers of morphine-containing soothing syrups found it necessary to modify their formulæ. Later came the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act of 1915. This, while it has pretty effectually eliminated the nostrums containing cocaine, has not put an end to those containing morphine. The proprietary medicine interests were able to get a joker in the law which permits the presence of limited quantities of opium, morphine, heroine and codeine in their preparations. This has brought about an anomalous state of affairs. A licensed and registered physician is required under the law to fill out elaborate forms, which become a public record, when he prescribes opium, morphine, heroine or codeine in any amount, however small. But while the public cannot legally get the minutest doses of the drugs proscribed by the Harrison Act in the prescription of a licensed and registered physician except through the formality of elaborately devised forms in which both the physician's and the patient's names are recorded, this same public can buy these same drugs by the gallon in patent-medicines. The only restriction made by the law relates to the amount of such habit-forming drugs that may be put by the manufacturer into each fluid ounce of his concoction.

About the only nostrum admittedly containing cocaine that the law has left on the market is an alleged asthma remedy originally put out by the late Nathan Tucker of Mt. Gilead, Ohio. The label of the Tucker remedy declares—in accordance with the requirements of the Food and Drugs Act—the presence of five grains of

cocaine to the fluid ounce. When the officials at Washington were asked how this nostrum could be sold through the mails in plain violation of the Harrison Act they made the excuse that the cocaine in the preparation became hydrolized in the process of manufacture and that, therefore, the product, when it reached the consumer, did not actually contain cocaine. But even if this were true it would be obvious that the remedy contains cocaine derivatives, and the law applies just as pertinently to the derivatives of the alkaloids specifically mentioned as it does to the alkaloids themselves. This is proved by the fact that the officials enforcing the law require physicians who wish to prescribe apomorphine—an emetic and not a habit-forming drug—to go through the usual formalities. The label on the Tucker remedy declares plainly that the preparation contains five grains of cocaine to the fluid ounce. If it doesn't contain the drug in the amount stated, then the officials who have the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act are derelict in not declaring it misbranded. In either case, it seems fairly evident that its sale violates a Federal statute.

Considering the importance of alcohol as an ingredient of patent-medicines, one might suppose that national Prohibition would have put a serious added restraint on the nostrum trade. On the contrary, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have increased enormously the sale of nostrums containing alcohol. Furthermore, they have brought about the creation of many new alcoholic nostrums, all sold in such a way as to appeal to those whose pre-war stock is exhausted and whose thirst cannot be legitimately satisfied. Take the case of Lyko, which came from Kansas City, Mo. During the war a member of the Army Medical Corps at Fort Sam Houston sought information about Lyko because, as he said, he understood the soldiers were using it as a beverage; about the same time a county health officer in Tennessee wrote that Lyko, while advertised as a great medicine, was being

used, in his section, almost exclusively for drinking purposes. The product was introduced in an effective way. The public was urged to get a free sample bottle at the nearest drug-store. When Lyko was analyzed in the chemical laboratory of the American Medical Association it was found to have twice the alcoholic strength of champagne—over 22 per cent—but insufficient medication to prevent its use as a beverage. Investigation showed that it came from the same address as that of a distilling company in process of liquidation and that the original incorporators of the concern making it had been employés of the distilling company. An effective line in the Lyko advertising campaign was: "It Opens up Wonderful Visions of the Future to the Down-Cast, Weary-Laden Souls Depressed in Spirit and Body."

Then there was Tona-Vin, which also burst on an arid nation by the free-sample and newspaper-advertising routes. In Toledo alone 50,000 free bottles were given away "to prove the remarkable tonic effect of this famous medicine." Tona-Vin, which tasted like wine with a dash of wild cherry and a suspicion of bitters, had all the elements of a good "repeater." It, too, was analyzed in the chemical laboratory of the American Medical Association, which reported that, although the stuff contained 18 per cent. of alcohol, there was not sufficient medication to prevent the public using it as a toddy. True, it contained some quinine and iron, but to get even three grains of quinine it would have been necessary to drink about a quart of Tona-Vin, while an entire bottle would have given only a normal dose of iron. O malaria, where is thy victory; O anemia, where is thy sting! Tona-Vin was manufactured under a permit issued to a concern that dealt in toilet articles. The label declared that its formula had been approved by the Bureau of Internal Revenue and each bottle bore a "certificate" from the "American Standardizing Bureaus," Washington, D. C., declaring that the product was made under their supervision

and complied with the provisions of the National Prohibition Act! The Tona-Vin slogan was: "Puts Dash and Go Into Tired, Weary, Sick and Run-Down Men."

A more recent nostrum of the same sort is Vita-Pep, which you are urged to buy by the case. Better still, you are urged to get a discount by purchasing six cases. Vita-Pep not only takes advantage of the Prohibition drought, but also plays up the public's interest in and ignorance of those comparatively newly discovered accessory food factors called vitamins. According to the Vita-Pep label, wine with an alcohol strength of 16 per cent. is the basis of the product. It also is claimed to contain pepsin, rennin and a concentrate of Vitamin B—three substances that cannot in the least interfere with the use of the wine as a beverage. The amount of Vita-Pep that you can drink would seem to be limited chiefly by your tolerance for alcohol. As a prospective customer, you are told that when you take a half-wineglassful of Vita-Pep with an equal amount of freshly pressed orange juice, you will get an "ample quantity" of both Vitamin B and Vitamin C. Possibly. It is also conceivable that a half-wineglassful of Vita-Pep will mellow your outlook on life, particularly if you are not used to alcoholic beverages. Some of the Vita-Pep testimonials are gems of naïveté. A "well-known Pennsylvania oil man" says that he thinks it "certainly worth while" and sends a check for another case. Another booster says that he "lives much more easily with it than without it," which seems reasonable; while a "prominent banker" sends in his check for a case with the statement that every member of his family uses it. According to its manufacturers, Vita-Pep "takes away that Tired, Run-down Feeling."

Then there is the old standby, Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters, still going strong with an alcohol content of 25 per cent. The history of this product is interesting. As long ago as 1878 the question of its use as a beverage was raised by the Alaska authorities. A letter from the

Commissioner of Internal Revenue of that time stated that, in Sitka, Hostetter's Bitters were sold "by the drink" in saloons. In 1883 the Commissioner of Internal Revenue concluded that, as the stuff contained no harmful drugs and only 4 per cent. of anything like a drug, he would probably be entirely justified in classing anyone who sold it as a retail liquor-dealer. But the Commissioner was hampered by the fact that for many years the government had classified Hostetter's Bitters as a "medicine" and had collected a stamp tax on it. That being the case, he felt that he was in a rather difficult position, for, said he:

Should I hold it to be a medicine, I should probably do violence to an almost irresistible tendency of the mind to conclude that no genuine medicine needs so much whisky and so few drugs in it, unless under very unusual circumstances. On the other hand, should I decide that it is no medicine at all, I would be confronted by a ten-years' *quasi* recognition by this office to the contrary, as well as by the practice of many people who use it as such.

The decision finally arrived at was worthy of Solomon. The Commissioner decided to "let the use give character to it." When Hostetter's Bitters was sold as a *bona fide* medicine he would take no action; when it was sold as a drink the seller would be taxed as a retail liquor-dealer. Hostetter's has contained at different times varying amounts of alcohol. In 1906 the state chemists of North Dakota reported finding 43 per cent.; in 1907, when the Food and Drugs Act went into effect, the label declared the presence of 39 per cent.; at present, the amount is 25 per cent., or one-half that of straight whisky—that is, straight whisky of pre-Volsteadian strength. Hostetter's contains some quinine and has been recommended for malaria. The chemists of the American Medical Association who analyzed it reported that, in order to get the minimum daily dose of quinine recommended by the Pharmacopœia as an anti-malarial, it would be necessary to take about twenty ounces of Hostetter's Bitters daily, or the equivalent of ten ounces of straight whisky, 100 proof.

The question, Can Hostetter's Bitters be used as a beverage? seems to have received a pragmatic answer. The *Baltimore Sun*, some years ago, carried a news item from Danville, Va., to the effect that the police in that town had had to deal with a large number of drunks and that each inebriate admitted that he became intoxicated on "a certain proprietary medicine that contains 25 per cent. of alcohol." Danville, it should be said, had recently gone dry. In order to learn just what proprietary medicine had been responsible for this oasis in the local desert, a telegram was sent to the chief of police of Danville. His laconic answer was: "Name of medicine Hostetter's Bitters."

But while new alcoholic nostrums have come on the market and some of the old ones still retain their pre-Volsteadian strength, others have undergone certain modifications. One nostrum, which for years contained alcohol—Warner's Safe Cure—has had its menstruum changed from alcohol to glycerine. Another, which brought such glowing testimonials from notables in the 'nineties—Paine's Celery Compound—went out of existence entirely. Still others reduced to some extent their percentages of alcohol. Thus, S. S. S. now contains 12 per cent. instead of the old 15 per cent., and Manola is reduced from 18 per cent. to 15 per cent. Peruna, which before Prohibition was at 20 per cent., has reduced its alcohol content for domestic consumption to 12 per cent., but still seems to put the old 20 per cent. kick into the product made for export.

Possibly the most interesting example of alcohol reduction is afforded by Wine of Cardui, which was once sold widely in the South for the alleged cure of women's ailments. For years it contained 20 per cent. of alcohol, beside the extractives of an insignificant amount of black haw and of an innocuous and long-discarded bitter, blessed thistle. In 1916, when the Wine of Cardui concern sued the *Journal* of the American Medical Association for some of the unkind things that publication had

said about it, the manufacturers undertook to prove in court how chemically impossible it was to lower the alcohol content of their "tonic." Learned counsel earnestly pleaded that, ten years previously, their clients had employed "one of the greatest chemists in the United States" in an effort to tone down Wine of Cardui's 20 per cent. kick. But it couldn't be done! They did get it down to 17 per cent., but the stuff spoiled on the druggists' shelves. The story was a moving one. Then along came the Eighteenth Amendment and the most powerful drug in Wine of Cardui, alcohol, was cut exactly in half and a preservative added to prevent its spoiling—thus demonstrating the superiority of law over chemistry and the feasibility of modifying morality by act of Congress.

IV

Legal restrictions, a public awake to the tricks of the game and a growing distrust in drug therapy have all caused the patent-medicine gentry to modify both their products and their appeal. As a result, the nostrum of 1924 differs widely, not only in composition but also in its method of presentation, from its prototype of 1904. But in spite of all their efforts the manufacturers find the demand for their wares failing in the United States, for the average American today spends fifty cents for patent-medicines where he spent a dollar fifteen years ago. Yet as an industry the patent-medicine business of the United States has not diminished, for as domestic demand has fallen off the manufacturers have sought foreign markets. American nostrums are now flooding the markets of the world and are especially in evidence where advertising standards are lowest. In the newspapers of Latin America are now to be found the same crude and blatant patent-medicine advertisements that graced the newspapers and magazines of the United States two decades ago.

Contrary to the general idea, public intelligence bears little, if any, relation to

the popularity of nostrums. It is knowledge, not intelligence, that diminishes credulity, especially when one goes into the market to purchase relief from real or imaginary suffering. Experience shows that the intelligentsia are more easily gulled by a quack who knows how to word his appeal than the illiterate. We are using fewer patent-medicines today than we were twenty years ago, not because we are less gullible, but merely because the bait is stale. On fresh bait we bite as avidly as ever. It is merely foolishness of a different kind. Where the Latin American accepts at its face value the astounding claims made for Peruna or something equally crude, we swallow, hook, line and sinker, the amazing nonsense of a Macfadden, the fantastic vagaries of an Abrams or the grotesque theories of a Palmer or a Still.

In order to cash in on the public's new tendency toward therapeutic nihilism, the American patent-medicine maker has put out a line of nostrums that he claims are not medicines. They are advertised as "food-tonics" or "tonic-foods" or "vitamin concentrates." One of the first and easily the best and most successful of the food-tonic humbugs was Sanatogen, a product that admittedly was nothing but 95 per cent. casein and 5 per cent. glycerophosphates. It was put over by an advertising campaign whose very impertinence was so stupendous as to command admiration. The appeal was especially to the intelligent. Advertisements were offered to and accepted by high-class magazines that would have scorned a contract for Pink Pills for Pale People. Yet the claims made for Sanatogen were no whit less preposterous than those that are made for the cruder proprietary remedies. Sanatogen flourished just as long as the advertising campaign was kept up. The product itself contained no "repeater" element; it had neither seductive nor powerful drugs; its physiologic action was only that of dried milk curd; there was nothing to sell it except the advertising, but that sold it in

vast quantities. A few cents' worth of dried cottage cheese, with a minute amount of a discarded and therapeutically valueless drug, was sold for a dollar, and for this dollar one got a product whose only virtue was its food value—and that was equivalent to the value of two cents' worth of dried beans. When the war came Sanatogen, being an enemy-owned product, was taken over by the Alien Property Custodian, the advertising ceased, and with it also the demand. An American patent-medicine firm later purchased the right to manufacture and sell the nostrum and attempted to resurrect it. But the public had lost interest.

An interesting but abortive attempt to float another "food-tonic" was exemplified in the conception and birth of Susto. This was put on the market by a concern that had for years sold a "tonic" containing small but unrecorded quantities of well-known drugs and a large and recorded quantity (18 per cent.) of alcohol. It had been featured as a cod-liver oil product without the oil,—"Hamlet" minus the melancholy Dane. The exploiters of this preparation, possibly fearing that the time might come when alcoholic tonics would no longer be good form and awake also to the public's interest in "food-tonics," decided to put out tablets containing malted milk and the vitamins of yeast under the name of Susto. In order to float the product under respectable auspices, a professor of physiologic chemistry in a well-known eastern medical college was given the commission of suggesting improvements in the product. The professor did his part by recommending that there be added a special brand of malted milk and a widely advertised proprietary yeast. The "improved" product was then tested on white rats, old ladies, undernourished infants and others.

Then the general public, through the newspapers, and coincidentally the medical profession, by "clinical reports" sent through the mail, were apprised of the accouchement of Susto. All the advertising

played up the professor, his college and the work claimed to have been done in "perfecting" and "indorsing" Susto. Physicians were gravely told that rats which had been fed Susto were found to gain in weight. As it was largely malted milk, such a result might not have been unexpected, even without experimental evidence and even by those less erudite than professors of physiologic chemistry. After the entire matter was aired in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, it was not long before the exploiters of Susto, prohibited from playing up the alleged scientific foundation for their product, seemed to abandon their advertising campaign, and so Susto died a-borning.

V

Following the "food- tonic" fad and more or less contemporaneous with it came a flood of patent-medicines, usually in pill form, alleged to contain in concentrated form those comparatively newly discovered accessory food factors, the vitamins. There were probably two score of them, and many were sold under claims that were worthy of old Doc Hartman at the crest of Peruna's fame. The vast majority of these preparations were utterly worthless and contained no vitamins, at least by the time they reached the public. The best that could be said of them was that they were harmless; the worst, that they were swindles.

Today the popular nostrum is of the so-called glandular extract or endocrine type. This phase of the industry grew from a soil well prepared by sensational newspaper articles on the alleged marvels in sex rejuvenation that were going to result from the work of Steinach and Voronoff. None of the work of these men had any relation to the oral administration of gland substance, but the modern Fausts who would seek a renewal of sexual youth from Mephistophelian nostrum exploiters are ignorant of this fact. The new "gland" proprietary remedy is thus endowed with

aphrodisiac virtues. But there is not a scintilla of scientific evidence that testicular or ovarian substance when taken by the mouth has any such action.

Many if not most of these preparations actually contain gland substance or so-called extract, for it is not difficult for fakers to get presumably reputable business concerns to furnish them with the raw material for their faking. In one or two instances active drugs are mixed with the glandular substance, and the sexual neurasthenic who fondly imagines that the stimulation he receives comes from testicular substance actually gets his kick from a dash of strychnine. These gland extract patent-medicines are a passing fad; they are doomed to fail. Most of them contain no substances having any physiological effect, and so whatever results they accomplish are psychic, and depend upon the plausibility of the advertising and the gullibility of the purchaser. In all such cases the time must come when the static power of experience overcomes the dynamic energy of advertising, and this is the death knell of the nostrum. It then becomes necessary for the quack to change the name of his product, rechristen his company, revamp his appeal and spend another fortune on a new advertising campaign. If skilful, he will get his money back with a high rate of interest.

The proprietary medicine business will continue to flourish just so long as public credulity lasts. The charlatan was not born, as Voltaire said, when the first knave met the first fool, but when the first knave met the first ignoramus. It is lack of knowledge and not a dearth of brains that breeds credulity. Life has been defined by Spencer as the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations. The patent-medicine business adjusts its products and appeal—internal relations—to its external relations represented by public health laws, a more sophisticated public and a growing skepticism about drug therapy. Just so long as it obeys this biologic law will it thrive.

CONGRESSIONAL LETTERS

BY HILTON BUTLER

I AM a man of letters. My letters, however, are all purely congressional. As private secretary to a member of Congress I have taken thousands of them in dictation, written other thousands myself, and read an unknown number from constituents, cranks, Otto Kahn and the countless American societies whose chief purpose it is to write letters to anybody who will read them.

Congressional letters are the most carefully written documents in the American language. Unfortunately, the care lavished on them is not æsthetic, nor even grammatical, but only political. When the words of a congressman are intended for his colleagues and the *Congressional Record* only, he may speak with an abandon as reckless as the raising of his hands to high Heaven, but when they are intended for home consumption, he ponders every word carefully, and speaks to his secretary slowly, thoughtfully, and with a hand to his ear to receive the echo from the open spaces. The sole purpose of congressional letters is to please those who receive them, and so their chief constituent is what is called, in the New York dialect, schmoos. Of course, there are a few congressmen who boast of their frankness to their constituents and believe that saying that two and two make four is a virtue, but such daring spirits do not commonly retain their seats as long as their more diplomatic and saponaceous colleagues.

A heavy correspondence is the delight of a congressman's heart, and to him a proof of his strength with the people of his district. He not only answers the mail that pours in upon him spontaneously, but en-

courages all literate voters in his fold to write to him. He sends out farmers' bulletin lists and form letters inviting replies. He reads the district newspapers carefully for deaths, births and accidents. When a constituent dies, a letter of consolation, full of Christian solace, goes to the widow. If it is an accident, a letter of "deep sympathy for your tragic misfortune" is franked to the victim. If the family disaster is the birth of a child, the congressman dispatches some government bulletins on infant care, together with a form letter of congratulations and oftentimes of advice to the parents. One of the most chaste examples of this last letter is that used by the Hon. Clifton A. Woodrum, LL.B., of the sixth Virginia district:

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir and Madam: Having learned of the birth of your baby, and naturally knowing the anxious days before you during its infancy, it has occurred to me that you may find some guidance and valuable suggestions in the two government publications which I am enclosing herewith.

The very slight trouble I have been to in this matter is but a practical expression of my congratulations upon the happy event in your home.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,
[Signed] Clifton A. Woodrum.

The Hon. Ross A. Collins, A.B., LL.B., of the fifth Mississippi district, is apparently somewhat more exultant over the birth of a child in his bailiwick than is Congressman Woodrum, for he writes a much longer letter and says that "only by a general improvement in the upbuilding of the young can our country wax righteously strong." Mr. Collins is the congressman who, in a campaign for reelection

in 1922, accused a woman opponent of being wedded to a man with Negro blood in his veins. In Mississippi that's a serious charge. He was reëlected, but his hardest fight was to win a \$100,000 damage suit for slander a few months later. He is, however, a tender, loving congressman at bottom, for he includes this paragraph in his form letter:

I learn with much pleasure that you have a little baby in your home and I congratulate you upon this good fortune. I hope that the health and general condition of the baby is and will continue good. I have always believed that child care and conservation is more to be looked after than any other activity affecting national progress.

In Oklahoma's sixth congressional district the parents of the baby are congratulated by the Hon. Elmer Thomas, A.B., of Medicine Park, who says in the opening paragraph of his letter that he has been informed by the Department of Health of Oklahoma that "the stork recently visited your home and I hasten to extend congratulations." Just what arrangement Congressman Thomas has with the Oklahoma Department of Health whereby he receives the addresses of the new-born in his district is not revealed. Other congressmen have to depend upon the vigilant reporters of their local newspapers for their information.

II

When the biennial time for renomination comes round the mail of congressmen increases several hundred per cent and the scores of law students on the Senate and House post-office pay-rolls have to put aside their books for a while and earn at least a part of their salaries. The majority and minority party service-rooms are kept busy day and night turning out thousands of form letters to be franked to the various congressional districts. Pre-primary letters usually recount in detail the activities in Congress of the member seeking renomination. They often contain an indorsement of his services from the party leader, who invariably "views with alarm" even the

thought that the highly valuable services of so virtuous and valuable a member may be "lost to the party, to Congress and to the country."

Reading any of these pre-primary congressional letters, one must inevitably conclude that the writer is the most important figure in Congress and one of the mighty men of the nation. Occasionally a congressman may discuss briefly and modestly the legislation in which he has had active part, but the majority of the letters sent out are made up wholly of lofty boasting. Last Spring, the Hon. John N. Tillman, LL.D., of the third Arkansas district, who will also have a seat in the coming Sixty-ninth Congress, sent out thousands of form letters to his constituents in which he recounted his whole personal history and achievements, defended himself against "words as foul as a sewer," and finished by declaring that "I love to listen to the music of our song birds and to look on the crystal flow of our rippling streams." This letter, unfortunately, caused snickers even on Capitol Hill, and particularly the sentence: "I have brought many honors and no dishonor to Washington county, my home." Dr. Tillman said that he began his career as a country school-teacher in Benton county, Arkansas, and that he "never wronged her." Later he besought God to bless the mothers of Arkansas and suggested that everybody "strike once more with a pure white ballot the liquor curse, the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to Judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since the morning stars first sang together." I quote some more strophes from this eloquent letter:

My neighbors and friends for months have been compelled to listen to words about me as foul as a sewer, to blackguardism, to petty peanut stuff reflecting the littleness of the opposition, to stale slanders thirty years of age, until they are sick of such aspersions and will resent it all by an increased majority for me.

Our farms and orchards and homes are good to look upon. I love to listen to the music of our

song birds. I love to look on the crystal flow of our rippling streams, but above all I respect the manly men and womanly women of this favored land. I am depending on these manly men, who think as I think, who love the things I love. I appeal to the women, who believe that untiring, faithful and honest service should have its reward. And lastly I appeal to the mothers. God bless them! God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers.

One thousand dollars reward, "legally collectible under the law," is offered by the Hon. Thomas D. Schall, A.B., LL.B., the learned representative of Minnesota's tenth district, to anyone who can point out where he has failed to champion "the side of the ordinary folks." His thousand-dollar offer is written on the backs of farmers' bulletin lists, which he broadcasts to his constituents. His excuse for not using the regular congressional letter-head, which he can also get for nothing, is that "my economic sense protests this good blank paper going to waste." The Hon. Mr. Schall says he believes "the consensus of opinion is the best guide a public man can have." Here is his letter in full:

My dear Neighbor: I wish you to have the benefit of these bulletins. Check any dozen. Return to me with your full name and address signed at the bottom of this page.

My economic sense protests this good blank paper going to waste and I'm taking the opportunity of sending you a hello and a wish that I might hear from my friends. I want to know how and what you're thinking on the public questions in which I represent you. The consensus of opinion is the best guide a public man can have. In the conflict of such opinion lies the true secret of American success, endurance and strength. I have served you ten years in the lower house of Congress, giving you the best I have with the light God gives me to see it. I came to Congress free from any entangling alliances, as the representative of the plain people, and by them I have been kept here, with an ever increasing majority. So long as I am here, I shall continue to be free.

I have not space to state my record in detail, but I am still offering \$1,000 reward, sufficient amount to warrant looking it up, for anyone who can point out in my ten years' service where I have once voted against the interests of the farmer, the soldier, or the cause of labor, or have failed to champion the side of the ordinary folks. The above offer is legally collectible under the law and should be sufficient answer to the agents of the great selfish interests who irk at my occupancy of high office.

Let me hear from you, whether it's kicks, commendation or advice.

Two full pages, single-spaced, are required by Senator William J. Harris, of Georgia, a son-in-law of Fighting Joe Wheeler, "to call attention to some of the things I have done in spite of the fact that the Republicans have majorities in Congress." He goes on:

I am next to the ranking Democrat on the Committee on Appropriations, the most important. No Senator has worked harder or accomplished more for the farmers. No Senator has taken a deeper interest in the matter of immigration.

"I believe in economy," avers the Senator, but in the same paragraph is his boast that "the government spends more money in Georgia than in any other southern State." Then he says that he was "the chief factor" in legislation

appropriating \$125,000 for market news service so that the farmers of our section could find, without expense, markets for their products; appropriating \$90,000 additional for boll-weevil work; \$50,000 in developing cheaper processes for the manufacture of calcium arsenate and other poisons; \$15,000 for the United States Geological Survey to determine the various sources of arsenate ores for making calcium arsenate; \$25,000 for experiments in poison gases to kill the boll-weevil; appropriating \$5,000 additional for tobacco investigations by the Georgia Coastal Plain Experiment Station at Tifton; \$10,000 for study of storing pecans and canning syrup in bonded Federal warehouses under my amendment broadening the warehouse law; \$50,000 for study of more effective and profitable utilization of the rapidly increasing production of peaches in Georgia through packing and canning; appropriating \$10,000 for branch office of the United States Foreign and Domestic Commerce Bureau in Atlanta to find foreign markets for merchandise and agricultural products.

Terms suggestive of poker are used in a letter of the Hon. Bill Green Lowrey, A.M., LL.D., to his Mississippi constituents. "What I want from you is facts to call with," says he. He writes chiefly of the boll-weevil and taxes:

We all know that times are unusually hard. The weather has been ruinous; taxes are worse. Our European markets are cut off; and the boll-weevil is the concentrated fury of it all. The government can not control the weather, but it certainly has something to do with the other three. It is time for us to call on it mightily to be up and doing. What I want from you is facts to call with. How much has the weevil hurt you? Have you and your neighbors made enough to pay taxes? Can

you buy farm and life necessities at reasonable prices? Have you anything to suggest as to what the government might do to help the situation? I should like to have a letter from every citizen in the district. I might not have time to answer them all, but every one of them would be helpful in my efforts to represent you here.

Even widows of Civil War veterans are not immune from congressional letters. The Hon. John C. Box, of the second Texas district, has a special and very affable form for Confederate widows that goes as follows:

My dear Madam: I write you as the honored widow of an ex-Confederate soldier. I greet you as my honored constituent and wish for you health, comfort and peace of mind. We of the generation of your sons and daughters will continue to honor you while our lives shall last. As your servant I am trying to sustain the best standards of patriotic service to the people and the nation. I crave your approval and the opportunity to serve you. Please write me freely. With assurances of reverence and esteem, I remain

Your servant,
John C. Box.

False reports regarding the bonus, current in rural Kentucky, are dispelled in the Hon. J. M. Robsion's letter to his fellow Kentuckians. He rushes to its defense as follows:

Dear Veteran and Friend: In going over the district I find that my opposition is putting out many false reports in regard to the bonus. The bonus does not in any way, shape and manner affect the pension or compensation of disabled veterans and it has nothing to do with the war risk insurance. The adjusted compensation law means that the soldiers did not get enough pay per day during the war and this simply gives them more pay for their service during the war.

You are being told that the bonus law is a gold brick. This propaganda is being put out by those who are now and have always been against the soldier's bonus. The American Legion and other soldier organizations are backing the present bonus law to the limit. They urged all of us who were friends to the soldiers and favored the soldier's bonus to vote for it. It was the very best bill that we could get through and I know that every veteran and his friends will resent the attack that is being made on me by my enemies. They are fighting me because I voted for you veterans and your dependents. I know you will appreciate what we have done for you. I am sorry that it could not be more.

Something for the children is offered by the adroit and Hon. W. A. Ayres, of the eighth Kansas district. Look what the

kiddies may get from this congressional Santa Claus:

When I was in Congress before, I wrote a letter to the various teachers that if they had any boys or girls in the school who would write me, I would send them garden and flower seeds. I received a number of requests from all over the district, but I cannot do that this year as there are no more garden and flower seeds, the last Congress having cut out the appropriation for all seeds. However, I can procure some bulletins that I think would be of interest to both boys and girls. For instance:

Bird Houses and How to Build Them.
Some Common Birds Useful to the Farmer.
School Lunches.
Removal of Stains from Clothing.
Illustrated Poultry Primer.
Rabbit Raising.
Poison Ivy and Poison Sumac.
Growing Annual Flowering Plants.
Diseases of Watermelons.

Now, if anyone of your students are interested in any of these booklets and will write to me themselves, I certainly will be very glad to send them such as they may desire, and also will be very glad to hear from any of them as I am very much interested in school children and their work; and let me say further, if their teacher desires any particular government publication, I hope they will not hesitate to write me also.

III

Whenever he accomplishes anything or can get credit for some accomplishment, the congressman immediately corners the newspaper correspondents on Capitol Hill. But the gentlemen of the press frequently differ with him as to what constitutes news, and when the decision is unfavorable to him he resorts to the form letter. The advantages of the form letter over the interview are numerous. It is not subject to space limitations, to a copy reader's eliminations, or to the tricks of the make-up man. Its circulation is limited only by the number of people in the district. It is delivered by the post-office direct to the constituent at no cost to the congressman. And if the job of multigraphing it is a good one it has the appearance of a genuine personal letter to the untrained rustic eye.

Here is a form letter sent out by the Hon. George W. Johnson, of the fourth West Virginia district, to tobacco growers in his district. The letter was written after an

effort was made in Congress to increase the tax on certain manufactured forms of tobacco. Tobacco growers from many States hurried to Washington to protest, and in the course of their efforts saw and enlisted the aid of many members. Here is Congressman Johnson's version of the matter:

Last Winter when the tax bill was before Congress an effort was made to increase the tax 25 per centum on certain finished tobacco articles. A committee of gentlemen, headed by Hon. Elliot Northcutt of Huntington, West Virginia, along with others from West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky, came to Washington and got in touch with me and other representatives in Congress for the purpose of defeating this additional tax from being levied upon our growers, as above indicated. In this connection Mr. Northcutt, who knew of our activities, wrote me as follows:

"I did not have an opportunity to thank you personally for your work for the tobacco people on my recent visit to Washington, but they are loud in their praise of what you did for them, and I want to add my thanks. It was great work."

If the form letter does not appeal to the congressman, he may establish a private news bureau and be his own reporter. In a weekly "news letter" sent out from Washington, a portion of which is printed below, there are five items and four of them concern the Hon. E. B. Howard, of the first Oklahoma district. This weekly letter is sent out by what is known as "The Congressional News Bureau, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.," but the entire personnel of this bureau is the secretary to an Oklahoma member. Here is a part of one of the weekly releases containing Washington "news":

WASHINGTON WEEKLY NEWS LETTER
[From Congressional News Bureau.]

Washington, D. C.—Congressman E. B. Howard this week appeared before the U. S. Veterans Bureau. The Central Office Board of Appeals of the Bureau rejected Congressman Howard's appeal for relief for Everette H. Washburn, of Wetumka, whereupon the Oklahoma solon appealed the case to Director Frank T. Hines.

The so-called "Howard amendment" to the Good Roads Act has received favorable action in the committee.

Vocational training students have voiced their approval of the policy of providing placement

training for them during the Summer vacation months. This policy was suggested to Director Hines by Congressman Howard.

Frequently included in the form letter sent out by a congressman is a speech he has made on one of the subjects about which he is at liberty to talk in Congress. The congressional franking privilege is as good for a pound as it is for an ounce and the congressman rarely misses an opportunity to include a speech with his letter. When voting time nears, many congressmen avail themselves of the convenient "extension of remarks" method to incorporate in a never delivered but faithfully printed speech something about their records in Congress. Such matter from the *Congressional Record* is reprinted by the Government Printing Office in convenient mailable form at a small cost to the member. An example is the following excerpt from the *Congressional Record* entitled: "Six Months and Three Days in Congress: Extension of Remarks of Hon. Elton Watkins of Oregon in the House of Representatives":

MR. WATKINS: Mr. Speaker, there is an unwritten rule of Congress to the effect that new members should be seen and not heard. From the manner in which congressmen absent themselves one would conclude that another rule obtains to the effect that old members should be neither seen nor heard. Both are wrong, and that member who subscribes to them is false to his constituency and unfit to be a congressman. During my campaign for Congress my enemies stated that I would not be able to accomplish anything, that I would be unknown and unheard of in Congress; and that I would not get a single committee assignment of any value; whereas I promised results and advocated, among other things, selective and restrictive immigration, adjusted compensation, tax reduction, child-labor prohibition, hospitalization for all veterans, increase and readjustment of pay for postal employes, and adequate pensions for veterans of the Civil War, Indian wars and the Spanish-American War. I have labored night and day in the interests of the people of my district, my State, and my country and without question have fulfilled my promises and kept the trust given me. I challenge anyone to show wherein I voted contrary to the interests of the people of my district; not only that, but I challenge anyone to show wherein I voted wrong.

Loyalty to party is a congressional virtue, if there be any congressional virtue. The unwritten law is that a member of either of the two major parties must stand

by his organization at all costs. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi is a model of such extreme partisanship. But where will the Democratic congressman, the Hon. J. Earl Major, stand when his Democratic colleagues read the form letter he sent out from his Illinois home at Hillsboro, begging for "a half dozen Republican votes in each precinct"? Here it is:

My dear Friend: Your name has been furnished me as one who might be willing to take some active interest in my campaign as a candidate for reelection to Congress from this twenty-first district.

I earnestly endeavored to so serve you during the first session of which I was a member as to merit a continuation of the confidence placed in me at the last election.

A half dozen Republican votes in each precinct in the district, in addition to the normal Democratic vote, would make my reelection certain. I know you have some Republican relatives, neighbors or friends whom you could no doubt interest in my candidacy, and may I not depend upon you to at least take this much interest in my behalf?

"I have succeeded in getting a few extra bulletins from the Department of Agriculture and will send them to farmers on the rural routes as long as they last," writes the Hon. Clarence Cannon, once the parliamentarian of the House, to his Missouri constituents. No doubt the picture Mr. Cannon wishes to convey is that he struggled valiantly day and night with the department and finally brought back in his bloody hands enough bulletins to supply the farmers on the rural routes. But the truth is that farmers' bulletins are provided by the thousands for congressional distribution. The Division of Publications of the Department of Agriculture allots 20,000 bulletins yearly to each congressman, and the public demand for them is so small that bulletin letters are necessary in order to dispose of the allotments, which are cumulative. Among the thousands of publications a congressman has at his disposal are two thick, well-bound and profusely illustrated books: "Diseases of Cattle" and "Diseases of the Horse." A New York city congressman has but little use for them, and so he asks his southern and western

colleagues to take them in exchange for something more in demand in his district. When there is a stock of these books available, a form "disease book" letter goes out from the southern and western members, offering copies as a part of their service to their constituents.

For five years the principal subject of congressional letters has been the compensation claims of ex-service men. These claims have poured into the offices of congressmen by the thousands, and are only now beginning to slacken. The claimants seem to think that a congressman can be of material assistance to them in getting compensation. The truth is that he can do little more than write a placatory letter to the claimant and request the Veterans Bureau to expedite action in his case. Almost all the claimants—and they number more than a million—have at one time or another written to some congressman or senator about their claims, according to the records of the Veterans Bureau. The bureau cannot discourage this practice for political reasons; the congressman himself encourages it, for it means contact with the ex-service men of his district. In the Veterans Bureau hospitals there are thousands of claimants who have considerable time on their hands and too much Y. M. C. A. stationery nearby. They write to their congressmen about everything, from hospital conditions to national legislation, but they are chiefly concerned with their own needs and desires. These boys must be answered promptly, for if they are not given the best of attention, it is the congressional fear that they will write home to tell their relatives and friends that Congressman So-and-So pays little or no attention to them in their "hour of need."

The work of hundreds of government bureaus is designed to aid a congressman in building up his correspondence. For instance, all applications for government fish, to plant in streams, must bear the indorsement of a member of Congress. This means a letter from the constituent asking his congressman's endorsement of the ap-

plication. It gives the congressman an opportunity to write his constituent that he "will personally present the application to the Commissioner of Fisheries" and "see that action thereon is expedited." If there has ever been an instance wherein the endorsement of a congressman was refused, it is not recorded.

Letters from the congressman's constituents naturally receive preferred attention. Letters from outside often outnumber the district letters, but they frequently go unanswered. The labor unions, Wayne B. Wheeler, Otto Kahn, the Methodist Board of Morals and the *Literary Digest* lead in the number of letters sent to congressmen. The labor unions write about matters affecting their interest and warn the congressman

that his votes are being watched and that local unions in his district are being advised of his activities for or against union labor. Wayne B. Wheeler writes frequently on fine stationery. Otto Kahn never fails to send congressmen nicely bound, autographed copies of his innumerable public addresses. The Methodist Board of Morals addresses a letter to Congress on almost every subject that arises in which there is the slightest possibility of danger to the morals of "generations yet unborn." The *Literary Digest* polls congressmen regularly on various questions and always incloses a stamped envelope for reply. So frequent have been the polls of late that the *Digest* nearly came in for a congressional investigation last Spring.

HIGH DIGNITARIES OF STATE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

ONE is struck by a curious blowziness in American public men. I have no reference to their usefulness; for all I know, they are wise and competent, and add to human happiness. I am speaking of the cut of their jibs, the way they look and sound, their effectiveness as dramatic figures. It may be that to the student of government they are models, and offer material for thick books; but to the connoisseur of a show there is undoubtedly something lacking about them.

Set down the great figures of American history beside the great figures of other scenes and times, and the former always appear at a disadvantage, despite the fact they were probably more useful men. Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Lee, Wilson,—these names surely do not carry the glamor that goes with Alexander, Caesar, Constantine, Charlemagne, William, Cromwell, Louis, Peter, Frederick, Napoleon, and Bismarck. About that old-world galaxy, granted, there is a smell of the sordid: these men were in habitual contact with greeds, lusts, and hatreds from which fine natures recoil. They were adventurers. There was not one of them who did not, at one time or another, shoot the bones for the whole pile. There was more than a suggestion of the sinister about them: they were in unusually close touch with brute reality: they faced the fact of a cruel, senseless world without being oppressed, without needing balm in Gilead: they were unfettered by the timidity, the "morals" that give ordinary men pause. It was not so much that they were unscrupulous as that they were cynics, magnificent cynics, cynics on a heroic and shocking scale.

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When, to boot, their evil ventures prospered, there was a flavor of black blasphemy about them, of unholy alliance with Satan, so that some of them were hailed as children of the gods, and one at least as the Man of Destiny. . . . A fine set of bozos surely, a pirate's guard, the ermine never quite concealing dirk and dice-box. Yet what a glitter, what a hypnotic lure!

Now turn to our Americans. Unquestionably, they accomplished much: it is agreed the world is better for their having lived in it. In the popular picture of any of them the brow is always drawn with care, with sorrow, with pain; they all travelled the Valley of the Shadow and stalked through Gethsemane. Yet as actors in the play they cannot stand comparison with the least of those I have named from across the water. Ask the average man whether he had rather be Lincoln or Napoleon. If he tells the truth he will say Napoleon. Lincoln stands for all his national *mores* stand for: a cheer for him in some vague way is also a cheer for God, Moses, and the Eighteenth Amendment. Napoleon stands for all *his* national *mores* stand *against*: a cheer for him is a cheer for the devil and the Masque of the Red Death. Yet—the average man can no more resist the appeal of that dizzy career than he can resist spitting off the end of a dock. Lincoln, the man his acquired philosophy tells him he *ought* to be like, remains a prosaic figure in rusty black and a half-gallon hat. Napoleon, the man his deeper self tells him he would *like* to be like, is a figure of fabulous romance.

If the greatest of American statesmen are thus dramatically weak, the general

run are dramatically impossible. If Washington, Lincoln, and Lee have an appeal, it has its source in their great *scènes à faire*, the moments when they made great decisions, rewrote history, changed the map of the world. Subtract this from them and there is nothing but a potholder of phrases, most of them pretty stuffy. The present-day American statesman is simply Washington and Lincoln with the great moments left out, an imitator of what has gone before, conforming to a set mold as unchangeably as a bond salesman, a mouther of set phrases, a wearer of pot hats and undertaker clothes. From Maine to California he is exactly the same; his every phrase and gesture can be forecast as accurately as those of Civitas, Veritas, and Pro Bono Publico. He exudes a characteristic aroma, a dregsy reek . . . of what? It is rather elusive. I have been after it for some time now, and I am not sure that I have got it, but I shall try and get down what I think it is.

II

The source of all dramatic appeal in public men, I think, is power. It is this that makes us envy a statesman, when we do envy him. Again, it is a requirement of drama that the appeal of the protagonist be susceptible of indefinite expansion and contraction. That is, it must be possible for him to scale greater heights than the rest of us, and to come crashing down for a greater fall. Power alone enables the statesman to do this. Power is capable of indefinite expansion; it feeds a lust that grows until it seems greater than the human frame can endure. Had Napoleon's appeal rested on other things, there would have been no drama in Waterloo: he would still have been the same Napoleon afterward as before. But his appeal lay in his power, and the excitement for the audience lay in watching his diabolical expertness in holding and swelling it. He was astride two horses, three horses, five, ten, ten thousand, and still he held his feet and galloped on. Finally, in this mad race be-

tween the man and his fate, the man lost, and was crushed to pulp—a climax as perfect as was ever recorded. After his fall he was not the same Napoleon. He was a Napoleon shorn of his power, the visible symbol of his greatness, the one thing that gave him his glamor in his heyday, the one thing that could be cut from under him to bring him to earth. . . . So with every other great dramatic figure in history. There can be no real magnificence without a foot on somebody's neck.

But in America power is the one thing that is denied the statesman,—power and all the trappings and symbols of power. I do not mean that the American statesman does not *have* power. What I mean is that the nation cannot tolerate power on public view. It is a corollary to the Declaration of Independence that no man ought to hold dominion over other men. The American statesman, therefore, must pretend that he hasn't any power, that he only holds in trust certain powers delegated to him, that he is not even remotely interested in arrogating them to himself personally. He asks "respect for the office, not the man." He is therefore under the necessity of making his bid for fame on other grounds.

Well, what other grounds are there? In the American scheme of things only one: service to his fellow-men, or as it has come to be called, Service. I am unable to think of any other claim he can make. I have been examining the standing of a number of American heroes, not their real doings exactly, but the reason posterity has placed its seal of eminence upon them, and in every instance I find them measured by their contribution to the national weal—their "records," as the newspapers say. Nay, I uncover a still more lamentable circumstance. I find many a captivating man condemned by posterity because he did *not* make a perceptible contribution to the national weal. But of that more in a moment.

Now, it must be very apparent that this Service, as an ingredient of drama, is very

defective. It may reduce the tax rate and improve Conditions, but it does not add anything to the candidate's heroic lustre. For one thing, opportunities for Service are very spotty, a fact which accounts for certain phenomena very puzzling to our better-informed newspaper writers. Let us suppose that a citizen, having taken counsel with himself, decides to enter public life, and in the proper manner files his papers for nomination and election to the State Legislature. It is impossible, considering the state of public prejudice, for him to address his prospective constituency thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I hereby solicit your support for this office because if I get it I shall be pretty important, with power to name three doorkeepers, a page, and a filing clerk in the next Legislature, all of which I promise to choose from deserving voters in this district. Vote for me. I want the job."

That would lay him open to all sorts of accusations: playing politics, corruption, and the like. What he must do, first, is to pretend he is not at all interested in the power and glory that go with being a delegate. His friends must write letters to the newspapers demanding that he run. Then he will be able to hatch a cock and bull story beginning: "Upon the earnest solicitation of a large number of voters in this district, and at great personal sacrifice, I have decided to enter my name." Then he must cast around for some way to perform Service; in popular parlance, he must find an "issue." But it quite often happens that there isn't any issue to find. That is to say, his prospective constituency is employed, has money in the bank, and doesn't give a damn who is elected.

Nevertheless, an issue must be found. So he addresses his first meeting thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I come before you tonight to speak on a subject which I know is next to all of our hearts. Before I begin I want to say I didn't go after this office, it has like you might say come to me, that is if I get it, anyway I never had no intention of running for office until

some of my friends come to me and showed me how it was my duty I should run. But what I want to say is this: We about had enough of Smithism in this district, and if I get elected all I got to say is the laboring man is going to get looked after like he ain't been looked after since this Smith ring got into office, and I say it's time somebody looked after the laboring man. Folks, I'm a plain business man, I am, but nobody can't say I ain't been fair to organized labor, and nobody never heard no complaints in *my* shop. Way I see it, the issue in this campaign is, Is the laboring man going to get a square deal, or are they going along giving him the little end of the stick like they done last time and like they're going to do so long as they have Smithism in this district? Now you take this here full-crew law: they got a paper going around says it ought to be repealed, but what I say is them as is trying to get this very fine law repealed had better look out, or the laboring man is going to rise up and demand what is coming to him, and that ain't no more'n right. . . ."

If he is a candidate for Vice-President of the United States, the way he sees it is that the Reds are trying to land in the White House, and if he is a candidate for President of the United States, the way he sees it is that there is a deliberate and iniquitous plot afoot to destroy the Supreme Court, and that way leads Revolution.

It takes no more than a glance at these "issues" to see that there is a distressing suggestion of unreality about them. One feels that if a cigarette were held against them they would go *pop* like a toy balloon. We should then be as well off as before, so far as I can see: it would take a wise man to say what difference it makes who gets elected, and on what issue. . . . But what I am trying to get at is simply the flabbiness of these issues as dramatic themes. Drama, indeed, is an inexorable Muse: she feeds on reality: there is no fooling her with shoddy stuff, and it makes little difference whether she is staged in theatre or parliament hall. It is as impos-

sible to make this pother about the laboring man, the Reds, the Socialists, the Supreme Court, the farmer, the tariff, the veterans, the Shipping Board, Teapot Dome, and Progressivism look like real flesh and blood as it is to make a 10-20-30 melodrama look like tragedy. The man who takes them seriously would tremble at stage thunder. The Supreme Court, I daresay, is a useful body, but it is in no more danger than Mary Pickford in an old soldiers' home, and everybody knows it. When the President gets excited about the dangers that beset it, he is a tedious old gent, puffing out wind, as intriguing dramatically as a life-size portrait of Willie Hoppe.

III

I here state the general, common-sense objection to the thematic material with which the American statesman is provided. There are others more technical. Assaying human merit on the basis of Service somehow implies that the servitor, in some way, is of better stuff, more pleasing in the sight of God, than the rest of us. But there is a well-marked limit, and it is quickly reached, to the capacity of one human being for conceding finer soul-texture to another human being. It affronts the ego to concede intrinsic superiority to another—or much superiority. Thus Service is bogged on a score I have already mentioned: it is inelastic: it does not permit the protagonist to soar far above us and plunge far below us. It is one of those blind themes that lead nowhere: it won't develop: it won't orchestrate. The public man who relies on it for bedazzling his fellows suddenly finds that his pedestal is only 2½ inches above the level on which the multitude stands and can't be jacked any higher. Then he usually steps down from the pedestal altogether and pretends he had rather be with the crowd. This, I believe, accounts in part for the insistence with which our public men proclaim that they are nothing but plain men of the people, and have their

pictures taken running threshing machines on a Vermont farm, or lighting pipes, or cussing in plain he-man fashion.

Finally, there is the unescapable fact that Service can be effective dramatically only when it costs something to perform it. The soldier, for example, always has an appeal. His part in the slaughter may be ludicrously small. But in doing it he may get bumped off, and actually he does often get bumped off. So as long as he goes marching off to war there will be crowds to cheer him on the way. But how about the \$1-a-year man? A few times, perhaps, he performed some sort of Service. But is he a hero? He is not. He is a pretty sorry joke. His Service, no matter how valuable, cost him nothing to perform, and he must yield place to every yokel who shouldered a gun and went where the shells were whickering. And how about, say, a senator, at \$7,500 a year, with no war going on? The thing becomes ludicrous. . . .

The point involved is obvious, and the public, I think, is always aware of it. Else why does it always seek to make martyrs of its favorite public men? Lincoln, Wilson, and Harding are good examples. In the case of Lincoln, the relation between his death and his Service is hard to see; in the case of Wilson it is still harder to see, and in the case of Harding it is almost impossible to see. Yet the public leaped at the chance to write *Pro Patria* over their tombs. So, in lesser degree, with other heroes. They are not lucky enough to get shot, but they can at least look haggard and ill, and this a great many have proceeded to do, to their great advantage. But how about the Bill Tafts who look fat and contented? . . . Well, what kind of hero was Bill Taft? Thus doth a good digestion make clowns of us all. A gunny sack around his foot and a crutch, and he might have been reelected.

Thus, it is clear that politics under democracy, on its visible levels, is an impossible trade for heroes. The man who seeks romance there is doomed to disappoint-

ment. Fortunately, there are other levels, where no record is kept, and where the connoisseur of drama may refresh a jaded palate. I refer to those greasy dives where the game is played under cover, where wan and ghostly issues fade out and are no more, where reality is the thing, riches for some, bare life for others, where titans snarl and bite, wrestling savagely—for what? For power, the one thing that can put an edge on politics. Here is glamor, a pure incandescent glow. Policemen, contractors, newspaper reporters, whitewings, prostitutes, mayors, minor privilege holders, bootleggers, senators, firemen, councilmen, judges of election, garbage men—what a lovely motley! How brightly does the ideal of Service burn in these patriotic breasts? . . . All playing in dead earnest, raking in their chips with claw-like fingers; all pawns, pushed about by the Boss.

The Boss! There is dark fascination about him, without a doubt. He is the one romantic figure in American politics. Tweed, Croker, Hanna, Gorman, Murphy, Penrose—these names stir the imagination. Most 100 per cent Americans would rather have known one of them well than to have known every President since James A. Garfield. What did they accomplish? Why—nothing! What did Napoleon accomplish? . . . It is the irony of drama that such men, who think nothing of Humanity and only of themselves, should have such an incomparable appeal. Or is it indeed irony? Possibly it is only inexorable logic. For after all, just how genuine is this Service? As a philosophy, an abstract idea, something evolved from dialectic, it is a pretty thing to play with, I grant. But hardly to be put into practise. It implies that a man habitually thinks

more of others than of himself;—not tangible, concrete others, like his family, but shadowy, never-seen others, swarming by myriads;—and such an implication passes credence. Actually, no man *does* put others before himself, and to cast him in a rôle which avers that he does so is to cast him in a rôle palpably false at the outset, and foreordained to be perpetually and irremediably ridiculous.

Be this speculation as it may, it is a curious commentary on the national mind that the political figures I have named, men whom any student of human beings would pick out as among the most interesting we have ever produced, should be condemned by a sort of conspiracy of silence to ultimate oblivion. Who will say that Penrose was not as much of a man as Wilson? That he was not essentially as honest a man? Yet who will say that he will be remembered after fifty years? . . . No, the picture drawn for posterity in the United States is not true to life. It is like those moving pictures made so that certain colors which show in the set do not show on the screen. In our political scene all those rich, vibrant colors of the game as it is actually played, with its sordidness, its intrigue, its excitement, are blanked out; even the newspapers do not display them from day to day: the picture that actually shows is a wishy-washy thing of false moustachios, false whiskers, and false circles under the eyes. . . . Tweed, Croker, Hanna, Gorman, Cannon, Murphy, Penrose, and a regiment of their prototypes in every city in the country, all irresistibly picturesque figures, virtuosi of human passion, makers and busters of Presidents; and all are sleeping under the hill. . .

And Harding has a Memorial!

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

Footnote to Modern American Criticism.—If it be un-American to disparage and detract from much that is American, it is, equally, un-Borneoan to disparage and detract from much that is held in patriotic esteem in Borneo.

The Classical Fallacy.—The theory that the ancient Greeks and Romans were men of a vast and ineffable superiority runs aground on the fact that they were great admirers of oratory. No other art was so assiduously practiced among them. Today we venerate the architects of Greece far more than we venerate its orators, but the Greeks themselves put the orators first, and in consequence much better records of them are preserved today. But oratory, as a matter of fact, is the lowest of all the arts. Where is it most respected? Among savages, in and out of civilization. The yokels of the open spaces flock by the thousand to hear imbeciles yawp and heave; the city proletariat goes to political meetings and glues its ears to the radio every night. But what genuinely civilized man would turn out to hear even the champion orator of the country? Dozens of the most eminent professors of the art show off their tricks every day in the United States Senate. Yet the galleries of the Senate, save when news goes out that some Senator is stewed and about to make an ass of himself, are occupied only by Negroes who have come in to get warm and hand-holding bridal couples from rural North Carolina and West Virginia.

American Journalism Again.—In the recent concerted critical attack on the principles, ethics and conduct of the American jour-

nalistic press, it strikes me that the critics, though they state what is undoubtedly true, nevertheless finally negotiate what is true of the journalistic press the world over. The criticism they make of American journalism describes English, French, German and other foreign journalism quite as appositely and trenchantly. If the general standard of American newspaper morals is low, it is no lower than that of the general run of European newspapers, and this applies alike to the owners of those newspapers and to the hired men who make them.

To say that the average American newspaper reporter is a cheap and ignoble fellow is to imply that the average English, French or German reporter is not a cheap and ignoble fellow. The implication is without warrant. For, though it is pretty uniformly agreed that newspaper reporting is a profession that, save in the case of very young men, attracts the riff-raff, the disappointed, the incompetent and the mentally pink in the field of what, by stretching several thousand points, may in this connection be called the world of letters, it is not true that the men it attracts in America are worse, in any respect, than those it attracts in other countries. As a matter of fact, the American reporter—I am, plainly enough, speaking not of the higher grade of reporters in this feuilletton but of the lower and middle grades—is much the superior of his foreign colleague. His resource, his independence, his achievements—all are greater than those of the English, French or German newspaper reporter of his class. Not a week passes that American newspaper reporters do not excel the pick of European newspaper re-

porters. They write better, as a general rule, and they know more about reporting.

The European reporter, as all know who have ever come into close professional or even lay contact with him, is not to be compared with the American, however relatively questionable the latter may be. The English reporter is a tidier fellow, and he is generally a better educated man, but as a reporter he is the inferior of the American. Both are always obviously at the mercy of the shadowy "policy" whip at their rear, but, even so, the American is the freer agent. The French reporter is hardly to be called a newspaper reporter in the strict meaning of the word: he is a mere alibi. He pretends to get news in order that his boss may call what he publishes a newspaper. Unless that boss sent reporters out onto the street for the look of the thing, even the French would refuse to regard his product as a newspaper. The German reporter, at least at the present time, combines in himself the worst features of both the English and French reporters.

What holds true of reporters holds equally true of the captains of the journalistic industry. The American newspaper owner is surely no worse than the English, French or German. As a matter of record, he is, as a usual thing, a lot better. Aside from a few readily apparent exceptions, he is more honest, more fearless, more resourceful and infinitely more successful. For every American Munsey, there are three European Munseys.

The deduction is simple. The generality of American journalism as we have it today is in a disgraceful state for the reason that journalism the world over is, for the major part, in a disgraceful state. Journalism, to a considerable degree, has ceased to be the profession of intelligent, idealistic and charming gentlemen. It has become the profession of public office seekers, title hunters, social pushers, dollar diddlers, mountebanks and cads.

Definition.—Democracy is that system of government under which the people,

having 35,717,342 native-born adult whites to choose from, including thousands who are handsome and many who are wise, pick out the Hon. Mr. Coolidge to be the head of the state. It is as if a hungry man, set before a banquet prepared by master cooks and covering a table an acre in area, should turn his back upon the feast and stay his stomach by catching and eating flies.

Literary Tip.—Gamaliel Bradford's psychographs, a novelty so lately as ten years ago, are now imitated in a wholesale manner. All the strange characters in American history are being dug up by psycho-analyzing boys and girls, and anatomized joyously. So far, however, no one has violated the tomb of one of the strangest of them all, to wit, the Hon. Charles Joseph Bonaparte, LL.D., Secretary of the Navy and later Attorney-General in the Cabinet of the illustrious Roosevelt. This neglect of him is hard to understand, for he was unquestionably one of the most picturesque figures ever heard of in American politics—an almost fabulous compound of Sicilian bandit and Scotch bluenose, one of the greatest wits of his time and yet one of the most humorless of men, a royalist in his every instinct and yet a professional democrat and Puritan reformer all his life. He died only a year or two ago, already long forgotten. His life would make an extremely amusing and instructive book.

Bonaparte was a grandson of that younger brother of Napoleon I who married the fair Betsy Patterson, of Baltimore, daughter to an eminent Babbitt of the time, Scotch in origin. This younger brother, Jerome, deserted Betsy at Napoleon's order, but not before she became the mother of a son. The son, who called himself Jerome Bonaparte-Patterson, was the father, in his turn, of two sons, one of whom was Charles Joseph. Betsy herself, after Jerome deserted her, returned to America, and lived to a great age. She did not die, in fact, until 1879, and during her

last years she accumulated a very large property. Old Baltimoreans remember her as she plodded about the town in rain and shine, collecting her rents. She took charge of the education of her grandsons, sent Charles Joseph to Harvard, set him up as a lawyer, and when she died left him a million in gilt-edged real estate.

The other grandson, Jerome Napoleon, was never heard of, but Charles Joseph began to make a noise in his native Baltimore in the seventies, when he was just out of Harvard. The public school in America was then just getting on its legs, and Bonaparte, who had been brought up as a Catholic, was violently against it. His opposition, characteristically, was carried on in a very violent and doctrinaire manner; he argued, in the end, that it was as outrageous for the State to supply free schools as it would be for it to provide free soup-houses. Some wit thereupon gave him the nickname of Soup-House Charlie, and it stuck to him for thirty years. But the public schools did not long detain him. In the early eighties, when Civil Service Reform began to be heard of, he joined its legions with a whoop, and thereafter, until his death, he spent half of his free energies bawling for the merit system in public office and the other half performing prodigies as a Republican politician.

It was through the National Civil Service Reform League that Roosevelt first came into contact with him. They had many things in common. Both were reformers who were yet adept at every trick of practical politics. Both sobbed for democracy, and distrusted the concrete democrat. Both consecrated themselves to Service, and were yet highly alert to the main chance. Bonaparte, I suspect, had secret doubts about Roosevelt, as he had about all men, but on Roosevelt's side it was a genuine love affair. He not only admired Bonaparte's caustic wit and immense (if disorderly) learning; he was also greatly flattered by the attentions of a man whom he looked upon as of royal blood. When he became President he put Bona-

parte into the Cabinet at the first opportunity, and made frequent references thereafter to the fact that a member of an imperial house sat at the table. Bonaparte was the worst Secretary of the Navy ever heard of. It was not so much that he was incompetent as that he was indolent. For weeks running his attendance at his office was confined to an hour a day. He left Baltimore by the 11 o'clock train, got to Washington at noon, dashed to the Navy Department, and then caught the 1 o'clock train back to Baltimore. Only on Cabinet days did he linger longer in the capital.

Nevertheless, Roosevelt was delighted with him, and presently made him Attorney-General. In this high office his indolence was of the utmost value to all predatory gentlemen of wealth. He sat for three years, and during all that time the trusts were well and happy. Nevertheless, there is a record that, on one occasion, at least, he bestirred himself. This was when Roosevelt made one of his periodical onslaughts upon the anarchists—the predecessors, in political buncombe, of the modern Reds. Certain Italians at Paterson, N. J., printed a small anarchist paper, in Italian, and sent it through the mails. It had only the most meagre circulation, and its contents were so mild that prosecuting the editors was out of the question, but Roosevelt wanted to make a sensation by barring it from the mails. The problem was put up to Bonaparte as Attorney-General. After weeks of cogitation he produced an opinion which, years later, was to be the foundation-stone of all the patriotic endeavors of Burleson, Palmer, Daugherty and Burns. In brief, he decided that, while there was no warrant in law for barring the paper from the mails, it should be done anyhow, for the Italians who ran it would have no practicable means of redress after the business was accomplished. In other words, he laid down the rule that it is all right to invade a citizen's rights so long as he can't help himself. This principle, which Roosevelt adopted instantly and gladly, is now embodied in many of

the decisions of our highest courts, and is thus firmly established in American jurisprudence. Roosevelt and Bonaparte, not Wilson and Palmer, put it there.

Bonaparte, as I have said, was a Catholic. In fact, he was a very earnest one, and was never absent from his pew in the Baltimore Cathedral at high mass on Sunday morning. But he had more Scotch blood in him than Latin, and so he became, in his old age, that strangest of hybrids, a Catholic Puritan. Had he lived long enough and kept his vigor, he would have been the most violent of Prohibitionists. As it was, he specialized in the pursuit of the scarlet woman. For years he was one of the chief backers of the Baltimore Anti-Vice Society, and his enthusiasm kept up even after the grand archon of the organization, a Methodist clergyman, had been taken in oriental practices at the Y. M. C. A. and had to leave town between days. It was common gossip in Baltimore that the Bonaparte estate included a number of old rookeries that were rented by ladies of joy. Nevertheless, Bonaparte demanded the blood of these fair creatures in season and out of season, and in the end he stirred up the town to such an extent that vice was formally prohibited and abolished, absolutely and forever. From that day to this not a single act of illicit carnality has ever been perpetrated in Baltimore.

Bonaparte lived to be nearly seventy, and died childless and relatively poor. His property had gradually slipped through his fingers, though he was the most assiduous of business men, and seldom missed a day at his office. It was only in public office that he was indolent. He belonged to all known reform organizations, made endless speeches against public and private sin, and wrote incessantly. His style was extremely florid and complex. It was common for him to write sentences of five hundred words. In my newspaper days I often handled his pronouncements. Not infrequently I would make two or three paragraphs out of a single sentence. But for all

this copiousness he wrote clearly: his longest sentence, given wind enough, could be parsed. His books, once widely read by believers in the reforms he advocated, are now forgotten. His speeches and essays moulder in newspaper files. Few persons seem to recall him at all.

Yet he was a racy and amusing fellow and his story, done with any sort of skill, would make an extremely interesting book. I mention one thing more about him, and then resign him to the literary anatomists. He got into the Roosevelt Cabinet mainly, if not solely, because he was a Bonaparte: the fact caressed Roosevelt's vanity. The same fact got him an audience the moment he was out of Harvard, and so opened the way for his career as a reformer. All his life he was chiefly conspicuous, not on his own account, but as the grand-nephew of Napoleon I. Nevertheless, the relationship seemed to interest him personally not at all. He never made any public reference to it; he never visited France, nor had any visible communication with the rest of the Bonaparte family. Once, denounced as a Frenchman and hence sinful, he defended himself by maintaining that he hadn't a drop of French blood—that he was Italian and Scotch. Beyond that, so far as I know, he never mentioned the Bonapartes.

The Arch-Clown.—Time, commonly regarded as a tragedian, is actually a comedian. The tragedies that time brings with its passing are puny in number and degree compared with the comedies and burlesque shows. No man, looking back across the years of his life, can fail to discern the unsuspected humors that time has found there and brought to light. Time is the greatest of comic dramatists. The moment the curtain falls on one of its tragedies, it begins to satirize it.

Cynicism and the American Mind.—It is a peculiarity of the American mind that it regards any excursion into the truth as an adventure in cynicism. Let a writer or any one else clear his eyes and make an effort

to get under the pretty blanket which Americans like to throw over ugly facts and to set forth his findings and at once he will be dubbed a carper, a detractor, a shrew. It is not that the American mind does not know better, for it does; it knows that the exploratory person in point is not exactly what it calls him. It is, rather, that the American mind seeks thus, like an ostrich with its head in the sand or a jail-bird who tears off his calendar hind end foremost, to blink the humiliations of truth and to foster the comforts of illusion.

The Sick-Bed of the Klan.—The increasingly audible death rattle of the Ku Klux Klan, presaging the early demise of that Grand Order of the Facial Diaper, brings the student of public phenomena to the business of contemplating the contributory causes. The most popular reason assigned for the Klan's *dégringolade* is that the order has been gradually ridiculed out of court. Nothing, it is said, can stem the tide of ridicule. And it has been such ridicule in the form of thousands of cartoons and caricatures and lampoons, thousands of wheezy editorials, the swish of Ma Ferguson's red flannel petticoat, the nose-fingerings of countless stage comiques, the newspaper accounts of innumerable Klan parades and demonstrations that have been broken up by a lone-handed Irish cop, and similar seltzer siphon sprayings that have, it is claimed, made the Klan a laughing-stock.

That this is the actual reason for the Klan's steady loss of strength and position, however, I privilege myself to doubt. Ridicule, it is true, is a powerful weapon, but its power is infinitely less great in These States than elsewhere. Many local personages and institutions of varying degrees of integrity and merit have withstood its onslaughts effectively. Ridicule never hurt Doctor Munyan, or Lydia Pinkham, or the *Police Gazette*, or General Dawes, or the Theatrical Syndicate, or Mrs. Winslow, or the cheap sex magazines, or Henry Ford, or Oshkosh, or

Eleanor H. Porter, or jazz bands, or Mayor Hylan, or the Elks, or Henry Cabot Lodge, or Billy Sunday, or a hundred like them. They have all got fat and thrived on it. It has made them rich and famous and happy. Similarly, the Klan could withstand ridicule to the end of its days and prosper in the midst of the thickest bombardment of custard pies. Ridicule, unless I am in sorry error, has had nothing to do with tying a can to the Klan. What has contrived to give the Klan the bum's rush is, rather, the opposite. For every American who has given the Exalted Order of the Nocturnal Chemise the raspberry, there have been fifty or more who have taken it soberly and seriously. For one who has ridiculed it, there have been many, many more who have regarded it with emotions akin to fear and trembling. And it is this, paradoxically enough, that has sent it to its present sick-bed.

The reason for this should be obvious. For all the altiloquent declarations of noble purpose on the part of the Klan's bosses, the rank and file of the Klan's members are in the thing less to keep the United States safe from democracy than to have a good time. Just as a college boy joins a Greek letter fraternity infinitely less to promote the moral, ethical and philosophical teachings of Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Alcibiades—or whatever other Greek happens to be the tutelary saint of the order—among the twenty-five other boys in the fraternity house than to become chummy with a number of companionable souls who will join him in midnight keg parties, secret trips to New York to see the "Follies" and Saturday night expeditions to Mabel's just outside the town limits, just so do the majority of young men join the Klan chiefly for the sport and amusement it will vouchsafe them. The Klan may be founded spiritually on a plane of lofty purposes and endeavors, but its potential success, materially and financially and every other way, was founded on the universal impulse of every young man to get a chance to kick

up his heels once in a while in some otherwise forbidden manner. The white hood and nightshirt offered men this chance, and they took it. And it offered them not only this chance for an occasional lark; it offered them also and coincidentally a bit of romance and glamor and mystery in the negotiation of that lark.

For a while, then, all was well and the Klan prospered. But gradually the Klan began to feel the effects of its serious reception by the country at large. This, of course, was by no means displeasing to the chiefs and sachems of the *bund*, but it was anything but pleasing to a very considerable number of the privates in the ranks. These gentlemen, the most of them clerks, office boys, small-town postmasters, delivery wagon drivers and such, who had joined up purely out of a spirit of simple adventure—akin to reading a Nick Carter or Diamond Dick paperback—now found that they were getting more than they had bargained for. They had joined a social and pleasure club and now suddenly found themselves members of a Factor in National Politics. They had paid in twelve dollars and a half to indulge in a jolly Hallowe'en Night carnival the year 'round only to discover that they were a National Menace and a whole lot of other such irrelevant and irritating things. And it all began to seem damfoolish to them—and excessively disappointing. They had started out on a chowder party and clambake, with Catholics and Jews for the chowder and some very appetizing dinges for clams, and had ended up, it appeared, several miles from their gala destination—in the rain. The sardonic humor of the thing struck them—even them, clerks, office boys and dray drivers though they were. And they began to feel a trifle sheepish and dog-faced, and vastly uncomfortable. Self-ridicule, though perhaps unidentified as such to their own senses, began to assail them. And the Klan began to hit the greased toboggan. It was given the push not by popular ridicule, but by ridicule from within. Nothing in the world—no

man, no organization, no institution—can face that and live.

After the Fireworks.—The net result of the Ku Klux buffoonery, once it runs its course, will be, I believe, vast profit to the Church of Rome in the Republic. The Catholics, in the main, have borne the assault of the plupatriotic Methodists and Baptists with great dignity and discretion, and so they have won the good opinion of all fair men. They have not permitted the uproar to divert them from their proper and useful business. Their parish priests, in the midst of it, have kept on consoling and policing the faithful, and their nuns have gone on practicing the Beatitudes while the evangelical pastors denounced them as loose women. Every time Ku Kluxery encounters a man who has ever been ill in a Catholic hospital it runs upon a snag, and gets a hole knocked in its bottom.

The danger is, indeed, that Holy Church will come out of the combat, now beginning to languish, with such flying colors that its General Staff will grow somewhat cocky, and so overlook some weak spots in its defences. One of those weak spots, in America, lies in the inferiority of its higher clergy, compared to their predecessors of the last generation. To say that the church has failed to produce another Cardinal Gibbons is to say only what is both melancholy and obvious. The old hierarchy, with such men as Monsignors Gibbons and Ireland at the head of it, was discreet, shrewd, far-seeing and enormously influential. It lifted the church out of obscurity and impotence among us, and made it powerful and respected. More Presidents than one sought the counsel of Cardinal Gibbons: he was a man of the highest sagacity, a politician in the best sense, and there is no record that he ever led the church into a bog or up a blind alley. He had Rome against him often, but he always won in the end, for he was always right.

The present hierarchy, it seems to me,

shows no sign whatever of producing a leader of equal or comparable skill. The new cardinals are all plainly inferior to him, despite the fact that they have handled the Ku Klux situation, as I have said, with considerable adroitness. What ails them is that they seem to be unaware, as Dr. Gibbons was, that there are times when it is disastrous to show too much power. I point at once to several examples in the archdiocese of New York. There was, first of all, the attempt to put down the Birth Control agitators by strong-arm methods, with the aid of the police. It failed miserably, and left the church looking silly; thousands of its own communicants were outraged, not only by the rough tactics, but also by a far too gross and unpleasant statement of the underlying doctrine. Then came the grotesque farce of the so-called Clean Books bill, with Madison Avenue victimized by the Comstock Society, and Rome taking a crazy ride in the Methodist cart. It ended in a smash-up; even Tammany jumped out. This bill was clearly dishonest—a palpable device to take away the constitutional rights of persons accused of crime—and so supporting it was idiotic politics. The ire of its opponents, after they beat it, was naturally concentrated upon the agents of Cardinal Hayes. The assault of the Comstock Methodists was expected and discounted, but no one looked for the Catholics to take any hand in it.

A worse blunder was made during the Democratic National Convention last Summer, when the Ku Klux uproar somewhat unexpectedly took the centre of the stage. This uproar was not started by Catholic delegates; it was started by the Hon. Oscar W. Underwood's anti-Klan Protestants from Alabama. But what made it so bitter was simply the visible presence of hordes of priests in the convention hall. Many of the rural Kluxers had never seen a priest; all they knew about the order was what their pastors had told them. As incredible as it may seem, I know positively that some of them believed that every priest

had a bomb under his coat, and that a general massacre impended. Even the more civilized winced every time they saw the Roman collar; when the higher clergy appeared on the platform they writhed. Obviously, the shrewd thing to do in such a situation would be to keep all priests away from the hall—to make them resign, for the Larger Good, the rather dubious pleasure of listening ten hours a day to dull roll calls and nonsensical speeches. This was not done. The fact, I believe, did more to make for bitterness among the McAdoo Ku Kluxers than any of the overt denunciations they had to give ear to. They could answer the denunciations, and did so passionately, but the rev. fathers simply scared them.

I throw out these suggestions in a friendly spirit, but suspect that they will be received badly. All ecclesiastical establishments are very sensitive. There never lived a bishop who, after two or three years of the adulation that goes with his office, could bear to hear any insinuation of his imperfection. His job makes for complacency; I wish heartily, in truth, that I were eligible for it myself; my worst error, in youth, was the infidelity that kept me out of holy orders. But if the hierarchy is thus beyond reach of counsel from the frontiers of hell it is possible that there may be more open minds among the laity. I urge no contumacy from that quarter; in fact, I recommend nothing whatever. I simply suggest that, when a ship misses the port it is aimed at, the trouble is usually on the bridge.

Vale.—Poor old Dr. Frank Crane has been the goat for so long that one hesitates to drag him again from his contentful licking of philosophical tomato cans out onto the slapstick platform, but the temptation in this instance proves stronger than sympathy. I therefore present the good Doctor's latest schnitz'l of wisdom. "Criticism," observes the good Doctor, "is the easiest thing in the world. It does not take a thimbleful of brains to find

fault and the biggest numskull in the world can find fault with the greatest man in the world. We flatter ourselves that criticism is a sign of superior intelligence. It is not. It is usually a sign of bad manners, of lack of self-restraint, and of an entire ignorance of psychology."

Brief illustrative list of numskulls: Renan, Huxley, Spencer, Goethe, Nietzsche, Carlyle, Darwin, Schlegel, Kant, Voltaire, Molière, Dryden, Lessing, Poe, Shaw, Brandes, Croce, Huneker. . . .

No. 3,216.—The most charming of women is she who remembers yesterday and forgets tomorrow.

Pacifism.—One of the defects in pacifism, as it is commonly encountered, is that it attacks war as organized murder but says little or nothing about it as organized stealing. It is easy to prove that there is no blood lust in ordinary men—that the theory that there must be war now and then, to work it off, is buncombe. But these same ordinary men are all hot for the other fellow's property, and most wars are started by making them think that they can get it. The late war was sold, as the Babbitts say, in both England and Germany by convincing the plain people that the destruction of the other fellow would produce immense prosperity at home. The same argument was also used, though not so openly, in the United States. The actual soldiers, perhaps, were not promised any loot, but certainly the business men of the country had it dangled before them, and, what is more, they actually got it. A constitutional amendment providing for a 100 per cent tax on war profits and forbidding such thieveries as those practiced by the Chemical Foundation would probably do more to discourage war than all the humanitarian appeals ever heard of. If there were no enemy property to seize, there would never be any war. The Swiss

always escape, not because their neighbors are afraid of them, but because no one wants their bald Alps. What nation would waste money and blood invading Norway? But Belgium is rich, and so Belgium is menaced every time there is a war in Europe.

Reflection in the Twilight.—My confidential agent lays upon my desk certain newspaper clippings. At least half of them denounce me as a bad American. Perhaps, after all, the accusation has some truth in it, as accusations sometimes do. My fundamental offense, I begin to suspect, is real and serious: I believe in liberty and I advocate honor.

Men in Cages.—The failure of the cruel and archaic prison system to diminish crime is now so obvious that even judges are beginning to notice it. The theory is that sending a man to prison makes him repent and so improves him; the fact is that it almost always makes him worse. I pass over the great body of thieves and thugs and point to a prisoner on a far higher level, to wit, to the Hon. William H. Anderson, late superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League, now confined in Sing Sing for somewhat occult misdemeanors. There was a time, a dozen years ago, when I was in frequent contact with Dr. Anderson, and learned to esteem him highly, despite his anti-social occupation. He was an ingenious, humorous and charming fellow, and full of a sharp and diverting common sense. Certainly, there never lived a professional blue-nose whose nose was actually less blue. But now, after six months of remedial durance, he is issuing proclamations from his dungeon alleging that he became a Prohibition agitator by direct command of God, and comparing himself to Christ! Thus another good man has been ruined by sending him to prison.

CONCLUSION

BY L. M. HUSSEY

At Christmas-time the family was reunited; George and his great, blonde wife came from Washington, and Howard, with his sparrow-like woman, from their home in the suburbs. Julia and Lillian lived at home, for they were unmarried.

Old Mrs. Root was in the kitchen, her face flushed with the surges of heat ascending from the oven. In spite of her age her movements were brisk, and she was sustained, moreover, by an unfailing inner sense of youth. This she derived from comparing herself with her husband, twenty years older, and indeed old. No matter how many years she lived she would never grow so old as Richard! How exasperating he was! What a ceaseless struggle to combat the stubborn whimsies of an old man!

A few minutes ago he had grown almost eloquent in denying that today's celebration imposed upon him any special obligation. He had maintained, obstinately, that his everyday clothes were good enough for dinner. When she had asked him to dress he had repeated the word dress and snickered scornfully.

"God Almighty isn't coming for dinner, is He?" he had asked, meeting his wife's shocked stare unflinchingly.

But, in the end, he had gone to his room and Mrs. Root could hear him blundering about overhead, colliding with the chairs and chipping away the white enamel from his bedstead. His eyesight was poor, of course; for a consequent clumsiness he could not be blamed. Eighty-six years old! Still, Mrs. Root assured herself, one need not grow careless and indifferent at any age.

In his room the old man had gone first to the closet door. For a second his hand moved uncertainly over the panels until his fingers closed upon the knob. As was apparent, he found it more by touch than sight. To him, for more than a decade, the visual world had been fading; each day familiar objects were imperceptibly more dim. Lately he had scarcely been able to read and his big reading-glass, as he moved it laboriously across the printed lines, revealed an almost indecipherable grotesque of blurred letters.

With the closet door open he stood a moment, hesitating. The shadows of the closet defied his penetration; he must find his clothing by a tactile search. Within the obscurity he saw, however, a highlight glinting from a circular tin box on the shelf above his head. By this he recognized the box and began to smile.

It contained, at the moment, a little package of old receipts, a few yellowed letters, and four one-dollar bills. Tomorrow, the old man knew, the sum of money stored there would be increased by twenty dollars. Every Christmas, at dinner, each one of his children gave him five dollars. That was his income, his yearly revenue.

From it, during the course of each twelve-month, he made certain necessary purchases. His chief purchase, at the beginning of every year, was a pair of Congress gaiters—that kind of comfortable shoe with a soft vamp and inserts of elastic at the sides. It was the old man's complaint that the elastic lost its resiliency in time, became stretched and flabby, but nevertheless he could not manage the difficulties of laced shoes.

Other than the gaiters, his purchases were few. He did not use tobacco. His only luxury was an occasional ounce of calamus root in dry sticks. He would whittle off a fragment and chew it thoughtfully as he sat alone in his room. When asked to explain his use of calamus root he would answer:

"It is an astringent."

It was never necessary for him to buy the major articles of dress. Instead of new suits he wore his son George's cast-off garments. George was larger than the old man, more stocky and a little taller. From his father's shoulders his outworn coats hung limply, in many folds, while the trousers flapped about the old man's legs when he walked.

Now his groping hands found the newest of George's gifts, and he removed it from the closet. He pulled off his trousers of everyday and tediously unbuttoned the suspenders. He had never learned to wear a belt. As he drew on the newer trousers he sighed discontentedly. It must be comfortable, he thought, to wear one's own clothes, clothes cut and fitted for one's self.

But his discontent was evanescent. At eighty-six he had few desires. He lived without wantings, without expectations. Indeed, his existence was remote from the moment, centred in times departed. Daily he revisited, from the silence of his chair, old places, and renewed encounters with people of other years. Sometimes at the dinner table he talked of them; his wife had heard each story a hundred times and the repetitions irritated her.

He was struggling to button his collar when he heard George's voice in the living-room below. He heard the shriller accents of Alice and he knew that when he went down that large woman would put her plump arms about him, kiss his cheek, and call him "Father." The greeting, with its gesture of conventional affection, would leave him unstirred, for George's wife was remote from him. He knew that she was blonde, and big, and garrulous, but she did not clearly live for him. No person met

within the last fifteen or twenty years had any vivid existence.

After many trials the collar yielded to his efforts; he snapped on a black tie with a manufactured bow. He was ready to go down now and see his children.

II

As he reached the head of the stairs a curious coldness flexed the muscles of his back and he shivered slightly. Although he knew them to be tightly closed, his sensation was that one of the windows had been left open and a chill wind was blowing down the hallway.

"Is that you, Father?" asked Alice, calling from below.

Carefully guiding himself by the banister, he descended and received her humid kiss. Through the fog that enveloped her he was aware of her broad, blonde face, and he knew that she had stepped back and was scrutinizing him.

"George!" she cried. "Come here and shake hands with your father. Why, Father, you're all dressed up! You're getting to be an old sport! Doesn't he look sweet, George?"

Embarrassed, the old man stroked his patriarchal beard with slightly tremulous fingers; meanwhile, he grinned. Vaguely he wished it possible to glide into the room unobserved, avoiding this turmoil of greeting. A moment later his hand was clasped by George, and afterward by Howard, and on his moustache he received a brief peck from Howard's little wife.

"How are you, Dad?" asked George. "You're looking pretty chipper!"

Eagerly he grasped at the chance to speak of his many discomforts. He shook his head dolefully.

"Bad," he answered. "I'm eighty-six years old . . ."

"You'll live to be a hundred!" interrupted Alice.

"Look at that hand," he went on, spreading apart the long fingers with their swollen knuckles. "There's pain in every

one of those joints. Also, I think I have a touch of lumbago. I—"

He talked of himself a little longer, and his children seemed to listen, but it came to the old man, presently, that they were not really interested. Then he grew shy and was glad to find a chair where he could sit in silence. He was even a little puzzled, like a child among its elders. He sat facing George, and trying to focus a clearer semblance of his older son. George, he knew, had an air of prosperity. He grew stouter. Each year the clothes he turned over to his father were more voluminous. As the old man watched George, he heard his wife bustle out of the dining-room.

"Folks," she said, "dinner's on the table."

She lingered until they had all passed into the next room save her husband and then, taking him by the coat sleeve, she whispered dramatically toward his ear:

"Why didn't you put on a better collar, Richard? That one's frayed and soiled. I'm ashamed for the children to see you so careless."

She released his arm and permitted him to blunder toward the dining-room. He stooped over his plate, putting forth a groping hand. It closed, as he had hoped, over four separate envelopes. Smiling, he gathered them up and put them in his coat pocket. Each contained, he felt sure, a five-dollar bill.

Then, as Howard carved the turkey, George began to tease his father a little. Mrs. Root and her daughters listened with happy smiles. George was the wit of the family; he had but to grimace and all would laugh.

"What are you getting to drink these days, Dad?" he asked.

The old man shook his head. But touched upon a point in her deepest convictions that even George's wit could not tincture with mirth, Mrs. Root interrupted with an emphatic denial.

"You know well enough, George, that there's no drink permitted in *my* house!"

As she said this she glanced, for an un-

easy instant, at her younger son, Howard. He was slicing the white meat from the breast of the turkey. Before his marriage he used to be, she knew from shameful memory, a drinking man. That is, on Saturday nights he often came home with a jolly edge. Sometimes, walking up the street, he staggered a little, and this, his mother knew, was observed by the ceaselessly watchful neighbors. In those days, before she could get him to bed, he would sing songs or make speeches. Occasionally, in an evangelical mood, he would pray. When he prayed, immense tears rolled out of his eyes and streaked his cheeks. Mrs. Root shuddered at these dreadful memories. It was a sore spot in her recollections that the old man had never been scandalized by his son's failing. She was thankful to Howard's wife for all that little woman had done to reform Howard.

George, hesitating over the filled plate that had been passed to him, pursued his theme.

"But it wouldn't surprise me," he asserted, "if Dad had his bottle hidden away somewhere. You take a nip now and then, don't you, Dad?"

The old man grinned, but found nothing to reply.

"I'm going to take a week off one of these times," continued George, "and come up here to see the sights with you, Dad. When was the last time you went to a good burlesque show?"

This produced a concert of giggles, for everyone knew that the old man had never attended a burlesque show in his life. However, he ignored the amusement of his children and, with an abruptly stimulated memory, he said:

"In eighteen-sixty a panorama of slavery was shown in Harveysburg. It made out fair enough there and in the small places, but when they took it down to Cincinnati the secesh element—"

"That must have been a big excitement, back there in the sixties, going to the panorama shows," interrupted George.

The others, finding this droll, laughed.

The old man wanted to tell more about the days of the panoramas. His own brother had painted a panorama years ago and the two had taken it about the country with Richard Root as the lecturer. They had gone down the Ohio on a big side-wheeler and commenced their tour at St. Louis. They had come East and traveled as far as Boston, but the Bostonians declined their patronage and in that city the enterprise, and the two brothers, had stranded. The pale blue of the old man's eyes was vivified by a fire of stirring memories, and it never occurred to him that his memories had not an equally intense vitality for those at the table, his wife and children. But when he tried to talk, his voice was lost in the bright gabble of concerted gossip.

Then he ate in silence, dipping his bread into his coffee.

Mrs. Root frowned, but she did not admonish him. Some of his habits were intractable. He could never be made to see that one's bread must not be moistened in the cup. She had given up the effort to persuade him otherwise when, with an explosion of orotund wrath, he had declared that he would eat his bread as he pleased even if hell belched.

A large mince pie was divided and the old man ate his portion with obvious relish. When the others arose from the table to reënter the living-room, he turned toward the kitchen. At the kitchen door his wife confronted him.

"You have a large spot of gravy on your good coat," she told him, dolorously.

"Good!" he cried, snapping viperishly at the adjective. "This coat is big enough to hold a ton of a man. You could put two or three lean yardsticks like me inside of it and still have room enough for a good round bellyful!"

"Richard," admonished his wife, "you ought to be ashamed to talk that way when George is so good!"

He mumbled sardonically and went on into the kitchen. Now his regular task confronted him, which was to wash the dishes. For ten years, ever since he had

been forced to abandon outside employment, he had performed this task three times a day.

It was, largely, the only vital activity in his current life. He had made of it a sort of ritual. He refused, obstinately, the simple procedure of running hot water over the dishes in the enameled sink. It was necessary for him to employ three large dish-pans, filled with water. Only by successive treatments in the three pans were the dishes, according to his word, effectually "policed."

Today the hot rinse-water lapped at his hands with a warmth singularly grateful. Nevertheless, he experienced once more that peculiar chill, as from a breath of cold air. He was, perhaps, more perfunctory with his work than usual. He hurried a little; he felt drowsy and he wondered why his back ached.

"Probably I'm getting a cold," he told himself.

Drying his hands, he went to the closet above the dresser and groped until he found a large bottle of sirupy medicine. The label bore a splendid print of the inventor, a faith-bestowing man with a florid beard. The old man poured out twice the suggested dose and swallowed it without water. This medicine had an odor of tar and tasted like bilge-water, but the octogenarian esteemed it because it was nauseating, and to this quality he attributed its virtue. It would, he believed, break a cold.

But in spite of the antidote, his sense of chilliness persisted. The objects in the kitchen were, it seemed, vague, more clouded than usual. He felt a strange impulse to be alone. He came out of the kitchen and crossed through the living-room. No one noticed him. The talk was animated, but he did not pause to listen. He went on upstairs, to his own room.

Presently, when a lull came in the talk, Howard looked about him and asked:

"Where is Dad?"

"Yes, where is he?" demanded Alice. "I haven't seen him since dinner!"

"Why, he went upstairs," Mrs. Root explained. "Didn't you see him when he passed?"

"I must be getting blind, Mother. What do you suppose he's doing up there alone?"

Mrs. Root shook her head, as at the exasperating but inexplicable vagaries of a child.

"He's such a strange man," she murmured.

"I think I'll call him!" Alice exclaimed.

She went to the foot of the stairs and called, but when there was no answer an expression of alarm touched every face. Mrs. Root stood up, nervously touching her lips with faltering fingers. Everyone, as if commanded, hurried upstairs to the old man's room.

III

Alice was the first to reach the door, and behind her were the old man's daughters, Julia and Lillian. The thought of a fatality had come into every mind, and they drew their breaths in audible relief when they saw him sitting in his chair, his thin hands gripping the arms until the swollen knuckles were livid. Julia, the older of his girls, hurried to his side.

"What is the matter, Father?"

He could not answer her. He kept his lips grimly compressed, but within his teeth struck upon each other like little trip-hammers. The chill shook him so violently that even the room trembled a little; from the floor everyone received a perceptible vibration. With a touch of hysteria in her voice Mrs. Root asserted that they must get him to bed.

George and Howard performed the service of undressing him. Mrs. Root hung his clothes in the closet—and noticed that the lid of his tin box was not securely pushed down. Before the chill had seized him he had put away his Christmas money. It was in the box now, revenue for another year. Remembering her own needs, she looked at the box regretfully.

Meanwhile, they covered him with blan-

kets and a down quilt. His wife went to the kitchen and made hot lemonade and found him docile enough to drink it without demur. Her alarm had subsided and George had reassured her by telephoning for the doctor.

After he drank the lemonade the old man lay quietly in bed, no longer shaken by the chill. His eyes closed and he fell asleep while Mrs. Root was still in the room. She remained with him a little while, nervously smoothing out small wrinkles in the bed-clothes. What a shame that he should be taken sick on Christmas day, when the children were home! All his acts were eccentric. . . . She sighed.

When she went downstairs she found the talk subdued. The doctor was expected soon, and when he came Alice and Mrs. Root accompanied him to the sick-room. Nervously animated, old Mrs. Root began to tell the doctor of her husband's infirmities, convinced that she could aid him to a diagnosis. The practitioner appeared to listen, and he even nodded his head occasionally, but at the same time he performed certain routine manoeuvres in his own way.

As his pulse was being taken the old man awakened.

"Hot water!" he cried.

Mrs. Root came to the bedside.

"What did you say, Richard?" she asked.

"Hot water!" he repeated. "More hot water! How can I police all these dishes without hot water?"

The old woman's eyes dilated; she inspired a quick breath.

"Doctor!" she cried. "He's delirious!"

The doctor nodded. He removed his stethoscope from his ears and dropped it into his coat pocket. Mechanically he wrote a prescription on his pad and, tearing off the sheet, handed it to Alice.

"Once every three hours," he instructed. "With a little water."

He spoke a bit listlessly, and, indeed, he was thinking of other things. He knew that the prescription was futile so far as the patient was concerned, but it com-

forted the others, his family. They expected the doctor to write it; it was part of a long-established ritual. In the hall the doctor beckoned to George, who was standing near the head of the stairs.

"What is it, doctor?" asked George.

The physician lowered his voice.

"Pneumonia . . ."

"You're positive?"

The doctor nodded.

"I suppose you understand—what that means, Mr. Root?"

George nodded slowly.

"Not much hope," pursued the doctor, "for a man of your father's age. Pneumonia—usually the terminal disease of the aged. But we'll do what we can!"

Afterward, in the course of a family consultation, George and his wife agreed to remain at home for a few days. A measure of cheerfulness returned to everyone. Mrs. Root busied herself with the duties of the sick room and enjoyed the bustle of her activities. Once or twice, pausing at the closet door, she thought of the tin box within.

No one mentioned the probable outcome of the old man's illness. Indeed, the family refused, for a time, to credit the doctor's prognosis. They remembered that Richard Root was a strong man; he had come to the age of eighty-six without suffering much infirmity.

"He'd be almost young," Lillian affirmed, "if it wasn't for his eyes."

In the morning he seemed no worse, although he babbled a good bit about long-forgotten affairs. His illness had restored him to the keen realities of other years. He was mercifully oblivious of the present, perceived always through its mist, its fog. At noon George was standing at the bedside when the whistles blew. The old man heard them, and he said that a show-boat had docked at Kenova.

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "You can hear its calliope!"

George was abruptly touched. His eyes grew humid; he remembered his childhood and the excitement of watching the show-

boat, making its way down the river, with its steam organ shrilling seductively. That was before the family came East.

"I'm getting a little old myself!" George thought, suddenly.

On the second day the old man's delirium passed. He grew stuporous then. The doctor injected digitalis, because this was the thing he had been taught to do. The following afternoon, while they were all waiting for the doctor, Alice called sharply from the sick-room. She had been watching there. George hurried upstairs, followed by his mother and the girls.

They found the old man with his head thrown back, his patriarchal beard projected upward. He was gasping. His mouth was open. Below, someone entered the house and came upstairs. It was the doctor. He hurried to the bedside.

"Is everyone here?" he asked, in a low voice.

Mrs. Root nodded.

"What is it?" she asked, quickly.

"This is the end," said the doctor.

The rigidity of the old man's body relaxed. The gasping ceased. Swiftly the doctor applied the bell of his stethoscope over the heart, under the left arm-pit.

He stood up—and nodded.

"No, no, doctor!" cried Alice. "Not yet!"

She pointed to the throbbing of the arteries at the throat. But that subsided. The doctor took a pillow and placed it over the old man's chest. Upon this he folded the thin arms. The eyes had closed of themselves. It was the end.

IV

The family went downstairs. Lillian cried a little, as did Alice. George telephoned to Howard at his office and to Howard's wife. Mrs. Root moved about uncertainly. She was somewhat dazed. She experienced no notable access of grief. More than all else, she was puzzled, incredulous. To see her husband blundering about, to be irritated by his vagaries, to admonish him, to

shake her head over his stubborn ways—these were long familiarities. It was scarcely possible to believe that their succession was broken, ended.

Alice drew down the blinds in the living-room. The family sat there conversing in whispers. Mrs. Root disliked to miss anything that might be said; nevertheless, she arose and moved toward the stairs. No one questioned her and her eyes brightened as she began the ascent unnoticed. She hurried through the hall and, reaching her husband's room, she entered, almost stealthily.

She did not look toward the bed. She tried to ignore the presence lying there in rigid immobility. For her there was but one thing to do in that room. She hastened to the closet and opened the door. Rising on her toes, she reached for the tin box. When it was in her hands she removed the lid and found twenty-four dollars. With a swift glance about the room, but with an inner affirmation that the money was indeed hers, Mrs. Root tucked it into her bosom.

No one sat with the old man that night. He was alone in his room. The family was Protestant, and no candles were lighted, no vigil kept. But in the living-room a necessary problem was discussed.

"It won't do to bury him," said Alice, "in a suit of those old clothes of yours, George."

"I've worried so much about that," sighed Mrs. Root. "What would the neighbors think?"

"He must have a suit of his own to be buried in," said Alice, firmly.

Mrs. Root's eyes brimmed with tears. She was touched by her daughter-in-law's generosity. Then George said:

"I'll go downtown early tomorrow morning and buy him some new clothes. Before the undertakers come."

The old woman pressed George's hand and kissed him. Had the neighbors seen Richard laid out in his old clothes, George's cast-off garments, it would have hurt her deeply.

"You're a good boy to your parents," she murmured.

Years before, the old man had been a church member, but during the past decade he had refused to attend any religious services. The infirmity of his latter-day faith Mrs. Root had attributed to his old age. Now, for the burial service, the Rev. Mr. Swoope was called, for at one time he had been pastor at the church where Richard Root had worshiped. The Rev. Mr. Swoope did not remember Mr. Root, but he signified his willingness to officiate, and no one suspected his want of memory.

V

The funeral was held in the afternoon. The neighbors came in and viewed the body, which had been carried down into the living-room. A heavy odor of flowers hung in the air. Shortly before the service a very old man, a neighbor, entered and looked at the figure in the coffin.

"How old is he?" inquired the ancient man, addressing George.

"Eighty-six," answered George.

"Ha!" cried the old man. "I'm eighty-seven!" And he struck his breast a light blow. He grinned with pleasure, and shuffled toward the door.

Presently the Rev. Mr. Swoope arrived, a little out of breath. Indeed, it had been a hurried day for the divine, for he had just come from preaching the funeral service of a child, a little boy of eleven.

Concerning the child he had said that, after all, God was merciful, since in taking the boy away so young He had saved him from the sorrows and miseries that come to all as years gather, as life unfolds.

Now, concerning the old man, the Rev. Mr. Swoope said that the bounty of God was reaffirmed, since He had given to Richard Root fourscore years and six of life instead of cutting him off, as in His wisdom He might have done, in youth. For the long life that had been accorded the old man, the Rev. Mr. Swoope thanked God.

He spoke in sincere accents, with a gently vibrant voice.

As he uttered the final words of the ritual, the chief of the undertakers sifted rose petals upon the old man's breast, symbolic of earth. The neighbors, the curious, withdrew, and the family came forward to see Richard Root for the last time.

He was dressed in his new suit. It fitted him snugly, and for a moment, used as she was to seeing him in one of George's voluminous coats, he was strangely unfamiliar to his wife. He looked, she realized with a start, younger! Yes, in spite of the white beard, he seemed young!

He was so trim in his new suit! A sudden memory, a composite picture from long-forgotten days, possessed her. Then she visualized Richard Root, not as the exasperating old man, so obstinate in his ways,

but as a youth, calling to see her at her father's home. Strange, unused emotions came with the recollection. Her sense of loss, not of immediate loss, but of the passing of other days, of youth and dreams, grew poignant. The old woman pressed her handkerchief against her eyes. Taking her arm, George drew her back from the coffin.

Then the undertaker's men stole forward and deftly screwed down the lid. They were handsome fellows and as noiseless as cats. They lifted the coffin and, gliding stealthily, they carried it out of the house. Outside, the limousines were waiting for the mourners. The family moved slowly toward the door. On the pavement stood the eighty-seven-year-old neighbor, proudly exhibiting himself, trying to stifle a smirk.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Military Science

MODERN INFANTRY

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

IN that trade which is as old as the ages, the trade of war, the mark of the machine has become increasingly evident. The bowmen of Crecy, the gunners of Metz, the shock cavalry of Marlborough, the grenades of Port Arthur, the skirmishers of South Africa, the chlorine dispensers of Ypres, the tanks of Cambrai—these have all affected the tactics of the armies of the world. The railway is created, and lo! we find President Lincoln authorized by statute to appropriate and utilize all the railroads needed for military operations. Dr. Morse sends an impulse over an electrical circuit, and we find the White House in telegraphic touch with the field. One has but to read through the military correspondence of the great von Moltke to realize the importance of such things. There is scarcely a document prepared during the first period of the Franco-Prussian war that does not mention the telegraph or the railroad or both.

It is the function of armies to investigate such novelties and to adapt whatever they can, physically and legally, to the purposes for which they are maintained. Yet it is also the function of armies to keep a sane level balance and to adopt and to hold fast only to that which has been found good and proven applicable. The pacifist delights in emphasizing the new inventions because the horrors they seem to predict serve the end of pacifism, but the army man must be practical; his art is an art wholly of execution. He knows that for every offensive weapon ever invented, there has been a defense invented too. He has seen the radical change in formations

brought about by long range artillery and accurate rifle fire. He has seen the tank and the pill-box countered by the anti-tank gun and the one-pounder. He has seen the gas-mask decrease the effectiveness of gas attacks, camouflage deceive the observing aviator, and the simple earthwork give security against heavy artillery. He knows that success in battle still depends upon artful security far more than upon the manipulation of machines. Whatever machines there may be, there must still be men to run them. Fuel and ammunition must be brought forward, and clothes and food and lodging provided for the men running them. A machine cannot have will power and determination. And a man with will power and determination is what is needed above all things when it is a question as to whether *Feldgrau* or horizon blue shall hold a particular piece of territory.

The cavalryman with his sabre and his vaunted shock action, the artilleryman with his big guns, the aviator with his far-seeing eyes and his deadly bombs, the communications expert with his nerve lines that bind the scattered command into a cohesive whole, the supply men who bring up the shells and the grub—all these are well-nigh indispensable. But they exist, in the last analysis, only to aid the infantryman who with his cold steel meets the enemy face to face and conquers him hand to hand. In every battle the primary tactical principle of the offensive, which alone is decisive, is to go forward with the fixed determination of driving home the bayonets of the infantry. By the bayonet, or the threat of the bayonet, ground is captured, the line is advanced and the battle is won. The general and his staff may be in command, but the man behind the bayo-

net is at the real head of the army. He is the first to pierce the enemy line, and his final position marks the limit of conquest. All the supporting arms exist only for the assistance of the infantry.

This is established doctrine. It is as old as the ages. Yet it remains true. Even the World War did not dispose of it. The American army went into the Meuse-Argonne with the greatest concentration of men and materials that ever fought under the flag and the greatest accumulation of scientific appliances. We moved forward to temporary successes until the roads became jammed, and flanking fire crippled our supply and support, yet we had not pierced the enemy third line. Then, from October 4 to October 26, 1918, American man-power grappled with German man-power amid tangled forest and steep hill slopes. It was man to man, and hand to hand. At the end, we broke the resistance of the enemy, pierced his principal communications at Sedan, and the war was over.

When the armistice had come and demobilization was practically over, the General Staff attempted to determine what were the lessons to be drawn from that experience in France. The following were some of the conclusions arrived at:

(1) That man remains the fundamental instrument in battle, and as such cannot be replaced by any imaginable instrument short of one more perfect than the human body, including the mind.

(2) That man in the bulk—meaning the greater portion of the armed forces—fights with greatest freedom of action and with greatest efficiency when on foot, not on horseback, in a tank, in an airplane, in a fixed fortification, etc.; that to achieve decisive action he is best armed with the rifle and bayonet; that man is rendered least vulnerable when merely clothed against the weather and armored by his own agility and a steel helmet.

(3) That battle is normally determined by physical encounter with the bayonet, or the fear thereof; all other agencies of destruction, such as artillery, machine guns and aircraft are auxiliary in their effect, however potent, and serve to make possible the advance of the foot soldier to hand-to-hand encounter.

(4) That infantry is the basic combatant arm upon whose success normally depends the success of the army; the primary duty of other arms, when associated with infantry, is to assist the infantry to achieve its mission by protecting and

aiding it in every way, and by destroying enemy resistance to its efforts.

(5) That no arm except infantry can be expected under normal conditions to destroy an approximately equal force of enemy infantry armed with rifle and bayonet.

Thus man remains the unit in war. Rousseau may say that war is not a relation of man to man, but only of state to state, and Wilson may declare that we quarrel, not with a people, but only with a "vast military organization," but it is the enemy man-power that resists and it is the enemy man-power that must be conquered. Buller may announce in South Africa that he wars not upon individuals, but he has to establish his concentration camps and can bend the will of the hostile state only by breaking the will of its constituent membership. The fiction of proclamations like these is maintained merely because it forms useful propaganda. Here the lawyers are sounder than the statesmen. The legal doctrine in England and America is:

War is not war between sovereigns or governments alone. It puts each subject of the one belligerent into the position of being the legal enemy of each subject of the other belligerent. (*Daimler Co. v. Continental Tyre Co.*, L. R. (1916) 2 A. C. 307, 308.)

When one nation is at war with another nation, all the subjects or citizens of the one are deemed in hostility to the subjects or citizens of the other; they are personally at war with each other. (*White v. Burnley*, 20 How. 235, 249.)

This might not have been an appropriate view in days when the dynastic kings of history forced their subjects into service for wars of personal aggrandizement, but it is sound in these days when governments are supposed to rest upon the will of their people. Not the state or the government, but the nation and the people, go to war. "It is not an army we must shape and train for conflict," remarked our last war President, "it is a nation." The conflict is decided in muddy trench and amid wire entanglements by the personal conflict of man and man.

But, in spite of the political and tactical soundness of this view, and the supreme position of the individual fighting

man, infantry and the foot-soldier have nevertheless felt the effects of the tendency to reduce war to a mechanism. A German writer remarks:

In 1914 the German infantry went into battle armed with but few different weapons; the men carried the rifle with bayonet; officers and a few noncommissioned officers and men had pistols; each regiment had a machine-gun company; and each *Jaeger* battalion had six machine-guns, which were considered as an auxiliary arm of the infantry.

The same infantry returned from the war armed to the teeth. Light machine-guns, machine-pistols, grenade throwers, hand grenades, rifle grenades, and anti-tank guns had been added; light trench mortars had become an integral part of infantry armament; the number of heavy machine-guns had been enormously increased; and the accompanying artillery guns had been placed directly under the control of the infantry.

In the same way the American infantry has been completely transformed as a result of the World War. There was a time when we had practically nothing but riflemen in the ranks of an infantry regiment. In 1917, there was one machine-gun company to each regiment, and twelve rifle companies. Then the chaos began. We learned French formations and French phrases. We had our rifle grenadiers and our hand grenadiers and our automatic riflemen and our riflemen and our bayonet men, designated as such, with elaborate formations for each company. The signals we learned were more like the Minnesota shift in football than like anything ever before seen on a drill-ground in the United States. We went overseas and added tin hats. We discovered the brass knuckles of the Bowery might be as effective against an enemy soldier as against the Gas House Gang. We thought of trench knives and wire cutters. We remembered that day at Ypres and took gas masks along. We strapped an extra pair of shoes on the back of each doughboy. We found that our Fourth of July fireworks might be transformed into illuminating flares. The infantry became a moving procession of junkmen.

But since those days there have been readjustments. The Chief of Infantry, after elaborate studies, has materially reduced

the weight of the infantry pack. Upon the marching ability and endurance of the infantry depends the flexibility of the division and the larger units. It must be able both to march and to fight. What to retain must be settled, and where and how it must be retained must be settled. The process is now nearing completion. New tables of organization are ready, and new training regulations. Thus the infantry of the United States, after all its war experiments, has become more or less stabilized again, and will remain what it is today, in all probability, for a long while.

Our basic infantry unit is the squad, and the squad now has all the individual weapons with which infantrymen are armed: rifles, bayonets, rifle grenades, hand grenades, and an automatic rifle. It also has two specially trained scouts. Each member of the squad is trained in all the weapons the squad carries. It can function in any infantry manner. The old regimental machine-gun company has been transformed into an infantry howitzer company, with a trench mortar and a one-pounder cannon. Three of the twelve rifle companies have been transformed into machine-gun companies, so as to give one for each battalion. In addition,—remembering, perhaps, the fact that the younger von Moltke attached “great importance to equipping the infantry with telephone material,”—the American infantry has been charged with the maintenance and operation of its own telephone communications, from the battalion up through the regiment and the brigade. When a battalion goes into action now, it has all of these things that it did not have before, and in addition, it has been trained with and is taught to rely in emergencies upon the special aid of tanks, heavy and light artillery,—with an accompanying gun actually on the spot with the infantry battalion,—aircraft, and chemical warfare smoke screens and clouds. It is a balanced and sustained unit.

Nor is the only change a change in equipment and paraphernalia. There is a change

in method. The long serried ranks of soldiers no longer march in attack as the redcoats marched up Breed's Hill. Modern artillery and automatic small-calibre weapons would wipe them out. The men are separated. A squad of eight men is scattered over a frontage of forty yards. Even the platoon of fifty-odd men is "deployed in depth," as the military phrase has it, with one section to the fore and the other behind it ready to manoeuvre into position. Distribution in depth is the rule of minor tactics. The old days have gone forever. Soldiers do not go into action shoulder to shoulder. High ranking officers do not shout commands by word of mouth, as they did in the Civil War. The World War thinned the skirmish line from one man a yard to one man for every five yards.

Even at drills and parades the change is seen. In 1911 the colonel lost his voice.

Now even the major does not move his battalion by verbal commands, as he did from 1911 to 1917; instead, he issues instructions to the company commanders. Based upon the experience of the World War, it is now generally understood that the maximum number of men who can be directly controlled by one man in battle under modern conditions is eight—that is, a squad. The squad leader is the important leader. The non-commissioned officer, the "back-bone of the army," has come into his own. Even the platoon leader, the lieutenant, is a manoeuvre leader, giving orders rather than commands. And even the squad corporal's control is limited, for his men are scattered over forty yards of front. Each soldier is on his own. Each must know how to coöperate with his scattered fellows for the furtherance of the common plan.

Music

THE RING THAT RULES OUR OPERA

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IT seems strange to Frenchmen, Germans and Italians that Americans should be obliged to plead, like serfs, for the encouragement of their own music. Strange, but quite pleasant in a way. For what, to the artists of this country, seems so painful spells fame and fortune to a host of foreigners.

In theory, art has no frontiers. The lyric world would soon grow dull and drab if Music, heavenly maid, were forced to express herself in one form and one mode only. But every land has, or should have, its own school in each field of art, its special qualities and characteristics. All nations, indeed, which have played great parts in art have had their own art idioms. The musical masters of every country may delight the whole world, but they began with the ambition to win fame in the ears of their own people. And they all differ as the stars of heaven. The idiom of a Bee-

thoven or a Wagner is distinctly German, and the style of Bizet, even in "Carmen," is as surely French, while Verdi, like Puccini, is not German, French or Spanish at all, but Italian, even when he toys with Egypt. No one wants the music of the world to be standardized. Great art, the greatest, all men understand. Yet in all cases it is absolutely national. Only the minor lights of music are cosmopolitan.

There is not yet a distinctive school of opera in these United States—a school, that is, which produces operas differing from those of all foreigners as the Italian "Il Trovatore" does from the French "Faust," or the German "Lohengrin" from the Russian "Boris Goudonoff." Nor will there be one to the end of time if the charming foreigners who now rule our opera can keep their grip on our two leading opera-houses. It is surely time that someone told the truth about our vaunted Metropolitan and self-satisfied Chicago Auditorium. To do so, I know, will be a thankless task. But, though it may cause

resentment in some quarters, an effort must be made to rub the guilt off what is very largely gingerbread.

Apart from one or two or three men, I know of no American composers likely, even under the most encouraging conditions, to become rivals—I will not say of such immortals as Wagner and Gluck, but of Mascagni, or Charpentier or even Massenet. Charles Martin Loeffler may yet give us a fine opera and Charles Cadman has shown promise in "Shanewis," but both these composers are still only hopes. The "Natoma" of the late Victor Herbert, while technically brilliant, could not have existed but for the preëxistence of Puccini and Bizet. The "Cleopatra" of Henry Hadley is a re-hash of a dozen older works. And the one American composer known to me who is daring and original—I mean Carl Ruggles—is still, to nearly all, a baffling mystery at best. Ruggles has created an ambitious work—a lyric setting of "The Sunken Bell" of Hauptmann. If it is ever heard (as it may never be until new managers control our opera-houses) it will at least excite both interest and anger. For it is very strange and marks a new departure. It may irritate or shock the Bodanzkys and Papis of the hour, but it would probably delight conductors with more open minds—now, unhappily, not active in the field of opera.

Why have no Americans created vital lyric dramas? First, because, as things stand, they have found their countrymen shamefully indifferent to their aspirations. Next, because we have allowed foreigners, more than indifferent—indeed, hostile—to American ambitions, to control our opera-houses. The director of the Metropolitan, Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, is so little in sympathy with the country which he honors with his presence that in the eighteen long years of his New York activities he has not yet mastered its language. The artistic manager of the Chicago Civic Opera, Signor Giorgio Polacco, though by naturalization an American, is still quite Italian in his

thought, aims and feeling. Signor Fortune Gallo of the popular San Carlo company, is another Italian. Yet another is in charge of the San Francisco opera. Mr. Andreas Dippel, in his heart, is still a Viennese.

What have these foreign-born and (which is the only point that counts) these foreign-thinking gentlemen yet done to help our native opera? From time to time they have offered prizes for the best opera by an American. They have named juries to select the prize-winners. They have gone through what in some instances was the grim farce of pretending to examine, select and to produce that work. But, as a rule, they have picked out the dullest scores. Their game, you see, has been—and is today, despite all that some of the wealthy magnates of the Metropolitan directorate may babble to the contrary—not to encourage but to discourage American art. May I mention that, not many months ago, as I am told on good authority, one of our foreign-born (and foreign-thinking) directors, by way of showing his devotion to the art of the United States, to which he owed his fortune, was heard to say in Italian: "We must strangle this American composer bird and opera in English." The reference, I may add, is not to Signor Gatti-Casazza.

Walk into the business offices of the Metropolitan some morning during the season and you will find Babel. You will hear German, French, Italian, Russian, Czech, and maybe Dutch—but little English. Everything at the Metropolitan, as at the Chicago Auditorium, seems to be planned and ordered to help foreign art and artists, foreign directors, foreign conductors, foreign music publishers. The chief factors in the ring which rules our opera are Italians, Germans and Austrians. I pity the poor native-born American who braves the foes he meets (polite foes, if you will) when he attempts to get a hearing or even a mere reading for some work on which he has lavished time and thought. Last season not a single native opera was produced at the

Metropolitan—a house built with American capital, backed by rich Americans, and thriving by the favor of the American public. At the Chicago Auditorium one small opera, lasting barely thirty minutes, was included in the so-called civic opera scheme, yet five or six works of no little merit by Americans were performed during the past two seasons—modestly, but, as I am assured, efficiently—under the very shadow of the mammoth Auditorium, by an organization which then bore the name of the Opera in Our Language Foundation.

And the American singer? What can he hope for from the foreign powers? It is idle for Signor Gatti-Casazza and his associates to declare (as they are fond of doing) that half the members of the Metropolitan company are now Americans. It would mean more if they would tell us how many or how few of them are permitted to sing leading parts, and how much is paid to each of them for his services. It might surprise you to be told that one American soprano, who appeared in rather important parts at our chief opera house for a Winter or two, was retained at a weekly salary such as is often paid to a fair typewriter. And the directors of the Metropolitan are not foreigners but Americans (by birth or naturalization), and in some instances they are multi-millionaires.

Now, whatever may be said of our composers, it would be senseless to deny that in this country there are hundreds of fine singers. There may be thousands; and there may be tens of thousands. But the fact that when they try to get engagements they are almost always rejected, either because they cannot sing the foreign languages, or because they are not familiar with the foreign repertory,—all this only proves to thinking people that our operas should be interpreted to us in our own tongue. The artistic nations of the Old World all have their opera sung in their own languages. Time was when in Germany they sang Italian and when in Paris it was considered *chic* to patronize the Théâtre-Italien in preference to the French opera houses. But in Germany today they sing opera in German only, Wagner is performed at Milan in Italian, and French only may be heard or would be borne (except now and then as a curiosity) on the boards of France. The Metropolitan, perhaps, will some day go the way of the long famed Théâtre-Italien. In its place will rise one or more really national theatres, in which the works of the composers of all lands—among them a few Americans—will be made plain to us in good, clear, singable English. The survival of the system still in vogue here is insulting to our intelligence and an evidence of unfathomable snobbery.

AS LATIN AMERICA SEES US

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

OUTSIDE of diplomatic interviews, we Americans of the North are not generally liked by that America which speaks Spanish or Portuguese. The Latin-American mind, which takes so much better than ours to the study of history, forgets far less easily than we do such episodes as the war with Mexico, the rape of the Isthmus, and the conquest of Haiti and Santo Domingo. If now, to this historical suspicion, which dares even to question the boons of the Monroe Doctrine, you add the lurking hostility bred by the difference in racial origin, you have an excellent foundation for mistrust and dubiety. Physical and material inferiority, as everyone knows, has a habit of translating itself into a sense of spiritual superiority; hence that mistrust and dubiety tend to become transformed, in Latin America, into the assumption of a lofty mission among the nations of the Western hemisphere. We of the North are visioned as the incarnation of a gross materialism, while they of the South become paladins of idealism. We are vultures, birds of prey; they are swans, symbols of grace and culture. We are heavy-footed prose; they are light-winged poesy.

These are all lies of self-defense, but in them dwells a core of truth. Translate these metaphors into the language of contemporary economics, and they mean simply that, with the sure instinct of the weaker, the South Americans sense in us a predestined enemy. I do not say that such an enmity is necessary; in fact, I deplore the notion and can only hope that the vision of the approaching juggernaut is a mirage. I am merely stripping the case of

its tropes and trimmings and attempting to reduce it to its lowest terms in fact.

On our own side, we are, even when not frankly belligerent or diplomatically oblique, just as one-sided in our views as the South Americans. Our moving-picture Mexican is hardly an exaggeration of what the popular mind, by the newspapers and other agencies, has been taught to regard as the Latin-American reality. When that mind thinks of it at all, it thinks of South and Central American life as a nightmare of bull-fights, bandits, revolutions, guitars and ogling señoritas. By way of return compliment, we, to the Latin-American mind—and altogether too often, alas, to the really cultured mind—become a complex of money-grubbing swindlers, materialists with the hides of rhinoceroses, divorcing our wives every Monday and Thursday, lynching Negroes between dinner courses, and lighting our cigars with thousand-dollar bills. And so, across the gulf of antagonistic race and creed, we stretch a bridge of misunderstanding. Try to cross that bridge from either side and one finds that it holds no weight; something stronger is needed.

South America is nearer right as to our economic position than it is as to our culture. In the latter department it is blinded by that same indifference which we show to its own budding higher life. The fable of the swan and the eagle must and should be forgotten. As we shall see, this truth has already dawned upon a few inquiring and rebellious Latin spirits. But for the most part the old defensive lie is still fondly believed and remains as fresh as ever, confused with the economic fears

and racial differentia which gave it birth.

In its simplest form it takes the shape of the stereotyped distinction between Ariel and Caliban, with South America, of course, in the rôle of Ariel, and the United States as Caliban. This view attained classic expression in Rodó's "Ariel," a remarkable essay, for all the gaudy attire in which it moves. Yet I doubt whether the Latin youngsters who have enrolled themselves behind Rodó's standard have read "Ariel" aright. His Ariel is the winged spirit of man, as his Caliban is the symbol of stupidity and sensuality. But Rodó, in creating that distinction, is addressing it to a youth already impassioned for Caliban:

So it happens that the vision of a voluntarily de-latinized America, without compulsion or conquest, and regenerate in the manner of its northern archetype, floats already through the dreams of men who are sincerely interested in our future, satisfies them with suggestive parallels they find at every step, and appears in constant movements for reform or innovation. We have our *mania for the North*.

Rodó's objection to North American culture, for the rest, is at one with the objections that have been raised by our own intellectuals:

... the North American has not yet replaced the inspiring ideality of his past with any high unselfish conception of the future. He lives for the immediate reality of the present, and for this subordinates all his activities in the egoism of material well-being, albeit both individual and collective.

Yet here Rodó seems himself to have forgotten his own indorsement of a saying by the sage of Concord: "There is deep truth in Emerson's paradox that every country on earth should be judged by its minorities and not by its majorities." He has forgotten what some of his eager followers seem never to have learned.

I open, for example, one of the latest numbers of the *Revista do Brasil* (May, 1924) edited by Monteiro Lobato. Lobato is of the few realistic editors on the southern continent; he began his career with a scientific pamphlet calling for more hy-

giene and less rhetoric and has continued as a straightforward, hard-hitting, soundly destructive critic of his nation. Yet in his magazine a young writer, Saul de Navarro, writing of "The New Mentality of Latin America" (the sub-title reads, "The Spirit of Ariel and Yankee Pragmatism") disports himself amidst the same old waves of splashing verbiage. "The spirit of Ariel, which flooded our minds with light through the solar eloquence of Rodó . . . has conquered at last the maleficent influence of Caliban, that monster incarnated in Yankee pragmatism." To be sure, by the time he has reached the end of his article he has forgotten Ariel; he launches, indeed, into an account of Brazil's material progress—its "delirium of civilization," its centuplication of railroads, its acquisition of a merchant marine and of ships of war, the expansion of its commerce, its rising industries, its growing ports—that reads more like "Yankee pragmatism" than any booster's speech ever delivered by a Babbitt. But his beginning is in the same old tone.

It is just such humorless self-revelation, such high riding upon the crest of melodious but vacuous language, that gives the Latin-American case away. For another example, I turn to one of the best of the Spanish-American magazines, *Nosotros*, published by a lively and generally cosmopolitan group in Buenos Aires. It is also the May number, and Señor Gastón O. Talamón is discussing the musical season at the Argentine capital. His complaints read strangely familiar. Native musical talent is being flouted or neglected; the Teatro Colón again, despite its indifference to native art, asks a municipal subvention; musical taste in Buenos Aires is at such a low ebb that after sixty-seven seasons the Opera must apply for help to the city. Things, in a word, are so bad that the facts deserve "to be set down for the amazement of future generations and the shame of our own." Whereupon, forgetting the Opera, Sr. Talamón proceeds to discuss the pianists of the season, singling

out for special praise the returning quondam infant prodigy, Horszowski.

For the rest, art inspires me with so deep a respect that I am shocked and outraged to see it converted into mere prowess for the stupefaction of fools and anaesthetic creatures who seek in music the satisfaction of a clownish curiosity *worthy of Yankilandia*, the nation of *records*, and not the intense emotion of those sublime souls, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Debussy. . . .

There are more bugle-blasts in the same key. In one breath the critic berates his city for its lack of a musical soul, and in the next echoes the conventional diatribe against Yankilandia, as if it were New York, and not Buenos Aires, against which he is inveighing!

The truth of the matter, rather than lying in the middle, is at both ends. To revert to the symbolism of Rodó (which, by the way, in "Ariel," as well as in other books, he took from those Saxons of which he taught Latin America to be wary), Ariel and Caliban are not neat separable entities; they are twin aspects of a single continental personality, whether above or below the Rio Grande. Havelock Ellis, who knows his Rodó, sees farther than the Uruguayan essayist. As late as the *Forum* for September of this year I find him writing in his "New Impressions":

I note that García Calderón, in his excellent book on Latin America, seems passingly to suggest that he regards Ariel and Caliban together as the symbolic representative of the English spirit, much as we may regard Don Quixote and Sancho Panza together as the complete symbolic representative of the Spaniard. Whether in the vast jungle of Shakesperian commentary this idea has ever been worked out, I have no knowledge; it may have been, even to the last detail. At all events, it seems an idea that is worth bearing in mind. Most nations have two totally unlike aspects. A nation that failed to do so would probably fail also to play any great part in the world.

It is salutary to remember that Uruguay, which produced Rodó, also produced Carlos Reyles, the author, I believe, of a crassly materialistic book which even Roosevelt, reviewing it in a French translation, found condemnable for its rampant Calibanism.

II

But any investigation, however summary, into the status of United States culture among the Latin-American nations must at the outset collide flatly with the Ariel-Caliban complex. It must be prepared to encounter an ignorance of us which may be paralleled only by our ignorance of Latin America, and a corresponding prejudice comparable only to our own.

Let us begin with the so-called A B C nations (Argentina, Brazil, Chile), not necessarily because they represent literary supremacy, but because, having attained to leadership in economic expansion, they most nearly resemble that United States which Latin America's æsthetic representatives abominate. In Argentina my own observations are supported by those of the well-known novelist and publisher, Manuel Gálvez, whose "Nachta Regules" lately introduced him to English readers as, in part, an Argentine Upton Sinclair. Gálvez, who reads English, is better informed than most of his countrymen, and confesses that our literature is almost unknown among them. To be sure, there is that enterprising newspaper, *La Nación*, which has popularized Spanish versions of James Fenimore Cooper, Bret Harte and others and which has printed numerous informative articles about our contemporary writers by Ernesto Montenegro, a Chilean writer at present living in New York as the correspondent of *El Mercurio*. Montenegro, at home in our tongue, has thus enlightened the Argentine élite with studies of Poe, Whitman, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Willa Cather, Vachel Lindsay, John Burroughs, Hergesheimer and Edgar Lee Masters, beside translating a stray poem or story. This is, of course, exceptional, but all beginnings must be so. Whitman is not too widely known in the Spanish version by the Uruguayan poet, Armando Vasseur; yet his spirit, somehow, has filtered into the literary consciousness of Latin America. "Although his poems have not been read," Gálvez tells me, "the contents of

his writings are known and he is admired. He is considered to be the revealer of modern life and the writer who best incarnates the spirit of the United States." Better known is Emerson; while, though the name of the woman who wrote it is unfamiliar, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is general property.

These are read, of course, in Spanish or in French; readers who know English are rarities. Our present literature, barring the interpretative essays of a Montenegro, is less known than that of the last century. A single name stands out, in Argentina as in Russia: that of Upton Sinclair. Public opinion is decidedly unfavorable to us.

Here it is believed that you people lack feeling, and that North Americans think only of amassing wealth. You are not credited with sensibility, elegance, kindness. The admiration which you feel up there for so secondary and so superficial a writer as Blasco Ibáñez is to us beyond understanding. Nevertheless, we imagine that since the country is so vast, there must be excellent writers whom we do not know. I can affirm that there is a desire to learn of the better American literature. You Americans are to blame for our unfavorable attitude. You take no interest in us, and I believe this is to be deplored. Our literatures and our writers would gain by mutual understanding. One thing alone is needed. . . that your books be translated and published in Spain.

Yet, so far back as 1868, we of the North had begun to take an active interest in the work of Sarmiento, president of the Argentine republic and advocate of North American ideas in education. His book, "Facundo," was put into English by the wife of Horace Mann; at home his advocacy of our educational notions was resented.

Brazil, "the United States of the South," speaks Portuguese; yet it would hardly be exaggeration to say that, like its Spanish-speaking neighbors, it thinks largely in French. There is a strong reaction against this fact, it is true, which ultimately may produce results of importance to the cultural autonomy of the neo-Latin nations. Meanwhile, as to North American influence, perhaps Senhor Hilario Tacito, in a frivolous moment, struck as near to the

truth as one may come. He said that Singer sewing-machine catalogues and countless fox-trots constitute the major articles of cultural importation into Brazil from the United States, seconded by almanacs and movie films. Every Brazilian knows Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Pearl White and Mae Murray. But Monteiro Lobato informs me that Hawthorne is unknown, while Longfellow, though he is to be had in Portuguese, is but little read. Poe, of course, is read in French translation, and "The Raven" is also widely known in Portuguese, having been twice admirably rendered, by Machado de Assis and by Emilio de Menezes. As to our later writers, Mark Twain and William James divide honors with Nick Carter. General opinion in Brazil has it that the United States possesses no literature.

Sporadic attempts there have been, of course, to introduce our novelists, but they have been of no lasting effect. In the Romantic days, for example, Cooper was read by Alencar, author of the perennial "Guarany." The general ignorance of Hawthorne and Emerson is deplored by a number of my correspondents, one of whom, indeed, Senhor Manoel Oliveira de Lima (at present professor of international law at the Catholic University, Washington) is frank enough to say that it is Poe's "Raven" which alone saves the reputation of North American letters in Brazil. For the rest, the country is in much the state of enlightenment of the politician in one of Eça de Queiroz's novels. Hearing the names of Shakespeare and Byron mentioned, he inquired in surprise, "Has England any poets?"

There are Brazilians who do not read even Brazilian books, and they have spiritual brothers farther north. Some ninety per cent of the country is illiterate; of the remaining ten per cent, but one tenth know English. From Senhor Gilberto Freyre, of Pernambuco, I have a letter which is all the more important since he is one of the few Brazilians who has made a study of our contemporaries upon the scene. His case,

of course, is exceptional; like Montenegro, he too, during his sojourn in the United States, sent informative and interpretative articles back to his home newspapers. These and the books that grow naturally from them are the seeds of the future literary entente. Senhor Freyre says:

Relatively, French and American literature, and even English, are little known in Brazil. . . . Imagine the almost complete ignorance of the English poets, essayists and novelists! This is the situation of nine-tenths of our élite.

The paradox is that even the public which knows English lacks the mentality to appreciate English letters. As to its acquaintance with our writers:

Some are known by name, or by an occasional fragment; at times, even by a whole book: Poe, Longfellow, Mark Twain, William James, Cooper. More intimately, perhaps, Emerson. [This contradicts information from other quarters.] Among law students, Hamilton, Madison, Wilson and a lesser name. And lately the stands have displayed a translation of a book by—Orison Swett Marden!

This, I may interpose, is by no means Marden's first appearance in South America. Already in "Ariel," Rodó was condemning in his placid way the frankly utilitarian moral of Marden's "Pushing to the Front," published in Boston in 1894 and praised, as he complained, "even in church circles, and compared to the 'Imitation' of à Kempis! . . ." Freyre continues:

Our grandfathers read the novels of Cooper and even the verses of Longfellow. Our last Emperor was a Longfellow enthusiast. He translated "Robert of Sicily" into Portuguese and the author, who knew our tongue, was highly pleased with the version. . . . The new generation in Brazil is no longer enthusiastic over Longfellow. There is a certain enthusiasm for Emerson, but it's an Emerson in French or Spanish. I don't know whether you've noticed that Emerson, in French or Spanish, seems deeper than in English.

As to acquaintance with contemporary United States letters, I may say that my case is a thing apart. Those I most esteem are O'Neill, Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, John Macy, Spingarn, Hergesheimer, Vachel Lindsay and Tarkington. Vachel was once my guide through the Metropolitan Museum. I dined one afternoon with Miss Lowell in her Brookline home, and I can still see her before me, stout, pink, be-goggled, giving the false impression of a German governess, only to surprise me soon with the

elegance and youthfulness of her spirit. At Columbia the courses by Carl Van Doren were a delight. . . .

Freyre's other admirations,—Santayana, Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks and James Huneker—reveal him as well-informed even for a native-born "United Stateser."

Traveling South to Chile, we find Dr. Marden still in the ascendant, with Elbert Hubbard as archpriest of the American faith. The Chileans share a greater or less familiarity with Poe and Whitman with the rest of the continent, the most famous version of "The Raven" in Spanish being that of Pérez Bonalde. Poe's tales have made the rounds of Latin America in the magazines. Add to this "Evangeline" and excerpts from Washington Irving's Spanish impressions, and the early literature of the United States is practically exhausted. A Chilean, Arturo Torres Rioseco, sometime instructor in various of our universities, is the latest to translate Whitman. Armando Donoso, who is the critic of the Chilean intelligentsia, years ago discovered the Good Grey Poet to his countrymen. I quote Mr. Montenegro:

As to Whitman . . . the spiritual leadership of the French caused his verses to be fervently deciphered, commented upon and imitated as soon as Bazalgette and our gallicized Rubén Darío revealed him to the Latin peoples. His was more than an individual influence. Just as Poe was held among us as a prophet and a martyr of pure art, fallen among a nation of merchants and Pharisees, so Whitman loomed up all of a sudden as the people's own poet—the messiah of democracy. I think that what singled them out to the admiration of Latin America was: in Poe the intellectual appeal; in Whitman the spiritual freedom, both so dear to the Latin mind.

Emerson's persuasive eclecticism appealed also to a restricted circle of our philosophical dilettanti, but his message seems a little cold to the restless soul of our time. Of the Romantic period in the United States, a volume of Bret Harte's gave him popularity through the library issued by *La Nación* of Buenos Aires. Mark Twain is universally known as a jester, but of his more penetrating analyses of child, village and mob psychology I doubt if anything has been translated yet into Spanish or Portuguese. An élite undoubtedly knows of the modern poets and novelists of the United States, but all the general public is receiving from this source is an occasional story by Jack London, Booth Tarkington

or O. Henry that finds its way into the miscellaneous department of the daily press.

There are furthermore a few doctrinaires to be considered. In his time, the educational ideas of Horace Mann were implanted by the zeal of Sarmiento, only to be swept aside by the Germans. Henry George has converted a fair percentage of our cranks to his single-tax theory; Ingersoll gave ammunition to many of our free-thinkers; Edward Bellamy's forerunner to Wells' Utopia was at one time the favorite feuilleton of our radical papers.

For the immense majority of the Latin-American public, the genuine representatives of North American thought are Elbert Hubbard and O. S. Marden. Some of our literary Homais wished us to believe that in these names was embodied the spirit of the American people. Every time I open a Latin-American newspaper I am prepared to see the announcement that Dr. Frank Crane and Arthur Brisbane are henceforth to provide us with our daily dose of North American wisdom—which, in fact, a newspaper in Cuba and another in Mexico have already accomplished.

III

So much for the A B C. The other nations to the southward show the same outlines, with here and there a divergent detail. In Peru, the home of the partly Whitmanian poet, Santos Chocano, the work of Prescott naturally looms up, as does, largely through the influence of Pedro Zulen, the philosophy of William James. It is Zulen, likewise, who has familiarized the more critical Peruvian public with our contemporary culture. In Mexico, always alert to foreign stimuli, a closely-knit educational group, enlisted from the wandering youth of all Latin America, keeps in close touch with the intellectual doings of the North. In Costa Rica, Emerson is held in highest esteem, and Thoreau is well known for his "Walden," while the ever-recurring Poe and Whitman share honors with Longfellow (whose "Excelsior" and "Psalm of Life" are learned by heart), Irving ("Legends") and, by a welcome exception, Hawthorne ("The Scarlet Letter"). Amy Lowell has penetrated in the company of the educational authority, Dewey; William James divides attention with Woodrow Wilson.

Both Señores Jorge Mañach and José Antonio Ramos of Cuba know us well from study and residence. But the former, as much an exception in Cuba as Freyre is

in Brazil, declares that our classics are not read by his countrymen. He says:

Save for those Cubans, like myself, who have lived and studied in the United States, the reading public here is ignorant of or ignores your old literary values. Every now and then, you find a scholarly fellow who has read Emerson in Spanish or Hawthorne in French; but he is rare. Poe is fairly known through Baudelaire and his Latin-American translators, such as Pérez Bonalde. Whitman is indirectly known to us Cubans through Martí's fine essay on him. Longfellow is but a name. Perhaps the best-known American writer of the immediate past is Mark Twain, who goes so far as to have—shall we say fans?—on a par with Anatole France and Eça de Queiroz. . .

Our *suspicion*—that is what it is—of your literature is a reflex of what we generally think of your national life. That is to say, we still are towards it in the picturesque prejudiced era, just as you are towards us. We have not ceased entertaining the iniquitous dollar-chasing-sky-scraper notion of American effort. Few among us know anything of Edith Wharton, Robert Frost, James Cabell, or Sinclair Lewis—or even of Hergeheimer, who has written that beautiful "San Cristóbal de la Habana." It's a shame, but it must be confessed.

The reason for it is not so much the above prejudice against your "materialism," as a lack of time. . . . Of course, this is regrettable. A little more propaganda on your part and a little more varied attention on ours would do much to bring us wholesomely together—and keep us safely apart.

In a recent article by Ramos in the *Fígaro* (Havana) I find the realistic antidote to such romantic rhodomontade as we met with in the Brazilian, Saul de Navarro. "Why Do We Publish Books?" is his title, and he proceeds to contrast the lot of the writer in "idealistic" Latin America with that of the author in the "materialistic" United States. Literature in Cuba, as he describes it, appears to be a very precarious profession, whereas farther north even critics acquire an independent income! I do not mean to imply that Ramos is blind to the external and internal defects of our civilization, any more than are our own more serious novelists and critics, who, though their vocabulary and their approach may differ, launch against their countrymen the selfsame accusations that filter up from South America. He does know, however, that there are Calibans at home and that there are Ariels up here. He knows that literature in the United

States sinks its roots deeply into the national life, instead of, as in Cuba, simply furnishing a respectable path to political preferment. He says:

"Main Street" owes its triumph exclusively to the fact that it is a protest, though it is somewhat softened, and at the close conforms to the canons of the happy ending. If the heroine had slipped a little lower in her adventure, according as experience in American life permits one to suppose would have been surer and more human, the novel would never have attained to its popularity. James Branch Cabell, a fine, cultured novelist, is not reckoned in the first rank for this very reason, despite his having had the honor of being persecuted by the famous anti-vice league, which tried to suppress "Mlle. Maupin." Nevertheless, the North American novel is achieving definite affirmation. The theatre already possesses masterpieces. Essay and criticism carry on the tradition which it would be a ridiculous provincialism on our part even to try to deny is the legitimate pride of the Saxon North. James Harvey Robinson and John Dewey, to name only gentlemen from the philosophical camp, are worthy successors to Emerson. . . . The authors of the United States . . . at the same time that they acquire material wealth, live intensely, pursue a new sense of contemporary life and will discover it! The future belongs to them.

And we?

With what pain, with what grief I detect that disdain which certain of our writers affect when they refer to the realm of the spirit in North America!

Here, unless I am greatly mistaken, is an indication of what we may expect from Latin-American critics as soon as they replace rhetorical platitude with placid investigation of the facts. While they have been invoking Ariel, Caliban has been thriving lustily in their midst; while they have been sneering "Caliban" at us, Ariel here has been airily at work.

IV

In view of the fact that the numerous nations of Latin America barely manage to keep in touch with one another, despite the identity or similarity of their tongues, it is hardly to be expected that they should maintain close intellectual communion with a people from whom they are divided by distance, race and language. Yet the southern intelligentsia are closer knit than might appear. Articles are freely reprinted

from magazine to magazine, and a good poem fast makes its way from Venezuela to Uruguay and back again. Letters from the United States are at last beginning to bring news of the northern literary renaissance.

Out of such intellectual intercourse only good can come. I pick up a recent number of the *Repertorio Americano*, published at San José, Costa Rica, by Joaquín García Monje,—a fine scholar who knows the United States from having served his country at Washington,—and I find across the first page a "Message From Waldo Frank to the Writers of Mexico," translated into Spanish and sent originally from Madrid to Señor Alfonso Reyes, of the Mexican Legation there. I am attracted not so much by Frank's actual "message"—he advocates an artistic solidarity that shall fight Philistinism on both sides of the frontier, recognizing in independent spirits a minority that must combat machine-made civilization in Latin as in Saxon America, and upholding the ideal of cultural variety—and not because we can really create today an intellectual union of Americans, North and South. What attracts me is simply the fact that Frank's letter, written in English to a Mexican during a sojourn in Spain, comes to me in the United States by way of Costa Rica, in Spanish! Here, indeed, is a circle of print. The excuse for intellectual insularity has gone. Inertia, rather than ignorance, rather than prejudice, now keeps the minds of the Americas apart; and minds, like water, seek a common level. The natural channel is print. What is needed for the immediate present, more than speeches and compliments, is a wholesale blasting of diplomatic vacuities, a purely æsthetic consideration of each other's accomplishment. This should be conducted well outside the precincts of institutions that lend themselves to propagandistic exploitation, by men of both North and South America who are above provincialism. The Americas have nothing to lose by closer communion, and commercial advantage is the least of the things to be gained.

THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS

BY DON C. SEITZ

WHILE not all of Christ's teachings seem humane or just today, nowhere in them can be found any warrant for the choice of the cross as the emblem of Christianity. As a symbol it compares very poorly with the crescent of Mohammed. The slender arc of the new moon has in it the element of hope; it will wax into a great and glowing orb. But the cross can suggest only torture and death.

For two thousand years the western world has been striving to conquer under the banner of the cross. It has overcome its heathen enemies and driven them out of Europe, save for a small corner of Turkey, but it has never conquered itself. Europe and America alike remain workshops for armorers. We preach peace, and we prepare perpetually for war. Yet all the western nations accept Christ and profess His teachings, and every one of them upholds the cross.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the world is, and always has been, influenced by human sacrifice. The Hebrews deplored the barbarities of Baal and marveled at a Daniel who could survive unscathed a stay in the lion's den, but they sacrificed the young Jesus upon the altar of their creed and became outcasts from that day, while a new and great religion grew into mastery of the growing civilization that accepted it. The nations that refused it vanished. Not the Titans, but the thunders over Calvary, swept the gods from Olympus.

Under prayerful auspices, ten million lives went into oblivion to make the world safe for democracy, and today it

very gingerly toys with the result, but so far it has failed to get any profit out of it. The United States is the most backward of all. Only Russia has rejected the cross,—perhaps because the symbol of Greek Catholicism is a double one! May it not be fairly argued that the failure of the faith to achieve what its Founder taught is due to its mistaken adoration of the cross? Is there not a psychological relationship between that adoration and the perpetuation of human hates? Has not its selection as the crest of the Prince of Peace made Him instead a potentate of war?

Christianity deplores fetish worship and sends missionaries into the jungle to combat it, yet all the Christian sects, including the most liberal, preach the doctrine of blood atonement. "We Are Saved by the Blood of the Crucified One" is an especially popular, though infamous, hymn. They even start it with "Hallelujah," as if pleased at profiting by a horror. To be literally washed in blood, I fear, would throw the average Christian into convulsions, but to be spiritually bathed is rather exalting and intoxicating. All this, of course, is based on the idea of sacrifice rather than on the code of living prescribed by Jesus. It makes life easy for sinners, which perhaps explains its popularity. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" means a lot of bother. It is simpler to take a dip in blood.

We are taught in the churches to "bear our crosses" as Christ bore that upon which He died. But the weight of evidence is that He did not carry His cross to Calvary. St. Mark says that the mob into whose hands Pilate gave Jesus after wash-

ing his own, compelled "one Simon, the Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear the cross." St. Luke says: "And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross that he might bear it after Jesus." St. Matthew's version is the same: "And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear His cross." Thus a stray stranger was commandeered for the distasteful office. No one in the crowd would hurt himself with the exertion, but they wanted to preserve the strength of the victim to prolong His suffering. St. John is the sole authority for the statement that "He, bearing His cross, went forth" to the place of crucifixion. If He in truth carried the tree, it was a light load compared to the sin laid upon His shoulders by priests and parsons since His sacrifice.

II

The Red Cross gleams on battlefields as the sign of succor to those who have fought and fallen, each in the belief that God was on his side. It was raised the first time a thousand years ago, when the merchants of Amalfi, trading in Jerusalem, founded a hospital for their fellows in the Holy City. It next adorned the breastplates of the Knights of St. John and Malta, those valorous Defenders of the Faith, who flourished until Bonaparte, the iconoclast, snuffed out their humbug. Red is the color of blood. Daubed on a cross it makes the latter all the more hideous. In our own days the several States issue automobile number-plates to doctors marked with a blue or green cross, and it permits them to break the speed laws with impunity. Why should an alleviator of pain be tagged with a symbol of suffering?

Though the Protestant churches do not use the cross so conspicuously in their architecture as do the Catholic, they make far more of it in their urgings. Their

hymns and sermons reek with the blood of Christ flowing from it. "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" is a fervid and ferocious hymn, much sung at revivals. Instead of teaching the saintly Christ of the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes, we are given vast doses of blood. In the Catholic churches the half-naked body of the crucified Saviour is shown, with streams of life's ichor dripping from the nail holes in feet and hands, while drops of crimson ooze from the forehead under the crown of thorns. The sinner must choose between blood and hell. Consider the appeal the following gory lines must make:

On Calvary's brow my Saviour died;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified;
'Twas on the cross He bled for me,
And purchased there my pardon fee.

So the Old Testament idea of the blood atonement becomes transferred from the sacrificial lamb to the Great Teacher. Other popular lines are these:

Blessed be the fountain of blood
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God;
Only by His stripes are we healed.

And these:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that blood
Loose all their guilty stains!

A roaring chorus is the following:

Hallelujah for the cross!
Hallelujah for the cross!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Yet we shudder over the tales of human sacrifice in the days of the Aztecs! The effects of all this have at times been far reaching. When, two centuries ago, the Japanese expelled the Jesuits and extinguished their converts with oriental imitateness, they made a liberal use of the cross—for one thing, crucifying thirteen of the Black Brothers at Nagasaki. Countless little brown brothers kept them company until the new faith was obliterated. The ingenious Chinese also adopted the cross, and supplemented its use with sun-

dry sabre carvings that do not disturb the vitalities. But a religion thus dependent upon an instrument of torture for its significance and superiority makes slow progress in heathen minds. There is no cross or blood in the teachings of Confucius or Buddha.

III

Just as the Highland cattle-stealers summoned their fellows for a raid with a fiery cross, so the Ku Klux night-riders, horse-whippers, tar and featherers and monkey-shiners of today use the same symbol—a deep echo of the debasement that comes from its choice as the sign manual of a holy cause. Fashioning gold in crosses is an important part of the jewelry industry. Pious ladies use them as pendants. I have seen them dangling from clerical watch-chains. All priests wear them and I have in mind the pet Bishop of a Cuban planter's wife, who groaned beneath the load of a cross and chain given to him by the good lady. Together they weighed about three pounds.

In the splendid days of the Inquisition heretics going to the stake, clad in flowing garments of yellow decked with devils dancing in red, bore in their shackled hands the sacred device, and as their bodies sizzled the good priests waved it before their smarting eyes, that the cross might

be their last vision on the way to glory. But some credit must be given the Holy Office for never degrading it by using it as an actual means of transition from this world to the next. The inquisitors employed, instead, the stake and faggot, though occasionally breaking a particularly hardened sinner on the wheel, or pressing the wind out of him with heavy weights. Perhaps the cross was too simple; their methods required the play of ingenuity. Occasionally a most Catholic King would have a man torn to pieces by horses hitched to various parts of his person; but that is another story.

What civilization should concern itself about is some real way of perfecting itself. How could it better do so than by abandoning that part of its religious symbolism which suggests slaughter and employs blood as a saving grace? Much as Luther did to break up corruption in the church, his Reformation was in a sense mainly political. That of Henry VIII was purely an act of statecraft. Both Luther and the Tudor tyrant wished to escape the thrall of Rome, where the Pope sat in a superstate. A real reformation would restore the living Christ, banish the cruel cross and take for its guidance the shining star. Did not the three wise men say: "We have seen His star in the East and come to worship Him"?

A WHITMAN MANUSCRIPT

BY EMORY HOLLOWAY

WHEN Walt Whitman died in 1892 the mass of manuscripts and books which for years had cluttered up his room was left by will to be divided among his literary executors. Much of this material has remained practically intact, though not all of it has been made available for study. Dr. R. M. Bucke, however, published most that he had which had any value, except a large number of letters to Whitman, and Thomas B. Harned, after allowing me to publish some of it, donated his share to the Library of Congress, in the hope that it would serve as the nucleus for a national collection of manuscript and other material concerning the most national of our poets.

The most interesting and valuable item in this donation was a series of notebooks in which Whitman, from 1847 or 1848 onward, jotted down ideas for poems or the first drafts of the poems themselves. It is a motley collection of twenty-three volumes—if the word volume be not too misleading. In some cases a regular pocket memorandum book is used. In one or two instances the notebook is made by sewing together a few sheets of foolscap paper and affixing a manila cover. But many are no more than little handmade memoranda of fifteen or twenty pages, without covers, measuring three or four inches each way. Since most of the notes are in pencil and since some of the booklets show signs of pocket wear, it is not surprising that the soft lead sometimes is too blurred to be any longer legible. The present article concerns a single notebook of the last-mentioned type which, in some way unknown to me, strayed from the collection, or was

never in it, but which has a certain interest as belonging to the period during which the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" was evolving. It is owned by Mr. Oscar Lion, of New York, who purchased it a few months ago at a private sale, and who has generously supplied me with a copy.

That this notebook antedates the first edition is proved by the fact that it contains passages that were to appear in that edition. That it, or at least a part of it, is later than 1853 is shown by a reference to the loss of the steamer *San Francisco*, which went down in that year. I think it was probably begun in 1854, for its first entry alludes to the opening, it must be, of the Marble Collegiate Church, which was not completed till then.

I present herewith the entries in this little twenty-four-page commonplace-book, interpolating explanations or comments between the Whitman texts, which are given in italics. But first I venture to give it a title, to conform to the denotation employed for the other notebooks of the series that I have published:

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK 4A

I.

I know a rich capitalist who, out of his wealth, built a marble church, the most splendid in the city; and when it was opened, he stood at the door, the first Sunday, and helped the sexton show people to seats. He was the meanest looking person in the place, and proud of his building and his wealth.

This was, as I suppose, the Marble Collegiate Church, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-

ninth street. Though in later life Whitman numbered philanthropists among his friends and "rich givers," and though he wrote a poem as an epitaph for one of them, he never quite looked with favor on the accumulation of great wealth. Nor did he approve of display in religious edifices. Herein appears the influence of his early country associations and his Quaker training in simplicity.

2.

*The Elementary Laws do not get excited
and run and bawl to vindicate themselves.
The doctors might all deny the attraction
of gravity and that sublime power would
never complain. Be you like the grand
powers.*

The change that Whitman made in preparing this passage for the "Leaves of Grass" is interesting, not only as showing how his crude and hasty prose became dignified free verse, but as suggesting the possibility that the author's original plan was to write a book of moral maxims like the *Enchiridion* (of which he was fond) rather than autobiographical verse whose dominant note should be a challenging egotism. The passage, as published, was:

I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or to be
understood,
I see that the elementary laws never apologize,
I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant
my house by after all.

3.

*Exist. Do not trouble yourself soothing
spatterers and infidels. Manure the field
of the heart, for it brings great crops. Sure
as the most certain sure—reliable as im-
mortality—the effects appear after the
causes are born.*

Like the preceding passage, this one is incorporated in the description of the ideal modern man, by affirming it of the poet's self, taken as proof and specimen. In the rhythmical form it is:

Sure as the most certain sure . . . plumb in the up-
rights, well entretied, braced in the beams,
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,
I and this mystery, here we stand.

The prevalence of figures drawn from carpentry would suggest that this was the period when Whitman for a time assisted his father in house-building.

4.

*I see on the Egyptian head-rests the most
hideous forms and combinations of groups,
as if they intended to scare away unrest.
The genuine Man is not as —— would
have him, like one of a block of city houses,
that can't stand except it is upheld in the
midst of the rest.*

There was relatively little assertion of such individual self-sufficiency by Whitman until he began to compose the "Leaves." A few years before he was, except for occasional eccentricities in manner or dress, more like his fellows in the block than he realized.

5.

*Greater than wires of iron or treaties, or
even strong mutual interests is Sympathy.
When Creighton hove to for many days and
nights and rescued the wrecked thousand
on the San Francisco ——*

This incident, as reported in the news accounts of the day, made an enduring impression on the poet's mind, particularly the heroism of the rescuing captain. In Manuscript Notebook 2, which belongs to the same general period and which concludes with a passage almost identical with the final passage in the present book, Whitman worked up the incident in vivid descriptive verse, practically the same as that of "Song of Myself," Section 33:

All the large hearts of heroes
All the courage of olden time and new
How spied the captain and sailors the great wreck
with its drifting hundreds,
How they waited, their craft shooting like an arrow
up and down the storm.
How they gripped close with Death there on the sea
and gave him not one inch, and held on day and
night,

And chalked on a board, *Be of good cheer, we will not desert you*, and held it up and did it;
 How the lank white faced women looked when ferried safely as from the sides of their prepared graves
 How the children and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipped, unshaven men;
 All this (he drinks)* I swallow in (his)* my soul, and it becomes (his)* mine, and I like it well.

6.

If a man spatter mud on his new clothes, by lifting a child or an old woman over the slush, let him nevertheless be content. Mud like that strikes in and makes beauty spots.

7.

Pride of Birth

There is nothing in the eminence of any office of President or Governor or Mayor, royal blood, or the inheritance through a direct line of the name of the most historical heroes, that should make us carry our heads so high, and so fill us with bulging pride as the consciousness that we are human souls. Office however exalted, and wealth however capacious show often a mean and starved nature. The best of such distinctions abstractly amounts to little. Toiled for, suffered for, lived for, as they are by the majority of men, their only real charm is that they symbolize afar off the unspeakable haughtiness and nobleness which the personality of man carries well, if he once take the hint of his own birthright.

Though in his younger days Whitman was responsive to ordinary worldly ambitions—political, literary, journalistic—he was by nature more concerned with being than with doing. When, in 1840, he gave the first hint in his writing that he might one day do something original in literature, he emphasized the danger of such ambitions to the development of the personality. And in the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" he said:

He says indifferently and alike, How are you friend?
 to the President at his levee,
 And he says Good day my brother, to Cudge that hoes
 in the sugarfield;

*Canceled in the manuscript.

And both understand him and know that his speech is right.
 He walks with perfect ease in the the capitol,
 He walks among the Congress . . . and one representative says to another, Here is our equal appearing and new.

A prophecy, by the way, of his own future, and no mere boast. He was a good Jeffersonian Democrat, and looked upon the public official as a servant of the citizen ruler:

The sum of all known value and respect I add up in you, whoever you are;
 The President is up there in the White House for you . . . it is not you who are here for him,
 The Secretaries act in their bureaus for you . . . not you here for them,
 The Congress convenes every December for you,
 Laws, courts, the forming of states, the charter of cities, the going and coming of commerce and mails are for you.

This emphasis on personal pride, on self-reliance, is carried so far that it would convict Whitman of the egotism he avows if it were not for the fact that it is everywhere balanced by another principle, that of altruism, sympathy, love. The next passage in the notebook identifies love with the Creator as Blake might have done it, making love the father of law.

8.

Love is the cause of causes. Out of the first Nothing—out of the black fog of the nostrils of Death which being ebbless and floodless in the spread of space—it asked of God with undeniable will, something to satisfy itself. By it then Chaos was staid with. Like a brood of beautiful children came from them the Laws of Nature.

9.

There are evidences in "Leaves of Grass" that Whitman sometimes had trances in which, like St. Paul, he hardly knew whether he were in the body or not. Doubtless his native caution and his Dutch sense of reality at times made him hesitate to trust such feelings too far—he could hardly forget that his family contained an unbalanced mind or two. It may well be,

therefore, that the following passage refers to himself.

Yes, he is like a small boy who raises a big kite, and it pulls entirely too hard for him. He had better let it go ere it carry him entirely up in the air and out of sight.

10

In Whitman's early prose fiction, antedating "Leaves of Grass," one encounters not infrequently a certain morbidity of imagery. One would not be surprised to find the following in the notebooks of Hawthorne:

A coffin swimming buoyantly on the swift flowing of the river

11.

Whether from reading Tom Paine (whom he admired) or from attending Quaker meetings or from hearing Beecher preach, Whitman came to believe that the church was dry-rotted with creed-worship and formalistic piety; so that one of the leading purposes of the "Leaves" was to begin a renaissance of spiritual religion. He did not quarrel much with the church or the clergy, however; he condescended to them:

I do not despise you priests:
My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing all worship ancient and modern, and all between ancient and modern.

Yes, I believe in the Trinity—God Reality—God Beneficence or Love—and God Immortality or Growth.

12.

The following has the realistic touch:

He dives in the water for a drowned man and sees the body with open staring eyes and the hair floating out and up from his head.

13.

In Manuscript Notebook 3 Whitman had indicted contemporary religion in a

long prose passage of which the following is a part:

I have seen corpses shrunken and shrivelled—I have seen dismal mannikins of abortions, stillbirths so small that the doctors preserved them in bottles—But no corpse have I seen—no minnied [mummied?] abortion—that appears to me more shrunken, from comparison to the fullest muscular health of some fine giant—more inert and blue and fit for the swiftest burial . . . than the whole and best of what over this great earth has been called, and is still called, Religion, seems to me in comparison with the devotion [?] . . . loving in a sort worthy that immeasurable love, stronger than the propulsion of this globe, ecstatic as the closest embraces of the god that made this globe—fiercer than the fires of the sun around which it eternally swings—more faithful than the faith that keeps it in its company and place—divergent and vast as the great space that lies beyond—which belongs to any well-developed man, which is the great law whence spring the lesser laws we call Nature's.

To compare this with the following little poem in the present notebook, simple yet oracular, and rhythmical, is to get an insight into the evolution of the whole of "Leaves of Grass."

*Love is the cause of causes,
Out of the vast first Nothing
The ebbless and floodless vapor from the
nostrils of Death,
It asked of God with undeniable will,
Something to satisfy itself.
By it then Chaos was staid with
And duly came from them a brood of beautiful children
Whom we call the laws of nature.*

14.

Then comes:

*There are two attributes of the soul, and both are illimitable, and they are its north latitude and its south latitude. One of these is Love. The other is Dilation or Pride. There is nothing so inconceivably haughty as the style of the most magnificent heroes or rulers is.
Nature is always plumb.
Loyalty of some flatterer of royalty who (later) is brought to the scaffold.
Why do we look back, as century after century adds to the length of the road between*

us,—why do we always turn with pleasure and curiosity to the sayings and doings thirty centuries ago of wandering Jewish tribes, of little Greek communities, of half-savage Rome and of Ethiopia and Persia? There is something in those sayings and doings that effuses directly from the soul, raw and laughing as they send it out. They do not send it out second hand but fresh and alive.

15.

And then:

This Poetry or aliment of the soul, we must have. It is clamored for with the most irresistible longing. Accordingly it is everywhere and each and all that our senses can—Children and simple people often make speeches that illustrate some of these relations better.

16.

Valuing the spirit of poetry as the "master" of its formal beauty, Whitman had no patience with the uninspired poets of 1854:

Much the largest portion of what rides jauntily through the literary avenues as poetry, and keeps the saddle for scores, perhaps fifties, of years is awkward and ill-paced enough. Such as love-shambles in long metre or short, some of them ardent, but most of them very dismal and spavined,—both styles always on the road. What stuff passes for poetry in the world. What awkward and ill-bouncing riders. What is printed in books or what not, and has rhymes attached to its tails, is but a very small portion of the poetry or —

17.

The following note appears never to have been worked up into verse:

Case of the driver who came in looking as natural as life, but was frozen dead and hard.

18.

Whitman is quoted by Traubel as saying, "I pride myself on being a real humorist

underneath everything else." That there was an element of profound truth in the claim is indicated in his handling of satire, and also in his well-known liking for a joke. Here is a story of unknown origin which he includes in the *mélange* of his notebook:

A lawyer who had put off his case once, came into court and asked further delay, with tears in his eyes stating the death of his mother. The judge was just granting his request, with great commiseration, when an old lady from the gallery cries out "O—my son! how often have I whipped you for lying!"

19.

There follows this:

Pork and pound cake and products that can be stored, or, worse, put in the bank. All that makes clear this relation, and defines the road between conceivable objects and the human spirit, and explain what those objects mean, is poetry, coarse or fine. Even if the explanations be two or three removes off, as most are, or distantly suggested, folks take them and relish them well, for we are greedy of this sort of diet, and never get tired of stuffing.

Had this involved, colloquial and obscure passage fallen under the eye of Whitman's most sympathetic friend when it was written in 1854 he could hardly have predicted that its author would, in a year or two, make it the basis of his most illuminating description of his new poetry, a description as clear and beautiful and suggestive as any prose he ever wrote:

The land and sea, the animals, fishes, birds, the sky of heaven and the orbs, the forests, mountains and rivers, are not small themes . . . but folks expect of the poet to indicate more than the beauty and dignity which always attach to dumb real objects . . . they expect him to indicate the path between reality and their souls.

20.

Friends

I discover that among people whose company is pleasant to me, I almost invariably

grow fonder and fonder of those who constantly like me and are not afraid to show good nature, have no notably offensive ways, and don't blow hot and cold. (They may be ugly in the face; simple or slack in mind and of common employment.)

The Emerson of the essay on friendship and of the tin cup incident might have been Whitman's friend and yet found it hard to enjoy some of Whitman's boon companions.

21.

You shall come into some rich man's house, where the long suite of parlors has been attacked and taken possession of by artists, ornamenters, makers of carpentry, marble mantels, soft seats and morocco bindings for books. What can be unbought for the place [?] yet the gentleman who footed the bills, looks very beggarly, has surely forgotten something. We remember that first of April at the post-office, when the young man in the linen jacket blotched with ink handed through the window a very rare envelope, promising great things, and we found nothing at all inside but a piece of blank paper.

It is this which is the source of all Poetry; for there is in men an instinct of the truth. We have a saw-toothed appetite which restlessly hankers for food out of this immense and varied earth more satisfactory than —

Where the congress meets is the sacred place, if they adjourned from there to some log-house or shed of hemlock boards —

22.

Then, in the final entry in the notebook, Whitman recurs to the idea of the poet's function as a discoverer, or an uncoverer, of reality, a faculty which he shares with the satirist. This may not show Whitman's reading of Emerson, but it was a characteristic Transcendental tenet and Whitman's emphasis of it at least shows him to have been responsive to the dominant *Zeitgeist*:

The kernel of every object that can be seen, felt or thought of, has its relations to the soul, and is significant of something there. He who can tear off all husks and skins and pierce straight through every stratagem of concealment —

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

BY RICHARD BURTON

THE United States is today the battleground of a gigantic educational struggle, with opposing ideals at the grapple, and the result still unsure. On the one hand is that elder aim which, for convenience' sake, may be called the academic or cultural; on the other, the utilitarian or practical. Must one of these triumph at the expense of the other, or can the two be harmonized?—that is, in our time, the clashing question. Can culture be utile, so that there need be no antagonism? Certainly the dominant impulse, especially in our public system for training the young, is to reply no. No open-eyed observer can fail to perceive that the educational trend is at present prevailingly utilitarian; and the more education is in the hands of the people at large, the truer is the assertion.

As a logical sequence from this situation, a person who goes to college today can hardly be blamed if he finds himself confused in mind and purpose, as never before. Shall he turn to the so-called higher education as a direct road to his craft, profession, business, or shall he see it as preparation not only for wages but for all the multiple opportunities of life? Shall the college train him primarily for a livelihood or for living? Shall it make him a competent financier, machinist, dentist, pharmacist or lawyer,—or, as its central aim, fit him for that portion of life when he must become, over and above any occupation whatever, just a human being, a member of the human race?

Here is the crux; it is well, at least, to state it clearly, and recognize that anybody in such a position has come to a crossing of ways. For here is the cause of the vast puzzle-

ment witnessed now as countless thousands of young folk of both sexes come to college and enter upon its advertised privileges. This is the main, though not the only, explanation of the fact, patent to one who like myself has been connected with the educational machine for a generation, that so many of our collegians seem to wander vaguely through our academic halls, and give plain signs of not belonging there. It is a curious query, Whence they come, how they arrive, and why they stay.

Several types of student fall under the indictment. One, still familiar and once dominant, is represented by the students of favored environment, who by birth and breeding take college as a matter of course, because their predecessors did. Their fathers and grandfathers went to Yale, Harvard or Princeton, and so must the sons; it is the gentlemanly thing to do. The college degree is a sort of cachet, a shibboleth between members of the upper class. As an English statesman put it, Latin is a good thing for a gentleman, at least to have forgotten. In elder days, when New England furnished the leading type of college and before the great State institutions, especially in the West, had loomed up as important, this going to college as a matter of family sequence was the rule rather than the exception. Young men (the reference is to a time prior to coeducation) dawdled through the four years, learned to color their pipes, made agreeable social contacts, acquired a veneer of good manners, took on a certain sophistication in demeanor, accent and style of clothes, and were turned out ready for the grand tour, or, with wild oats sown, to settle into one of

the professions naturally following on this select preparation.

Doubtless, earnest students were present then, as always; and plenty of them reaped full benefits from their experience, and overcame the handicap of poverty and lack of social prestige. But the point is, a certain considerable element attended college simply because it was a mark of social standing, based on an inherited conception of social grading. We have changed all that with a vengeance. The type, while still existent, is by no means so large or influential as it once was. The fierce call for a "democratic deal" in education has effected a notable readjustment. Students who still go to college for this aristocratic reason clog the machinery by their presence, since they do not function with those who are eager to grasp their opportunities. However, they are now a minor detail in the picture. And so far as they are concerned, the remedy is plain: a stern insistence on the part of the college authorities that they demonstrate a right to be there, and understand that the college idler is no longer welcome; and that no social consideration shall be an excuse for him to occupy a place better filled by someone who means business.

The terrific strain on the physical capacity of our colleges since the war suggests that there is hardly room now, if there ever was, for the gentleman-loafer. Increasingly there will be a tendency to eliminate him. Colleges on all sides are tightening their requirements under attendance pressure. Thus, President Hibben of Princeton announces that he does not intend to let the numbers there exceed two thousand; and at Williams Dr. Garfield proposes to admit freshmen only as dormitories are provided for their reception. Harvard and Yale move in the same direction. Various devices will be found, as time goes on, for achieving the desired elimination. At my own University, that of Minnesota, all freshmen are given a six weeks' trial to prove their college capacity; getting in does not assure staying in. At the expiration of that period, all who seem

below college grade are dropped. Some hundreds thus annually disappear. It is likely that entrance demands will also be sharpened; the new psychological tests may come to exert a mighty rôle in the future. Self-preservation, if nothing else, will drive the colleges toward this attitude. The picturesque butterfly type of student is in for some bad weather.

Another type that misuses the college opportunity, yet is sometimes pointed to as an object of admiration, is that of the student commonly referred to as the dig, grind, or shark,—the word varies, the genus is the same,—the hard-working young man or woman of mediocre or worse calibre who lacks initiative, personality and that creative energy which translates curiosity in learning into genuine performance. This student "gets his lesson," is the willing slave of memory exercises, bows down to the false god of marks, stands high so far as a machine-like assiduity can bring that result, and even, perhaps, attains a Phi Beta key to dangle for life from his watch-chain. He has a specious appearance of being a real scholar, an ornament of the academic world. But watch him in after life: he will reveal his true quality by his failure to accomplish anything of moment.

After allowing for honorable exceptions, it may be asserted that in innumerable cases the high-stand man is simply a monumental example of misapplied energy. He slogs at his task, true; and one must commend the steady plodder, since any work is better than butterfly dodging. Nevertheless, the sort of student who faithfully takes down notes, commits to memory what it is necessary to reproduce for an A grade, and gives a beautiful exhibition of the parrot-like repetition of phrases, should never be confused with the intellectual in any proper estimate of student values. He has been thus confused time out of mind. The practical business man's frequent sneer at the college student, as such, when he is being considered for a job, roots in the discovery of just this grind who really knows

nothing, nor can do anything, when the test is applied.

In the interest of college education he must be and will be weeded out. This will be done by the substitution of better tests for the mechanical written examination, where overnight cramming is so efficacious. These better tests will make a demand on the genuine thinking powers of the student, with the props of text-books and lecture notes kicked from under him. Owing to the limitation of the English language, I use the masculine pronoun; but I must add that the slavish imitation of a professor, the attempt to please him and so, in the current idiom, get by, is commoner among women than among men. In their case, we have a paradox: they are prevailingly better students than men, in the conventional sense that they more conscientiously do the set work and strive to reproduce what is taught them; but they possess less of independence and initiative, and so they issue from college too often in a half-baked state of culture, and sometimes phenomenally deficient in all that means education in the larger significance of the word. Sensitiveness to the æsthetic and spiritual values, which includes literature and the arts, and religion, and the social questions involving them, is more prevalent today among women than among men, but it is an odd speculation to ask if, as the "higher education" of women progresses, and as they become more "practical" and "intellectual," they will lose this sensibility to the things of the spirit which has been their valuable inheritance from an elder culture, and their equally valuable contribution to modern civilization.

II

Now comes a class of students more baffling to understand, but pervasive, ubiquitous and very destructive in its tendency to choke the educational machine, particularly in institutions where students are numbered not by hundreds but by thousands—over thirty thousand at Columbia,

and from ten to twenty thousand in various State institutions, such as California, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. It is made up of those who go to college, not because their parents did, but because they did not. All such are obsessed by the notion (sometimes held by their parents more than by themselves), that merely to go and be there four years will do wonders for them. They conceive of college as a sort of contagion; you get it by being exposed to it.

These people, often of humble origin, work pathetically hard, as likely as not; they are what might be called worthy folk; they are often self-supporting through their college years, thereby diminishing their working power at intellectual pursuits, and they frequently take a respectable or even good stand, especially in the many practical studies to be found in that modern menagerie, the latter-day college curriculum, where it is possible still to take Latin and Greek, but also horse-shoeing, the embalming of corpses, how to make ice cream, or the psychology of advertisement,—while Erasmus turns in his grave, Porson slips an accent, and Gildersleeve is glad to be gathered at ninety to his fathers. In a word, for all academic pursuits these excellent persons, with families behind them making heroic sacrifices to keep them in college, are ill-fitted or entirely unfitted. Their presence helps to explain the democratic tendency to introduce the non-cultural studies that they need. Unquestionably, here and there they make records demonstrating genuinely scholarly attainments. Moreover, it were churlish to deny that their struggle in the face of odds is a thrilling thing to contemplate. But the main contention remains: this type of student is not college material, as a rule; he is trying to lift himself by his boot-straps.

The obvious retort to the argument is to say that it exploits a defunct aristocratic ideal. We aim to train everybody (save the lonesome intellectual "sport" in the biological sense). The answer is, then by all

means supply suitable studies and institutions for everybody. Only, why call them colleges? A college can be defined as a place where scholars collect and function. To call anybody studying horse-shoeing a scholar is a grotesque misuse of words. These sturdy folk, aiming to lift themselves out of their setting, fall between two stools: they aspire to what is beyond them, and do not take up what they might do with credit to themselves, and benefit to the community. Trade-schools are their natural habitat. Meanwhile, the professions are overstocked with mediocre practitioners, or worse.

The late G. Stanley Hall drew attention to a parliamentary report in Great Britain which offered the opinion that "in improving higher education all other good causes are most effectively aided," and then went on:

Since the first endowment of research in the Greek Academy, Porch, Grove and Garden, from which all our higher institutions have sprung, thousands of spontaneous free-will offerings have borne tangible witness to sentiments so often and vividly taught by Plato, that in all the world there is no more worthy object of reverence, love and service, and none that it pays a civilization better to help to its fullest development, than well-born, well-bred, gifted and trained young men who desire to be masters in an age when experts decide all things, since in them is the hope and the future leadership of the world, and to help them to more of the knowledge that is power is the highest service one generation can render the next.

Emphatically, this is the nobler accent, and it carries an intonation very far away from the sharp cries hawking wares in the educational market!

A final class of students is the most astonishing of all. Frankly, it is made up of morons and nitwits, nondescripts so illiterate, so hopelessly incapable of utilizing the college opportunity that one of the main mysteries of modern life is the fact that they get into, and even stay in the college fold. They are not necessarily idle or vicious. It is simply that the demands of a real college are forever beyond their capacity. Through admission from accredited high-schools where there is kindness

that is too kind, or low standards or social pressure to favor them, or an athletic ideal which places brawn above brain, they enter; and, fact still more astounding, they remain a year or so, and sometimes actually achieve a sheepskin!

This is no fanciful picture. Last Summer I had to flunk two male students of college grade at the Summer school of a State institution in the South for work so crude, juvenile and every way unlettered and ignorant as to be well-nigh unbelievable. Nor was it at all an uncommon experience, up and down the land, as plenty of others can testify. Where do such people come from, how did they get there, how are they able to remain?—these are questions that baffle the searcher. Surely young men and women who cannot spell, punctuate, paragraph, formulate their thoughts on paper or even orally, nor grasp the essentials of any subject of college grade, do not *belong*,—unless we are to give up entirely the long-held conception of what a college is or should be.

III

Now, I want to put my finger on certain of the basic faults that produce these unhappy results, thus crystallizing the considerations already offered. I see three things operating against the welfare of a rightly conceived organic scheme of popular education; popular, that is, either as controlled by a public system, or else, although in private control, striving to minister to large numbers in the training of a national citizenry,—a mouth-filling phrase, familiar on the political hustings, and obviously intended to reflect the democratic ideal.

The three are: the fevered chase of the "practical" in education, resulting in no less than a revolution within the generation between 1885 and the present time; the abuse of the so-called democratic ideal; and, as a direct consequence of these two in union, the failure,—whether due to an unconscious sailing with the stream, or a canny and conscious reefing of the sails,—

the failure honestly and clearly to see and say that two distinct types of training, the scholarly and the practical, are being commonly lumped together.

These three may be commented on. With regard to the utilitarian hang of latter-day education, it is high time to ask if a college is a machine from which any and every kind of information should be handed out as you turn the crank, or has it for its object intellectual attainment and the pursuit of learning for its own sake? To make the inquiry is not to say that both aims are not legitimate, nor is it to forfeit a claim to sound Americanism. It is simply to ask that we clarify our muddy thinking, and substitute a clear perception of what we are about for a mush of vague concessions. The confusion at present is the result of a pathetic attempt to do both things under the common denominator of education.

On every side, we see frenzied attempts to straddle the educational fence, to be cultural and utilitarian at the same breath. One is reminded of the chameleon which, placed on the Scotch plaid, died in trying to make good. Thus the New Jersey State College of Agriculture announces for the present academic year a short course in poultry husbandry and one is comforted that the descriptive bulletin does not, for once, use the fatal word, Culture, but is satisfied with husbandry. Dr. Rogers at Columbia starts his announcement of a course (Motion Pictures, E 6,) with this Orphic opening sentence: "The course is both cultural and practical." There you have it! Columbia, yielding to the all but irresistible pressure of the time, decides to put in the study of this banal baby art of the theatre. Then, to keep its skirts clean, it must gravely be claimed as "cultural." Education today, like the Colossus of Rhodes, has a wide leg reach. But its stance seems unfirm. Columbia has a tall order: to improve the movies while the massacre of good literature for the screen goes steadily forward to make a people's holiday.

College authorities today, as a rule, look too beamingly and invitingly upon the vast heterogeneous mass of folk who want to run radio shops, or do intensive farming, or become efficient in salesmanship; they have a friendly front towards the practical pasture where such omniferous bovines most do browse. A generation ago the presidents of Harvard and Johns Hopkins proposed, while retaining the time-honored four year's curriculum, to shape the fourth year of study to aim at the later professional degree. What did this mean? It meant holding on to the name of the older cultural ideal, while in reality reducing by a quarter the amount of time hitherto regarded as proper for a humanistic preparation for life. Ever since then the movement has been in that direction, by leaps and bounds. Amherst, until the recent retirement of Dr. Meiklejohn, stood up more bravely than any other well-known college for the cultural ideal; now, seemingly, it can no longer fight the *Zeitgeist*. When the present writer went to the Johns Hopkins in the eighties to get his graduate degree, it was the one institution in the United States whose parchment was recognized as on a par with Europe's best; its ideal, expressed in the motto, "The truth shall set us free," was the austere acceptance of learning as an end in itself. The undergraduate body was in significance and importance entirely secondary. Today the situation is reversed. You can take a correspondence course there to learn the science of advertising! Shades of Gilman!

Logic demands that we acknowledge that hordes of people in a country like this need all sorts of practical training, and that institutions providing it, and so labelled, should be furnished them, leaving to real colleges (thus clarified by the proper drainage), the business of taking care of those who want truly collegiate work, and are capable of doing it. It all comes back to the matter of college calibre. The spectacle of college women taught to make beds with neatness and dispatch is one calculated to make the angels laugh.

When I used the phrase, "the abuse of the democratic ideal" (my second objection), another paradox was in mind. In the perfervid desire to give everybody anything he wants, or thinks he wants, in pseudo-education, we have fallen into the danger of giving least to the few intellectual aristocrats who refuse to be standardized and find most difficulty in fitting into the scheme. Hypnotized by the bogey, Everybody, we have hardly been fair to Somebody—and Somebody represents the five per cent which, in after years, contributes more to the college honor and to the nation's welfare than all the other ninety-five per cent put together. As a college teacher for a lifetime, I can offer practical testimony that the students of distinction, personality, and initiative,—in a word, originality,—are those who have seemed to be most uncomfortable in adjusting themselves to the machine—particularly in colleges where students run into the thousands, and the teacher, with his too large classes, finds it difficult to give the individual student the attention he deserves. Such students, when requested to stretch themselves on the Procrustean bed that awaits the rank and file, often refuse, and then there is friction, and they come to be regarded as the Ishmaels of the academic family—wild, hirsute outsiders, kicking against the pricks. The democracy that does not give a show to the best man is, to put it mildly, lop-sided.

Here, subtly pervading the whole conception of education, is the asinine assumption—equally egregious in education and in politics—that all are equal in brains, if only they are given equal chances. The truth is that in education, politics, life at large, brains are exceptional. Making education universal, and all but coercing people to go to college, does not in the least alter that primary fact. It is the business of democracies to remove all artificial and unnecessary bars to personal welfare and progress, but not the bar of nature. The economic aspect of the subject—giving at great expense to countless swarms some-

thing they can't use—is too vast, not to say too sorrowful, to go into here. But let us at least see to it that the exceptional student (never to be confused with the mechanical grind aforesaid) has his democratic opportunity, along with the others.

IV

Along with the twaddle about "democratic equality" goes the solemn assumption that any and all subjects offered under the college ægis are of equal value. "I believe in the equal dignity of all subjects of learning," declared a well-known critic lately. In other words, the making of pea soup and the study of the fourth dimension are on a par. Such nonsense, heard every day, is the denial of all relative values in intellectual exercise and in the life that includes them. Certain subjects, the arts and letters, philosophy, religion, science in its larger sweep, draw upon human powers, and possess a worth in relative grading such as the five hundred materialistic and mercantile ways of study, however good in themselves, can never justly claim. We must not be so timorous in asserting the essential superiority of the higher emotional, mental and spiritual appeals. Let the idealist, who seems to have been scared to death, raise his voice and declare that all subjects for study are *not* alike; that they are vitally and totally different, according to their nature, effect and aim. The superintendent of schools in a large mid-western city said to me recently, with a humorous lift of the eyebrow: "We are overdoing this business of democracy." We are. It is like trying too hard at golf; it hurts your game.

When the claim is made for recognition of some subject as of higher import, the everlasting, irritating cry, What use is it? is easily met. The nobler studies have a double utility: they give the human mind its highest satisfaction, and they do most for the advancement of the race, of real civilization. That they bear no relation to the pay envelope is their chief merit.

Those who define utility in terms of cash can hardly be reckoned with seriously in the argument. To students plaintively inquiring of me, "What good will the study of Browning's poetry do me?" I like to reply: "It will give you a state of mind which you will find the full equivalent of a Rolls-Royce car. Thus it will save you several thousand dollars." They always end up by acknowledging it.

We need to listen to some further words of a truly great educator, Stanley Hall,—now a voice from beyond the grave: "It would be sad indeed if we followed the trend, never so strong in the world as now, of mistaking *kultur* for culture and exalting technology above humanism." After commenting on the general tendency to make our colleges business plants, he goes on, in the chapter on "Some Educational Changes," in his autobiography: "Henceforth, as never before, progress is committed to the hands of the intellectuals and they must think harder, realizing to the full the responsibilities of their new leadership." And once again: "We have utterly lost all power of discriminating between the best men, things, books, ideas, and the second or even the tenth best." . . . This came from the great American who also said: "The true United States, after all, is only found in the investigator's mind."

Clear seeing and honesty alike demand the frank severance of the two aims and ideals: no fumbling, no playing to the gal-

lery, no more fostering of confusion in the minds of the young by offering them, under the specious name of college, a vast, unrelated assortment of bargain-day commodities, until it is small wonder their heads reel with this diversity-in-bogus-unity! Instead, say to them: "Here is a college. If your environment, background, or natural endowment (which we will test out for you) fits you to seek a cultural preparation for living—in contrast with gaining a livelihood—here is the place for you. If not, there are excellent shops where you may be taught anything under high heaven. But please don't come here to clutter up our problem, and do yourself no good, and maybe much harm. Those other schools do good service in a humbler way; we approve of them—if only they won't mix in." And it might be well to add: "Don't think of education as something Out There, going to which you are infallibly benefited. Education is an opportunity, plus an individual; it is an equation, not an entity."

What a blessing if our colleges had the backbone to say to inquiring youth, "Almost anybody can go to college, but this doesn't mean that everybody should." How wonderful if some college, by inheritance the beneficiary and guardian of the sound academic ideal, should speak right out and say that its aim was aristocratic: to prepare the saving remnant to rule the rest of us! But what courage it would take in what we call democratic America!

THIS BEING AN IMMIGRANT

BY GEORGE A. SCHREINER

IT is my intention to address myself solely to my fellow-immigrants. Before I do so I must certify myself. I am the real article in immigrants. Don't for a moment think that I came to the Land of Promises as a babe. I was old enough at that time to have at least four of my own. In fact, I had whiskers, having acquired them while shooting off guns on the side of the Boers in the South African War. The *locale* of that affair lying a little way off, and geography being one of the things not taught very well in the United States, I should add, perhaps, that I am no Ethiopian. Indeed, I am rather Teutonic—which was a great inconvenience in recent years to many an immigrant.

For the space required by law, which is five years and a term at Leavenworth in case one tries to shorten it, I was just a plain immigrant, having entered upon that state of economic and social infirmity in that part of the ship in which cattle and other perishable merchandise cannot be carried. I refer to the steerage, of course—with its twin beds *en étages*, its incorruptible herrings, its boiled potatoes in full dress, and its recurring fractions of stew. My five years done, I became an immigrant-citizen. This status is mine today, and shall remain mine unless the nativists decide otherwise. It is hard telling what will happen ultimately. Congress makes laws from session to session, and one of these fine days we immigrant-citizens may see ourselves on the road to Alaska, as to another Siberia. But this being an unpleasant matter, I shall say no more about it. In the course of time I have been Americanized enough to close my eyes to all that is not

pleasant—truth, for instance. If I were asked to select a bird for the national escutcheon I should land on the ostrich—naturally; we raised them in South Africa.

But no more of that, for I have found that it was much less risky to carry messages from the battlefield of Actium to Cleopatra than it is today to say anything unwelcome to my native compatriots. If, my fellow immigrant, you have that habit, get over it. You will be told that if the United States is not good enough for you, you may, should and must get out. And I take it that, like myself, you have no other place to go. Like myself you foreswore all allegiance to foreign princes, potentates and governments before swearing that you would support the Constitution,—and this last now means that you are not to criticise even such acts as are obviously contrary to the Constitution. The less you say about these high matters, the better you will be off. Your participation in the government of the Republic is strictly limited to shouting hurrah. Let it go at that—and even the office-hunter will refer to you as a model citizen.

Of my stock of experience, spanning two decades and four years, I would fain have my fellow-immigrant partake. It may make the road easier for him; the economic lemon that is waiting for him may not pucker his mouth so much. Again, taking my advice may release him from a term at peeling onions in a restaurant, such as I enjoyed—until my lachrymose resources were exhausted and I stood there in dry-eyed grief, as the best Anglo-Saxon fictionists have it.

The immigrant should not expect too much. The best way out is not to expect

anything. You will not be disappointed then. One thing to be remembered is that, coming to a country and becoming a citizen thereof are much less voluntary acts than being to the manner born. Then, too, we have to bear in mind that the Western Hemisphere, especially the northern half thereof, was created by those who settled here first. Whether they were Sioux Indians or Pilgrim Fathers I am not prepared to say. That controversy I shall allow them to settle themselves. Whatever the fact, your own enterprise in coming here is resented as soon as you open an account in a dime savings-bank. The United States does not need you. Under the quota scheme some other would have gladly taken your place. That also applies to the other in his turn. He, too, is not asked to come. There are many who would have gladly taken his place, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Of course, you may be tempted to say—but say it *sotto voce*, if talk back you must—that in coming to the United States you are bringing with you your body and brains, that you intend to work and contribute your share to the upbuilding of this greatest of republics, and that, last but not least, somebody will make a profit out of your efforts. You may want to say that you are a full-blown producer as you land, that you have been reared and trained at the expense of your *patria* or *matria*, and that you intend reducing slightly the proportion per hundred thousand of population of inmates in eleemosynary, reformatory and punitive institutions. But don't say it: all this does not count. In the United States nothing anterior to any fact counts. To yesterday nobody owes anything—and grandfather, in the case of all but the very First Families, is simply a delusion.

With your mind thus properly composed, you can face the immigration authorities much better. The frisking and manhandling you are to get would be so much more dolorous if you thought that you were wanted or needed by anybody. The clever immigrant is he who casts over-

board, beyond the new twelve-mile limit if possible, all that is of yesterday. Just bring in your brawn. Of brains the United States has a surfeit as it is. The natives supply that, and since they have first call upon wearing the white collar and dwelling in the office it is foolish to burden yourself with an entirely unnecessary apparatus. In the United States most thinking is done by machinery anyway, as you will discover when the saleslady adds ten and ten and makes it twenty-two. Thus your mental efforts are *de trop* from the very beginning. What room there is for you is as hewer of wood and drawer of water. What is wanted is motion, not notions. So long as you show speed, no matter in what direction, all will be well.

II

I thought it necessary to learn the language. There were night-schools for that purpose, a prior arrival told me. I attended one of them for two weeks and then computed my chances of learning the language at the half of a cat's lives. Having thus arrived at the conclusion that I would have to do better than Methuselah if I wanted to enter the linguistic heaven of the Anglo-Saxon, I deemed it best to take matters into my own hands. This resolve was somewhat influenced by a belief that the night-school I attended had its curriculum fashioned with an object in view. Its lessons savored strongly of an attempt to make me understand the language without ever enabling me to use it myself. The flint-visaged marm was a very superior person. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I asked her one day why they called a certain thing a sandwich, I having found no sand in it. The question was unwelcome and thereafter I was no longer a favorite pupil. I had, indeed, ceased to be one anyway, for she had sensed the fact, by that time, that, at some time or other in the past, I had gone to school elsewhere, thus depriving her of the pleasure of teaching me how to recognize an *a* the next time I saw it. The notion

that it was possible to be a more or less educated person in some other language drove this marm to distraction. No tears were shed when my place was taken by another.

Much of the time was spent in that school in Americanizing us. We were introduced to the Fathers of the Republic in a manner that made me feel as if I was seeing ghosts in a wax panopticum. Very soon I began to confound George Washington with Gautama Buddha, although before I had had a fairly good picture of the man. There was no doubt that I was to be remade. And I was willing enough. The trouble was that my previous impressions of the world could not be dispossessed with the necessary speed. That adults, not children, were being dealt with seemed to occur to no one. Here was a new joss, and before it we were to prostrate ourselves at the command of a dual personality. For while the marm did her darnedest to attract us to her Americanism, her natural tendency was to push us away. She was a forced-draught Americanizer and Ku Kluxer all in one, and has remained to me the symbol of intellectual Yankeeedom.

There was no doubt that I was riding the goat under the auspices of the great Order of Autochthons; it was equally evident that if I was to penetrate beyond the first degree I would have to smash my way in. But rolling barrels on a dock all day long, at eight dollars a week, left little time or inclination for the measures that were necessary. The language, of course, would have to be learned. Though the part of it derived from Latin and Greek and their descendants looked simple enough, I soon found that the Anglo-Saxon had attached new meanings to the old terms, while his grammar simply defied detection. A rule applied only to one case, and phonetics were entirely a matter of hit or miss. The *gh* might stand for anything, from nothing to the noise made by a freight-train brake; the *wh* I whistled; the arch demon *th* I finally mastered by recognizing it as an old acquaintance from the

Greek. Some of the language came over me like freckles; first in patches and then in batches. But the accessions would not join up. That was the first season of the wisdom pickled by Dr. Eliot and ranged on his famous five-foot shelf. I surveyed this thing, but quickly gave it up. I tried other puzzles. They all seemed to need a tin-opener.

My troubles were due to my aiming a little too high. The Boer War had left me a demobilized officer of artillery, exiled because of my irreconcilableness. To wash dishes forever or roll barrels forever was not on my program. I wanted, strangely enough, to get into the newspaper business. I began my preparation for that high destiny by copying on a superannuated typewriter the first chapter of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." Doing this thirty times nailed down my conviction that English was a language without rhyme or reason, and copying the second chapter thirty times only made that conviction the firmer. A little dawn crept over the hills when I had done Chapter III thirty times, and by the time I had copied the entire book four times there was daylight ahead, though with heavy clouds still scudding about. That much had been done in six months. My next attempt lay in copying news articles and editorials from the New York *Sun* and *Herald*. When the drive was over I was almost ready to flee to South America, whither some of my comrades-in-misfortune had gone by then.

My American education was yet incomplete. But I managed to get away from rolling barrels by putting to use my elementary knowledge of chemistry for the benefit of a whiskey rectifier on the East Side. Hitherto the man had cut his raw alcohol with certain though modest quantum of real cereal distillates. The idea came to him that this was a needless expense. There were essential oils and other concoctions that could be poured into the raw spirits he bought for conversion into booze—with the full knowledge, in those innocent days, of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The offi-

cial weigher was a man who could be reasonable, and I thus had my first taste of the law's mercies in the United States. The weigher gauged one barrel and took the boss' word for all the others; it cost some money, naturally. My notion that laws had something Median about them was thus retired, and my progress as an inhabitant of the United States correspondingly furthered. For to look for the thin spots in a law is distinctly the principal indoor sport of the real American.

III

By and by I became a newspaper reporter; still later a citizen. I was rather meticulous about conferring that status upon myself on the very day on which I became eligible. In five years I had cast off most of my foreignness. The language freckles joined up quite neatly by now, though here and there an hiatus had to be noted. In matters of accent people sometimes used to mistake me for a Scotchman—why, only they could tell. Back of that accent lay the vocal habits wrought by German, Dutch, French and Bantu, the latter the native tongue of the South African blacks. However, my speech passed off well enough until the hard and soft consonants came too close together or my tongue tired from lisping too many *ths*. Those who detected something wrong with me but failed to identify it sometimes concluded that I came from Wisconsin or from the lair of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

In the course of time I graduated into the class of copy-readers and editors, and wound up that unlovely part of my career as managing editor of the foremost afternoon daily in Texas. Then I became a foreign, and later a war correspondent for the most prominent of American news services. During the World War I began to write books. These changes involved as interesting a journey of exploration as could be had on this planet. Stanley's trip to Darkest Africa was no circumstance compared to it. After all, topographical de-

tails are no wonder of the world and the African black is very easily understood. But Darkest America is a vast puzzle, and were I to treat it seriously and at length a drab tale, indeed, would be the result. I would have to measure things and conditions by the standards set up by my compatriots of adoption for the purpose of being seen in the light of them. How far the actual falls short of the fancied is something I must leave others to cope with. Though I have lived and worked among a score of peoples, and on four continents, I know of none that can be so ostrich-like in shutting their eyes to the abuses that surround them as the Americans.

What is at best an accident—the possession of a virgin soil and vast natural resources, both of them nearing exhaustion as the result of ruthless use—has been mistaken for the possession of extraordinary ability. That the political institutions of the United States, and the underlying social and economic arrangements, are no more than the inevitable consequences of having ample room, a generous soil, unusually good climate, and an inexhaustible supply of manpower in the Old World—all this is usually ignored. Without seeing the founders of Republic as inspired prophets, I gladly admit that they were men of ample capacity in an extraordinary era, but it is just as true that the American people have done as well as they have for the reasons above stated and despite their government. Already every nine inhabitants of the United States carry an officeholder on their shoulders. The load is not felt yet because the soil still yields generously, but there are breakers ahead. The desert of the West is expanding constantly, economic waste grows worse from year to year, and the gluttony of the population waxes apace.

But I was not to occupy myself with that. America is not yet the country in which one can afford to be serious.

I did some time in the congressional press-galleries at Washington. What I noticed there, first of all, was a personnel

not to be encountered in any other national legislature. Congress consists in the main of two classes of lawyers. The members of the one class have made their marks as corporation attorneys; the members of the other use Congress as a stepping-stone toward that end. In the Senate 59 men represent 59 industrial groups, leaving 37 unattached, of which latter number about nine are progressives and the others nonentities sojourning in Washington for the purpose of pleasing their wives. About half of them have the mentality expected in a lamp-lighter; the other half dote on knickers and golf caps. The House has the same complexion, but runs more to boss control and thus approaches more closely Plato's conception of a democracy—a form of government that is comfortable because both master and ass are free and equal. The executive branch of the government has by now become a jungle of bureaucracy, with arrogant chiefs on top and underpaid employés beneath. The former suffer from swollen comb and the latter from perennial grouch.

I have been to all of them, at one time or other, Artemus Ward's "amoosin' little cuss." Their sense of superiority never admitted for a moment that they could be seen through—that even an immigrant-citizen might get a glimpse at the face behind the veil. I was to discover that what these people resented most was my notion that even they were human—that they were born, married and died. To meet their view of themselves I had to think of a category of beings that was exempt from this nasty rule. Yet they showed every clinical symptom of being heir to all the ills man's flesh endureth. Thus I suffered one of the shocks of my life when a particularly bombastic member of the Upper House gave every indication of suffering from toothache, and my disillusionment knew no bounds when one of the keenest advocates of Prohibition—now retired—had to be assisted into his chair in the Senate by two ushers because he had imbibed too freely in his office but insisted

upon answering roll-call. Evidently, the superior beings known as United States Senators could also manage to be illogical, if not a little mendacious.

Thus it happened that I passed out of my age of simple faith. Though not from Missouri, it came about that I had to be shown. Soon I acquired the inconvenient habit of seeing both sides of a case, which began to operate against my being stuffed in the manner in which my colleagues were stuffed. My trouble seemed to be that my horizon was not bounded by the American skyline, high as it is and pushed up as it can be. The ass in me saw in my masters just plain contraptions like myself. They, too, had come that way; they, too, would go that way. To me the rights of man had a real meaning; to my lords it had such meaning only as they saw fit to give it.

IV

Though we spoke the same language, the members of Congress and of its press-galleries and I never came to understand one another. We met, indeed, on the plane of superficialities. But my friends wore skates and I spikes. I had the rude habit of puncturing the bubble—just to see the air escape. I did well, however, until I tried that trick one day at a White House press conference. My efforts during the Arms Limitation Conference finally resulted in the rule of that all questions asked of the President had to be put down in writing, so that he could be spared the embarrassment of not replying to those that were inconvenient. The practice still obtains, I understand. It's most humane. You read the question and pass it up if you can't answer it; the rules forbid the correspondents to ask *viva voce* a question already put in writing.

It is hard telling just who is the greater offender in the contacts I have with my fellow-citizens. I wound their susceptibilities no longer by even inferring that the United States is *my* country. It seems to be mine only in the obligations I have

assumed, and I am reasonable enough to suffer the weaknesses of my fellow-beings. If the circumstance of birth confer upon to the one what the voluntary act of the other can not achieve no tears need be spilled over it. Life has larger problems than this and there are compensations for which allowances should be made. The native has but his own, while I can cast about for associations and experiences he will never have or know.

This I learned: that my friends and associates, though they inclined to find something amiss in my taking a real and keen interest in the welfare of the country of my adoption, were in the same measure over-indulgent when a fellow Anglo-Saxon—also an immigrant—was concerned. The rule worked with such unerring precision that presently it was forced upon my mind that not national but racial elements were at the bottom of it all. To be concise: the population of the United States consists of Anglo-Saxons, and of Americans in general—of masters, and of asses, as Plato put it. By day and by night, covertly and in the open, a struggle for supremacy goes on. Only a dramatist of Old Hellas could do it justice—Euripides perchance, or Aristophanes. But the immigrant would not play much of a rôle in the play. To the end of his days he remains mute, inarticulate. He cannot speak for himself and his is not a part for which spokesmen can be found. It is his descendant, rather, who must carry on the fight of America versus the Anglo-Saxon Tory—a planless fight, battallions without commanders, campaigns without leaders; a struggle of racial trait against racial trait, a process of action and reaction, the product of which will be, finally, the new race.

That race may be the better off for having gone through the war of ilk-attractions and of the antagonisms roused by them. The well-wisher of the American people must hope so. Yet, meanwhile, care should be taken not to have the national cranium swell too much. There is much that is

admirable in the American people, but a sense of humility before the Great and Eternal Scheme is not among the items. We are really not as smart as we seem to ourselves. Even our ideals have occupied the minds of man before, and they are not unmixed with baser alloys—prejudice, for instance.

And there is much hypocrisy that should be laid away in lavender. The world in general is getting a little tired of hearing our: "I thank thee, God, that I am not like the fellow in Europe." Not all of the remainder of mankind is on the level of us immigrant hewers of wood and drawers of water. If the present American system prevails much longer the renter-farmer will yet be a peasant, and the lower classes made by our howling industrialism may yet write their demands into the Constitution. There was Rome and there is old Cathay. America has every chance of going either way. All it needs is a few more Hugheses, a few more decades of high protective tariffs, a few more grabs in Latin America, and the chain of enemies will be complete. That is why there are Defense Days, even now. On the other hand, the American people may be able to circumvallate themselves, and hold all these enemies off, and so endure until the end of time. But the statesman's forever has been heard before. There is a clean-cut political cleavage between West and East even now, and not so long ago there was a complete fracture between South and North. The Mississippi may yet become the American Rhine, just as the Ohio came dangerously close to being the American Danube. We may be the goldarnedest thing today that ever was in creation, but the mere singing of: "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," will not keep us that, nor will the eagle scream forever if he become yet more an ostrich than he is today. In that line of Plato's there is more wisdom than Horatio ever dreamed of. There are asses and masters in any state, but what if the ass begins to believe that his master is an ass also?

VARIETIES OF HOMO SAPIENS

BY D. W. FISHER

THE PRACTICAL MAN

OF all the men on this earth the man commonly known as the Practical Man is the most difficult to understand. I should say that he is the man who goes up and down the world doing things. It makes little essential difference what he does. In any case he changes things. And he no sooner changes a thing than he has to change it again, in order to keep it up to the level of his insatiable requirements.

The chief danger connected with this man is that he often confuses motion with real activity, change with progress. He knows how to accomplish things, but he does not know what to accomplish. Thus it happens in our day that the Practical Man runs the world—and spends a good part of his time running it into the ground.

II

THE SCIENTIST

He does not do things; he looks at things. And it should be added that he thinks about them. He, too, works his will; but his will is a will, not to change, but to know things. The only thing he essentially wants to change is what goes on inside his own skull, and perhaps inside the skulls of other people.

He looks at things. But he is usually a very special kind of Scientist. He is a chemist, a botanist, or perhaps a psychologist. He looks at, and thinks about, a very limited section of things. As a strict Scientist, he never gets a good look at the way the various sections fit together.

It is only when the Scientist becomes an engineer that he gets the reputation of being practical. In that case he is practical, in the sense that he can tell the practical man how to do things. But he does not furnish any authentic information as to what is worth doing.

III

THE ARTIST

He does not do things. He does not even look at things, as does the man hurrying down the street to work, or as does the scientist. It may perhaps be said that he feels things. He feels things together into a peculiar kind of unity. He looks at things in a sense; but he feels what he sees. The Artist sees in things a significance that escapes the eye of the practical man, and of the scientist. He extracts from them a peculiar dimension of reality.

The Artist, too, has a will, but it is a will to feel and to express beauty. And he works his will on the external universe. But he does not go about this as does the man of action. He does not work a series of changes, each one of which stands in need of improvement. He works a single change, and it is known as a work of art. He produces something that is inherently satisfactory and needs no improvement.

IV

THE BELIEVER

The Believer here is the religious Believer. He does not in the first instance feel things, like the artist; and he does not in the first

instance know things, like the scientist. He wills and does things. But the things he does do not lie in the first instance in the arena of everyday existence. His will is not directed toward a good that needs to be made real; it is directed toward a good that is already real. His essential act is the dedication of his own will to the Divine will.

But if he is a real Believer, he also does things in the arena of ordinary human existence. From the belief that the end of action is in a sense already achieved, he draws an additional incentive to action. He may believe that the battle is in some sense won in heaven; but he nevertheless believes that the battle must be fought and won on earth. This may be a paradox and a stumbling-block; but it is without any doubt what the orthodox Believer holds.

This man is essentially a continuation of the practical man; he is the practical man projected from earth toward heaven. He bases himself on a certain thought, and he is filled with a certain feeling. But, viewing him at his best, he is essentially a man of will and action.

V

THE PHILOSOPHER

This man looks at things and thinks about them. He is not interested in the first instance in changing them. He wants to change his own status of relative ignorance to one of wisdom, and perhaps to assist in a similar change in other people.

So far he seems to be very much like the scientist. But he does not confine himself to any one section of the world. He tries as well as he can to take account of all that lies within the world, and of anything that lies beyond. His attitude differs from that of the scientist, only in the comprehensiveness of its subject matter.

He does not limit himself to what might be called the element of fact; he reaches out also toward what might be called the element of value or significance. He does not confine himself to the world; he in-

cludes in his purview man and God, in so far as they can be apprehended by thought. Most astonishing of all is the fact that he does not confine himself to the ordinary run of objects of thought; he endeavors to pry into the very nature of thought.

Quite apart from technicalities, the Philosopher is simply the human being endeavoring to think about everything he can think about, including himself, and his own activities. He has on his hands a difficult job. But it is a job that almost every one who rises above the mentality of *Pithecanthropus erectus* tries in one bungling fashion or another to perform.

VI

THE NIHILIST

This man, too, is a thinker. He is the most radical man we have considered, or are likely to consider. He abounds mostly in the Orient, but he appears in one form or another in the Occident.

His thought is a substitute for real philosophy. He goes to the root of the matter, by rejecting both the starting point and the end of philosophy. He does not believe in the facts and values of ordinary human experience; and he does not believe in trying to elaborate them into a coherent system of wisdom and reality.

This man does not want life; he wants death. He does not seek being; he seeks nothing. He is a hard man to deal with. Wanting nothing, it is hard to give him anything. The least that may be said of him is perhaps that he does not get what he wants.

VII

THE ÆSTHETE

He is occupied in part with thought or at least with talk, but mainly with feeling. He does not want to do things, and he does not even want to think about them; he wants to feel things. He makes a creed out of the passive side of the artist's atti-

tude. This man does not seek reality; he seeks at most a single compartment of reality. He seeks beauty, detached from its proper context in human life and activity.

So long as he confines himself to the level of mere feeling he is invulnerable and indisputable. It is perhaps for this reason that he is fundamentally annoying to both the man of thought and the man of action. The chief argument against him is that he is not fitted for this world. He cannot last.

VIII

THE MYSTIC

The Mystic here is the religious Mystic. He feels and sees; he does not essentially will or think. But what he sees is no ordinary physical reality, and no æsthetic reality. He sees the reality of God.

This man withdraws from the field of ordinary human experience farther than does the believer. He may prepare for his approach to the reality of God by rigorous exercises of will and thought; but he essentially leaves behind him both will and thought. He is unable to translate what he sees into the ordinary intellectual system of terms and propositions. And he is not primarily interested in translating what he sees into ordinary practice. He is beyond both ordinary theory and ordinary practice.

But the Mystic frequently returns. In Plato's phrase, he returns to the cave of shadows and images, after having enjoyed the sunlight of pure being. And he has often been able to throw new light on the problems that vex those who seek reality under terrestrial conditions.

IX

THE SKEPTIC

This man exists in different degrees. In any case he is a doubter. But his doubt may vary in scope and intensity.

The moderate Skeptic is a very useful citizen. He merely says that in a given instance the truth has not been attained. He

suspends his judgment, so far as that case is concerned. It would be well if there were more Skeptics of this sort in the world, particularly Skeptics as regards the truths announced by scientists and politicians.

But the radical or absolute Skeptic goes farther. He does not merely say that truth has not been attained; he says that it is not attainable. He doubts, not only at the beginning of every argument, but also at the end of every argument. He employs thought to show that thought is impossible.

The chief weakness of the absolute doubter lies in the fact that he believes his own position. He announces that he can be certain of nothing. But it is obvious all along that he is at least certain of his own skepticism.

X

THE IDEALIST

He is a full-blooded philosopher. He seeks reality, and he believes that he has found it. His formula is that the whole of reality is spiritual.

This man begins to philosophize within himself. He is convinced that he himself is a centre of spiritual life and activity. He is filled with the belief that he is a free agent, engaged in the achievement of a conscious purpose.

But he does not stop here. The lesson he learns from himself, he applies to the entire universe. The Idealist says that the sense in which he is a reality, is the sense in which anything else is a reality. He is convinced that the whole world is a place of spiritual life and activity; nay, he is convinced that it is nothing but a place of spiritual life and activity. A great spiritual agent, unfolding its life, produces the appearance of a world spread out in space and time, and operating by mechanical causation. But this is an appearance. The real world is a spiritual life, and a life not totally unlike that of the Idealist.

This thinker has a formula that in a sense covers everything. But it is perhaps not unfair to say that it covers only the inside of things.

XI

THE PURITAN

There is a certain sense in saying that the Puritan is the idealist in action. Of course, it could not be said that the Puritan necessarily holds matter to be unreal; it would perhaps be truer to say that he holds it to be preeminently abhorrent. But whether unreal or only abhorrent, it is something to be very largely ignored.

The real Puritan bases his code of action on a denial of the notion that man is a rational animal. He is ready to admit that man is a rational and spiritual being, but he is not ready to admit that man is an animal being. He insists on a certain type of spiritual life and character. This type of human character must be produced, regardless of animal and material conditions.

The chief objection to this is that it has never been known to work. In the end the material conditions will avenge themselves.

XII

THE MATERIALIST

This man, too, is a philosopher. But he leans over in a direction opposite to that of the idealist. He finds that all reality is material.

He begins to philosophize somewhere outside himself. He places himself outside himself, and stays there. In this region beyond himself, he discovers a world of things spread out in space and time, moving according to the rules of mechanical causation. He finds there nothing like freedom, nothing like the deliberate achievement of a purpose. He finds no evidence of spirit or of spiritual activity. This thinker then concludes that the world is nothing but a dance of atoms. This dance of atoms may happen to produce results that we like, and that we denominate good, beautiful, or true; but it does this quite incidentally.

The Materialist then applies this lesson

to himself. Man too is nothing but a dance of atoms. The idealist's belief that he is a spiritual being is an illusion; even his sense of freedom is an illusion. He is, if he only knew it, a very complex bundle of physical and chemical reactions. He is just as free as a stone falling toward the earth with an acceleration of so many feet per second per second. The whole history of man on this earth is the unfolding of a destiny which was contained in the primitive solar nebula.

This man too has a very comprehensive formula. But it seems to cover at most the outside of things.

XIII

THE HEDONIST

He is the lover of pleasure. In many cases it could not be said that he troubles himself much with metaphysics. But if he did, he would discover that his metaphysics are those of the materialist. In brief, he is the materialist in action.

The gaze of this man is turned outward, like that of every materialist. The pleasure he seeks may lie within himself, in the obvious sense that it lies within his own skin; but it lies outside himself, in the fundamental sense that it lies outside the centre of his personality. He does not insist that man should develop his spiritual nature. How could he? He does not admit that man has any spiritual nature. He insists that man should develop to the fullest extent his sensations.

His creed is based on a denial of the notion that man is a rational animal. Man may be an animal; but he is not properly speaking rational. In fact, the Hedonist is not entirely sure whether man is an animal or a machine; but in any case he is sure that man is no rational and spiritual creature. This being true, the obvious business of man is to make himself comfortable in the midst of his material surroundings.

But the human being does not thrive on this creed. In the end the material surroundings destroy him.

XIV

THE SENTIMENTALIST

This man is a loose mixture of idealist and materialist. He talks about ideals; but what he means is his own sensations. He seems to dislike the material; and he certainly fails to understand the spiritual. The Sentimentalist does not allow for the fact that spiritual activity is an arduous and exacting labor. He thinks that it is a dream, a feeling, centering in himself.

He is a soft, not a hardened, idealist. He plays, rather than works, at idealism. His ideals move away from the material and the practical. And as a matter of fact they move away from the spiritual.

This man is a dangerous citizen, and he is very prevalent in America. He is especially dangerous when he combines, as he often does, the qualities of the sentimentalist and those of the man of action.

XV

THE HUMANIST

The name of this man is not entirely certain. The world provides a name for any one who falls into an obvious mental aberration; but it provides no generally recognized name for the man who does not fall into such an aberration. This man may perhaps be called the Humanist, because his belief is that of the human being, undebauched by learning or other influences.

He begins to philosophize, neither en-

tirely within himself nor entirely outside himself. He believes that human life has both an inside and an outside. The Humanist takes the view that man is a rational animal. He sees no reason for thinking that man is wholly rational and spiritual; and he sees no reason for thinking that man is wholly animal and material. He extends much the same conception to the surrounding universe. The world in general has too much matter in it to be entirely spiritual; and it has too much law and order in it to be entirely material.

Holding these views, he wants to produce a type of rational and spiritual life, but not regardless of material conditions. He is neither a Hedonist nor a Puritan. The Humanist does not want to destroy the spiritual, as does the materialist; and he does not want to destroy the material, as does the idealist. He wants to make the spiritual dominate the material.

This man is not too impractical, like the idealist; nor too practical, like the materialist. He believes in practice. But he believes that practice should be guided by the ideas that filter into human life from the regions inhabited by the artist, the believer, and the philosopher. His outlook is a theoretically sane outlook. And it is the only outlook that can in the long run nourish and sustain human action.

XVI

It is only fair to add that all or most of these men are sometimes one and the same man.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE notion that it is time that has showed up the superficiality and spuriousness of the Pinero drama, that the years elapsed since its creation have been its most devastating critic, seems to me somewhat too complimentary to the genial Sir Arthur. While it is true that it has taken the general public some thirty years or so to discover that the Pinero plays which originally seemed to it to be great masterpieces are intrinsically nothing but third-rate social melodrama, about the only intelligent person who was fooled these threescore years ago was our estimable friend Archer. Almost every other critic, professional or lay, who was able to distinguish at all between the mainspring of a watch and the time recorded by the watch—that is, between mechanical proficiency and the sentimental philosophical clickings of the moment—appreciated the plays exactly for what they were worth. A good play is a good play, thirty years ago, today, and thirty years hence. A poor play is always a poor play. Fashions in speech, in dress and in other externals may change, but true insight, true philosophy, true perception never change. Of true insight, philosophy and perception Pinero has, and ever has had, a minimum. That is why his drama, with precious little exception, has aged so rapidly into caricature.

I speak specifically on this occasion of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," since it has just been revived by Arthur Hopkins; but what is said of this play applies to the others. "Tanqueray," when it was originally produced, was a popular success not because it was a good play, but because it was, at the time, in the eyes of the generality of theatregoers, a daring novelty. It

succeeded in the early eighteen nineties for precisely the same reason that such a play as "On Trial" has succeeded more recently. It belongs not to that catalogue of the theatre which contains sound drama, but to that catalogue which contains tricky drama. It has, assuredly, been effective at the box-office, and it has also impressed profoundly the one-inch-deep emotionalism of two-feet-thick skulls, but so, too, have been effective in the same way "The White Heather," Lew Morrison's "Faust" and "Sawing a Woman in Two."

"Tanqueray" is, in good truth, pathetically feeble stuff. Even the much-vaunted perfection of its mechanical structure does not overly enchant those of us who doubt that men are suddenly given to the writing of letters when they have friends in to dinner, that the inevitable and expected person always shows up at the right moment, that the crisis of one's life goes arm in arm with extravagant coincidence, and other such artless dramatic conveniences. Nor, despite meticulous English and neatly manœuvred phrases, are some of us stimulated by the kind of dramatic writing wherein, in moments of embarrassment, presumably adult and intelligent males fumble elaborately with cigars and coffee cups, wherein the same presumably adult and intelligent persons jump to their feet and, with glasses aloft, propose H. V. Esmond toasts to one another, wherein the same males (incidentally, Englishmen) indulge constantly in a deal of hearty and loving handshaking and shoulder-patting, and in which the humor consists wholly of such old Alhambra and Empire wheezes as are derived from allusions to pancakes, loud snorings, and a woman's being so cold that one gets chapped lips when one

kisses her, to say nothing of such pleasantries as is-he-dead? well-it's-the-same-thing—he's-married and of such old stage reliables as the comic drunk. Yet there is, above all this, a surer smear of clay on the Pinero foot, and that is the manner in which he deliberately cheats his own theme. That theme, as you know, is the possibility of happiness in marriage between a sensitive man of middle years and a woman with a past. But Pinero never gives the theme a free field and a fair chance. Conscious, perhaps, of his inability to tackle the thesis squarely and work it out to a reasonable philosophical conclusion, he evades the responsibility by so exaggerating and melodramatizing it that he is able shrewdly to persuade his susceptible audiences without convincing them. His Paula Tanqueray is not a woman with merely a past; she is a woman with what may politely be termed a pluperfect. She is a burlesque extravaganza of a woman with a past. She has a record that makes the average guinea pig's look like Peter the Hermit's. She is not beaten and driven to death at length by conventionality in the persons of Ellean and certain of the other personages of the play, but by Pinero, and before she starts. Poor Aubrey's unhappiness is chalked up for him before the first curtain rises. If it hadn't turned out to be Ardale, it might have been the butler.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's conception of the stellar rôle is inapt and inexpedient. She plays Paula as a shrew, a nag, a sulker, and a general gloom. Her Paula would have wrecked any marriage, even if she had been a virgin. Miss Barrymore never for a moment suggests that the reactions of the present are the results of the past; she suggests continuously that what she is with Tanqueray she must also have been with Dartry, Ethurst, Jarman, Ardale and all her other lovers. And she suggests coincidentally that, marriage or no marriage, the majority of these gentlemen had just as hard a time of it with her as poor Aubrey.

II

The character of Valdes in Stark Young's play, "The Saint," serves at once as an unwitting metaphysical autobiography of the author and as a criticism of him. The inarticulateness, the befuddlement and the obscurity of the character, groping boozily and uncertainly for truth and beauty, are the inarticulateness, the befuddlement and the obscurity of Young. The latter, an essayist and dramatic critic, is, like his Valdes, not without sensitiveness and æsthetic impulse, and what is more, he can write, but his mind lacks order and discipline and his pen ever travels across paper blindfolded. Where the call is for emotion in terms of good English, as, for example, in his essays on Italy, Young is equal to the occasion, but where the call is also for clear, direct plan and thought, as in a play like "The Saint" or in the field of dramatic criticism, he is lost. The result in such cases is confusion. In criticism, in particular, is Young a mere composer of cross-word puzzles. Valdes, of a Franciscan seminary on the Texas border, is a baffled searcher after clarity. Life, love, art—all flirt with him, tempt him, torture him, and finally elude him. Young, of the *New Republic* and the *New York Times*, is his soul-mate.

The position of the dramatic critic is a more or less delicate one. So long as he keeps strictly to his profession, he may give issue to even the most abysmal doof-flickus in the way of critical opinion and get away with it. He is protected in such circumstances by all the old and largely senseless by-words such as "Every man has a right to his own opinion," "De gustibus non est disputandum," "There are two sides to every question," and the like. But when the dramatic critic ventures further to posture himself as a professional playwright, stage producer, lighting expert and director of acting—as Young has ventured—the delicacy of his position may be said to approach closely to the condition of a stork *enceinte*. If the critic happens

to be a genius, like Shaw, he may do all this and come triumphantly off the battlefield with the scalps, flags, service medals and underwear of his scoffers. But if the critic does not happen to be precisely a genius, like Mr. Young, he is likely to come off the field with an ear gone and his shirt-tail hanging out.

The trouble with our affable colleague is that of a hoochie-coochie dancer in a mosquito swamp. His scratchings interfere with his art. He tries to do too many things at the same time, and the itch is greater, woe! woe!, than the talent. To read his uncompromising remarks on playwriting leads us properly to expect of him that his own attempts in this quarter shall be—shall we put it?—up to the uncompromising remarks. And when we read his equally uncompromising diatribes against contemporary stage direction, stage illumination and the direction of actors we have a right to expect equally that one of his own productions shall be somewhat exceptional. "The Saint" is a fairly good play, but it is not a good enough play for one who criticizes other plays as Young criticizes them. The production of "The Saint," for which Young is largely responsible and which presumably represents his critical theories in action, is, aside from Robert Edmond Jones' settings, not nearly so good as many which he has been in the habit of scolding. Before a critic begins writing profoundly of the *nuance*, *timbre*, *allegro*, rhythmic equation, vibration, *métempsychose*, *comble*, *glissement*, *terzquintsextakkord*, *sforzando* and what not of play production, he should know, at least for a starter, such trivial principles of production as, for instance, the inevitable forfeiture of emotional effect that follows a purely arbitrary and directly announced change of stage illumination like that which is vouchsafed us in the second act of "The Saint."

Mr. Young has potential ability, as a playwright, as a director and as a critic. What he needs is a manager.

I nominate Mr. Erlanger.

III

Like any number of other modern Hungarian comedies, Molnar's "The Guardsman" has found its theme in an antecedent comedy by Schnitzler. The tale of the suspecting husband who wishes to learn if his wife is unfaithful to him but who is yet reluctant to know the truth if it be the truth finds its counterpart in the first episode of "Anatol," wherein that Lothario would know if his mistress has deceived him but is yet held back by his timidity in facing what may be the fact. Molnar has spun a softly wise and jolly little play out of the motif, and the Theatre Guild has shrewdly rescued it from the limbo to which a dull American theatre-going public consigned it upon its initial revealment in these parts eleven years ago.

I have seen the play four different times: first, in Vienna under the title of "Der Leibgardist" (it was also played, if memory serves, as "Der Gardeoffizier"); then in London under the title of "Playing With Fire"; again in New York, when Harrison Grey Fiske called it "Where Ignorance is Bliss"; and now at the Garrick. The Viennese production was a good one; the London production was awful; Mr. Fiske's production was excellent save in the casting of the leading male rôle; and the present production is excellent save in the casting of the leading female rôle. Alfred Lunt's performance of the husband is the best of the four performances that I have witnessed: a singularly sagacious instance of comedy acting bestowed upon a dual rôle which, if handled as it was in the London presentation, for example, becomes nothing but a tricky vaudeville quick-change act of the Henri De Vries, Fregoli or Charles Aldrich order. But Miss Fontanne's performance of the wife is, save in the early part of the first act and the latter part of the third, as thoughtless and injudicious as Lunt's is the opposite. For all that has been written to the contrary, it is clearly Molnar's idea that the wife does not recog-

nize her disguised husband until the third act is well under way. The by-play between the wife and the critic-friend at the conclusion of the play emphasizes this point, a point, incidentally, carefully stressed by the Guild producers as it was carefully stressed in the first presentation of the play in Austria-Hungary. Yet Miss Fontanne conveys to the audience throughout the second act that she has penetrated the disguise and thus takes all the juice out of the play. Whether she conveys this intentionally or not, I do not know. She is unfortunate in being the possessor of a set and changeless smile—one that seeks to register various widely differentiated reactions in precisely the same manner—and this smile, which stubbornly declines to modulate its meanings for her, on this occasion disastrously implies that she is not tricked by her husband's artifice. The proficient ironic comedy of the middle act thus becomes so lopsided that it loses most of its biting humor.

IV

It is frequently the belief of the American playwright who sets out to write what is known as a drawing-room comedy that all he has to do to achieve his end is to write a vulgar farce and have it played in half-time in a set painted a soft gray and furnished tastefully by one of the fashionable Madison Avenue shops. The only things that differentiate one of these so-called polite drawing-room comedies from an impolite rural comedy are several pretty lamps, an appropriate number of dinner jackets, a portly English actor in the rôle of a butler, a baby-grand piano with an expensive piece of embroidery thrown nonchalantly over one end, a dingus off-stage to imitate the sound of an automobile, and a stage director able to make the actors speak in well-modulated voices. Otherwise, for all that it matters intrinsically, the average native-made drawing-room comedy could just as well be played in the kitchen.

The American who essays to write drawing-room comedy, even when he is moderately successful, gives one the impression of being altogether too conscious of his manners. The Englishman, even at his worst, in the same field of dramatic entertainment is casual and persuasive. But the home lad seems always to have thought up his good manners first and the rest of his play afterward. The manners stick out from the manuscript like so many flashy rhinestone hatpins. The characters comport themselves not easily and naturally, but like so many dollar books of etiquette in five-dollar bindings. The hero is just a half inch too suave; the heroine is just a shade too elegant; the butler is just a touch too butlerish. One feels that the author rather than the audience is the one who is impressed.

The first essential in the writing of genuine polite comedy is that the author shall be a man sufficiently versed in the code of polite manners to be able safely to forget them when he writes his comedy. These polite manners must, so to speak, be felt but never seen. They should be the undertone and implication of the play, not the circus parade and overtone. The author must be so sure of his ground that the punctilio, as the punctilio, shall be comfortably forgotten by the audience ten minutes after the first curtain has gone up and shall thereafter be taken for granted. It must never come into the foreground, as our American writers permit it to; it must remain ever lurking in the silken back shadows. When good manners are emphasized they cease to be good manners. What results is vulgarity.

Lynn Starling's attempt at drawing-room comedy called "In His Arms" would not be a better play if the author had laid it in less tony surroundings, but it would be a less irritating one. True enough, Starling has tried to safeguard himself, and perhaps also his self-appreciated shortcomings in the matter of *politesse*, by modestly designating his drawing-room as a New Jersey one, but the dodge is some-

what too obvious to deceive. You can't alter the intention and complexion of a play merely by putting a note at the bottom of the list of scenes in the program saying that they are laid across the river, especially when there is nothing in the play to suggest that they are laid there. What happened was undoubtedly this: Starling originally laid his scenes in New York and then, reading the manuscript over again when he had completed it and being fearful of bad breaks, sought to evade responsibility and spoofing by arbitrarily shifting their locale to a socially less meticulous neighborhood. The stragem does not work. All that "In His Arms" remains is a vulgar sentimental farce played by expensive actors in more or less costly settings. Miss Margaret Lawrence, the star of the occasion and a *comédienne* generally to my taste, is less effective than she has been in years. Although still possessed of a considerable comedic talent and much grace of presence, a regrettable trace of obvious mummerism has crept into her work. One who promised to be the first young *comédienne* of the American stage has lost her laurels to Miss Ina Claire.

V

In "Tiger Cats," by the Danish Karen Bramson, we have Strindberg and Wedekind in red undershirts and Hurtig and Seamon pants alternately belaboring each other with sausages and seltzer siphons. If ever there was a case of unintentional burlesque, this is one. Take away Belasco's mounting of the play, permit smoking in all parts of the house and have boys sell crackerjack and chewing gum in the aisles between the acts, and all that would be missing to make one certain that one was in the Columbia Theatre would be a half dozen sailors, more or less pickled, and the scene in which someone alludes to the Hebrew comedian as Mr. McCarthy. There is hardly a writer for the theatre in the Scandinavian countries who doesn't try his or her hand at a Strindberg opus

soon or late, and Madame Bramson now duly steps into the ring, bows and takes her turn. What she has set herself to do is to combine a character like the wife in "The Father" with a theme like that of "The Dance of Death," with a few chords out of Wedekind's hard-pedal Lulu thrown in for good measure. What she has succeeded in achieving is a ridiculously intense piece of nonsense the central figures of which are characterized only by notes placed in the program and by descriptive adjectives placed in the mouths of the minor characters. Aside from this, the playwright has done utterly nothing in the way of creating character; her central male and female figures are merely empty bottles upon which from time to time the other persons in the play stick large-lettered labels.

The hero of "Tiger Cats" is designated in the program as "an eminent neurologist." At the very beginning of the play, we are privileged to hear this august fellow dictate to his secretary his latest contribution to the world of pathological thought. What he dictates would make even an osteopath laugh. The central female character of the play is denominated a vicious serpent in satin, one who holds her husband in complete thrall with the whip of sex. Yet, aside from a casual line in the text to that effect, there is absolutely no dramatic proof of the fact, the husband's keen sexual relish for his wife having plainly evaporated before the play begins and the crux of the play attesting further and positively to his physical indifference to her. The Strindberg philosophy of hate-in-love La Bramson tries, true enough, to make the underlying motif of her play, but the job is too much for her. All that she does in the way of dramatizing the philosophy is to make the husband periodically clench his fists and stride abruptly toward the window for a relieving breath of air and the wife clench her teeth and stride snappishly out of the room with her tummy thrust forward at an impertinent bulge. Do not think from such

criticism, I beg of you, that I am confusing the characters with the actors. The truth of it is that the characters *are* simply actors; they bear no more likeness to human beings than the pictures drawn in colored chalk by beggars on the flagstones along the Thames Embankment. Nor can they be regarded as symbols. They are not symbols of human beings; they are merely symbols of dummies.

Mr. Belasco, for all the accustomed energy and patience which he has expended upon the presentation, has, aside from his usually admirable illumination tricks, not helped the play any. Although the scene in the adaptation—made from the French translation—is laid in Paris, the only suggestion of French atmosphere is the blouse and apron worn by the hero's valet. Otherwise, what with the English accent of Robert Loraine and other of the actors, the locale, for all that it matters, might just as well be set down as London or Boston. The direction, too, is in antiquated channels. I need, in this connection, call attention only to the episode following the husband's shooting of his wife when, with the clockwork of the 1890 melodrama, the doors at stage left, stage right and upper centre open simultaneously and frame in tableau the startled maid, manservant and secretary. Mr. Loraine does everything with the leading male rôle but act it. Of course, Mr. Loraine is so great a pet of the English theatregoing public that, as with all of its pets, it hates to put him to the trouble of exerting himself in the way of acting, but this, after all, isn't England. Miss Katharine Cornell is excellent, as always, in the opposite rôle.

VI

The collaboration of those two witty Paris boulevardiers, the MM. Armont and Bousquet, is a failure. Individually, or working in another association, the fellows are each as stimulating as a toothsome cocktail, but they are cocktails of a somewhat different blend and do not mix

well. Armont works much better with such an *apéritif* as Gerbidoon—witness "L'École des Cocottes" and "Un Chien Qui Rapporte"; while Bousquet's flavor finds its better chance with such a shaker as Rip—witness "L'Habit d'un Laquais" or revues like the Fémina's "Eh! Eh!" or the Ambassadeurs' "En Avant, Marche!" Getting together for the joint confection of "Comédienne," they both seem suddenly to have lost every trace of their individual humor and to have sedulously brought to their collaboration all their individual weaknesses and deficiencies. Although neither of them is to be compared, even remotely, with such of our American humorous writers for the theatre as Ring Lardner or Montague Glass, the result of their dramatic partnership is much the same as if Lardner and Glass were to join forces in the writing of a play and if that play, to everyone's pardonable astonishment, turned out to be "Pollyanna."

"Comédienne" is the modern French boulevard theatre in a sentimental mood, and when the modern French boulevard theatre gets into a sentimental mood it is, as you may know, pretty awful. With not more than two or three exceptions, it seems to be impossible for a boulevard playwright to be sentimental in moderation. Once he starts to feel a bit wistful it is all over with him and his play takes on the appearance of a succession of Hazel Kirkes melting upon the bosoms of as many Lord Traverses and Little Evases going to heaven. This, peculiarly enough, is true even where the playwright is by nature a humorous and somewhat sardonic fellow: once his foot slips, however slightly, in the direction of sentiment there is no holding him back. Once his heroine breaks from the reins of his humor long enough to look at the hero above the waistline and he is done for. The younger Guitry, Dieudonné and Verneuil are the only exceptions that come to mind at the moment; the rest cannot be sentimental without being simultaneously squashy.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Two Journalists

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H. Dennis. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Page &
Company.

PERMIT me, gents, an exultation and a sentimentality. Reading, the other evening, Mr. Mitchell's charming volume, I came, on page 381, to a few words that sent a thrill through me from glabella to astragalus. The editor of the New York *Tribune* is thrilled no more when he gets a picture postcard from H. M. King George, nor King George when he beats the chaplain of Windsor at parchesi. And what caused all this uproar in my recesses? Simply the bald mention of my name—a line and a half of pleasant politeness—by the editor of the old New York *Sun*. I doubt that I can make you understand it. For you were not, I take it, a hopeful young newspaper reporter in the year '99, and so your daily food and drink, your pastor and your bootlegger, your dream and your despair, was not the *Sun*. Dana was dead then, but Munsey had not yet come in to make a stable of the shrine. The reigning editor was Edward P. Mitchell—scarcely a name to the barbarians without the gates, but almost a god to every young journalist. I would not have swapped a word from him, in those days, for three cheers from the Twelve Apostles. He was to me the superlative journalist of this great, heroic land, as the *Sun* itself was the grandest, gaudiest newspaper that ever went to press. I have suffered much from heartache and heartburn in the twenty-five years that have passed since then, and in consequence my store of wisdom has increased so vastly that my knees

begin to buckle under it, but I still believe that my judgment of Mitchell and the *Sun* was sound, and I herewith ratify and reiterate it in the solemnest tones I can muster. The one is retired now, and puts in his mornings communing with Habakkuk, his prize turkey-gobbler, and in watching the deer come out of his woods; the other is a corpse hideously daubed to make it look like a respectable groceryman with fashionable aspirations. This Republic will be luckier than it deserves if it ever looks upon their like again.

The dull professors who write literary histories never mention the New York *Sun*. It is not even listed in the index to the Cambridge History of American Literature, though the Baltimore *American* and the New York *Staats-Zeitung* are both there! Nevertheless, I presume to believe that its influence upon the development of American literature, and particularly upon the liberation of the younger writers of its time from the so-called American tradition, was incomparably greater than that of any of the magnificos hymned in the books. What Dana and his aides taught these youngsters was double: to see and savor the life that swarmed under their noses, and to depict it vividly and with good humor. Nothing could have been at greater odds with the American tradition. The heroes of the Stone Age were all headed in other directions. The life of their place and time interested them very little, especially the common, the ordinary life, and depicting things vividly was always far less their purpose than discussing them profoundly. Even Holmes and Walt Whitman, despite their superficial revolts, ran true to type: they were philosophers long before they were artists. The only exceptions were the humorists, and all the

humorists were below the salt: even Mark Twain had to wait until 1910, when death was upon him, before the first American of any literary authority accepted him ungrudgingly. It was the great service of Dana that he stood against all this mumbo-jumbo. From its first issue under his hands the *Sun* showed a keen and unflagging interest in the everyday life of the American people—in the lowly traffic of the streets and tenements, in the tricks and devices of politicians and other zanies, in all the writhings and cavortings of the national spirit. And it depicted these things, not in a remote and superior manner, but intimately and sympathetically, and with good humor and sound understanding. To Dana such a man as Big Tim Sullivan was not a mere monster, to be put in a barrel of alcohol and labeled "Criminal"; he was, above all, a human being—imperfect, perhaps, but still not without his perfections. And so, at the other end, were the communal heroes and demigods. Dana saw through all the Roosevelts, Wilsons and Coolidges of his time; they never deceived him for an instant. But neither did they outrage him and set him to spluttering; he had at them, not with the crude clubs and cleavers of his fellows, but with the rapier of wit and the bladder of humor. Long before "Main Street" he had discovered the street itself, and peopled it with a rich stock company of comedians. And long before "Babbitt" he had paved the way for all the "Babbitts" that remain to be written.

Mr. Mitchell notes with some surprise that the *Sun*, at least in its earlier days, was not read by the Best People—that it was barred, for example, from the reading-room of the Century Club. I see nothing surprising in that. The Century Club, then as now, was a gloomy sarcophagus of petrified brains; its typical member was a man of immense dignity and no intelligence. The *Sun*, to the end of the Dana-Mitchell-Laffan dynasty, was never popular among such dull pedants; not until Dr. Munsey added it to his chain of journalistic

grocery-stores did they begin to read it. Even today it seems to be little esteemed by the decayed editorial writers and unsuccessful reporters who teach in schools of journalism; so recently as last month I was urging them to make more use of its files. Such stupid fellows, when they were in practice, did not admire the *Sun*; they admired the New York *Times*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Washington *Post*. But the *Sun* had plenty of other customers, and many of them were converted into disciples. It was at the hands of these men, I believe, that American literature was delivered from its old formalism and hollowness. They were the young reporters who made the movement of the nineties. They became the novelists, the dramatists and the critics of the new century. The *Sun* showed them their own country, and gave them eyes to see it clearly. It created among them a sophisticated and highly civilized point of view. It rid them of the national fear of ideas, the national dread of being natural.

How Dana accomplished all this remains a bit dim, even in Mr. Mitchell's chronicle. There was apparently no formal instruction in the *Sun* office, and certainly none of the harsh discipline which makes the modern city-room like a school-room or a bank. Dana did his own work casually and easily, and seems to have let his men run on in the same way. He was extremely tolerant of drunkards, as he was, in his reception-room, of cranks. He gathered recruits wherever he could, and without too much care. But the massive fact remains that, once he had gathered them, he converted them quickly into journalists of a new, unmatched and superior kind. The commonest treadmill work on his paper was done in a lively and excellent manner; its very sporting news, on most papers frankly idiotic, was distinguished. All of his men wrote good English; all of them had sharp eyes; all of them gathered something of his shrewd wisdom. Many of them, graduating from his staff, went in for literature in the grand manner, and

did work of importance: I need point only to David Graham Phillips as an example—a man of immense influence upon the course of the American novel. But more important still were the men who were taught their trade by the *Sun* without ever having worked for it. Think of all those who were influenced by the criticism of James Huneker, a thorough *Sun* man to the end of his days, never happy on any other paper! I have elsewhere discussed him at length; when the record is written at last, if it is ever written honestly, he will stand among the genuine makers of American literature, though his own books be forgotten. What Huneker had to teach was precisely what the *Sun* in general had to teach: the stupidity of pedantry and all formal knowledge, the charm and virtue of fresh observation and hearty joy in life.

Mr. Mitchell's book covers an almost incredible space; he served a round fifty years on the *Sun*, beginning as an occasional correspondent and ending as editor-in-chief. Even for a newspaper editor he managed to keep himself well-hidden; I doubt that one of his readers in a hundred ever heard of him. Within the ranks of journalism itself he was a singularly vague and retiring figure: such men as Ochs, Watterson, Reick and Ogden were much more talked of. When he retired at last there was a public dinner for him—by a grotesque turn of fate, one of the very clown-shows, so solemn and so deadly, that the *Sun* itself used to fall upon with such delight. "At the dais table figured the proprietors . . . of the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, . . . the *Brooklyn Eagle*." Telegrams were received from the Hon. Mr. Harding, the Hon. Mr. Coolidge, the Hon. Will H. Hays, the Hon. James M. Beck. But that was not enough. The obscenity had to be piled on: the three formal speeches were made by two politicians and the Hon. Frank A. Munsey! . . . Mr. Mitchell is still alive and in excellent health. I propose that he be invited to another dinner, and that the subscribers be old readers of the *Sun*. They are scattered

over the country, in some places very thinly. I believe that they constitute what I have hitherto denominated, to the scandal of patriots, the civilized minority—that is, the elder part of it. The youngsters who have grown up since 1916 have no memory of the *Sun* to cheer them. . . .

Mr. Dennis' book of Eugene Field is careful, but somewhat hard reading. He reprints many of Field's forgotten contributions to the *Chicago Daily News*. They are, in the main, very flabby stuff.

Mark Twain on Himself

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, with an introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine. Two volumes. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

"IN all his work from beginning to end," says Mr. Paine in his introduction to these volumes, "there is nothing more perfect—nothing more beautiful." The judgment is singularly inept. If it were sound, then this hotchpotch of trivialities would be superior to "Huckleberry Finn," even to "What is Man?" It will be very difficult, I venture, to find a reader willing to acquiesce in any such valuation. On the contrary, it is very likely that most readers will be grievously disappointed in it, for there is little in it that is new, and even less that is of the first interest. Why Mark went about the writing of it with such mysterious solemnity, and insisted so stoutly that it should not be published until after his death—this is very hard to understand. There is not a line in it that might not have been printed in the newspapers the day after it was set down. Nor is there anything in it of historical importance today, save it be the chapter detailing General Grant's dealings, as an author, with the *Century Magazine* and the Century Company. Even as literary history it is second-rate, for Mark has very little to say about his professional contemporaries, and that little is mainly obvious.

How much, if any part, of the manuscript has been suppressed I do not know. Mark worked at it, off and on, over a long

period of years, and had a habit of slapping into it all the heretical sketches and stories that he wrote from time to time, and that his wife forbade him to publish. "Is Shakespeare Dead?" was once a part of it, and so was "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." Both were later exhumed and published separately. The manuscript, when it was bulkiest, must have been bulky indeed. Between January 9, 1906, and June of the same year, Mark dictated 210,000 words, and added 50,000 words of "fat," as appears by a letter of Howells. "It is my purpose," he said, on beginning his dictation, "to extend these notes to 600,000 words, and possibly more." Thereafter he kept at them, says Mr. Paine, "for a period of about two years, and intermittently during another two." Nevertheless, the volumes now printed contain but 200,000 words in all, and this includes a great deal of matter set down long before the autobiography itself was begun. What has become of the rest, if there ever was any rest? Mr. Paine says nothing about omissions, save of parts of the "fat" aforesaid. One must assume either that there have been a good many of them, or that Mark was vastly deluding himself when he wrote to Howells:

Tomorrow I mean to dictate a chapter which will get my heirs & assigns burned alive if they venture to print it this side of A.D. 2006—which I judge they won't. There'll be lots of such chapters if I live 3 or 4 years longer. The edition of A.D. 2006 will make a stir when it comes out. I shall be hovering around taking notice, along with other dead pals. You are invited.

I have said that there is little new in these two volumes and little of importance; I do not mean to say also that they are dull. On the contrary, they are mainly very amusing. The harsh, realistic philosophy of the author runs through them; they are full of shrewd judgments, albeit mainly of nonentities. Save in the earlier dictated portions, where lack of ease is plainly manifested, the style is easy and full of color—exactly the right style for an autobiography. But it remains rather pathetic to think of old Mark laboring

for years to set down stuff so lacking in genuine substance. It is, in large part, a sort of note-book rather than an autobiography, and it is the note-book of a man old and weary, and beginning to forget. One must have it and read it because it was done by the greatest literary artist ever hatched in America, and because in it, despite its gross defects, there are occasional illuminating glimpses of him. But one can only regret that he did not make a better job of it—or actually prohibit its publication until A.D. 2006.

Reprints

THE BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS. The Travels of Baron Münchhausen. French Comedies of the Eighteenth Century. Voyages to the Moon and the Sun, by Cyrano de Bergerac. The Ars Amatoria of Ovid. The Gesta Romanorum. Chronicles of a Russian Family, by S. T. Aksakov. The Satyricon of Petronius. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

THE BORZOI CLASSICS. Madame Bovary, by Gustave Flaubert. Mademoiselle de Maupin, by Théophile Gautier. Nana, by Emile Zola. Tom Jones, by Henry Fielding. The Fortunate Mistress, by Daniel Defoe. Manon Lescaut, by the Abbé Prévost. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

My catalogue of titles is complete for neither series; more volumes than I list have been published already, and many more are announced for the near future. Each is made up of books that are constantly mentioned in literary discussion, and that are yet more or less difficult to come by in dignified format. The hair-raising tales of Baron Münchhausen, for example, have been obtainable hitherto only in cheap reprints, mainly incomplete. Here the whole text is presented, printed in clear type on good paper, substantially bound, and with woodcuts from one of the early English editions. So with Zola. The Vizetelly edition, when it bobs up for sale at all, brings a very stiff price, and the volumes are ordinarily much battered. Here is "Nana" very beautifully printed—so beautifully, indeed, that it and its fellows would dignify any library.

The Borzoi Classics are all reset for this edition, and each volume has an introduction by a competent critic. Havelock Ellis,

Miss Willa Cather, Ernest Boyd, Burton Rascoe, Arthur Machen, Edmund Wilson, Jr., and Dr. Wilbur Cross, editor of the *Yale Review*, are among the critics so far represented. The Broadway Translations are similarly introduced. In format they are not to be compared to the Borzoi Classics—some of the volumes, in truth, seem to be printed from plates that have already seen service—but the series is wide in scope and hence extremely interesting. As further volumes are added I shall notice them from time to time.

Anthologies

THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, edited by Harry Morgan Ayres, Will David Howe and Frederick Morgan Padelford. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

SIXTY YEARS OF AMERICAN HUMOR, edited by Joseph Lewis French. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company*.

THE BEST SERMONS OF 1924, edited by Joseph Fort Newton. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

It is difficult to discover any utility in such anthologies as these. All they offer, at best, is a hurried glimpse of the fields they cover, and that glimpse must be snatched through the colored glasses of the editors' private tastes and prejudices. "The Modern Student's Book of English Literature," a formidable tome of nearly 900 pages, beautifully printed on Bible paper and weighing two-and-a-half pounds, covers twelve centuries. It begins with Widsmith and Beowulf and ends with Alfred Noyes and J. C. Squire. The editors are honest pedagogues, and show all the orthodox preferences of their depressing caste. They have room for Hilaire Belloc, but none for Joseph Conrad; they give Matthew Arnold space for eight contributions, but Huxley space for only one; they print A. C. Benson and Arthur Quiller-Couch, but omit Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw and George Moore. Walter Pater is missing. So is Oscar Wilde. I can find no mention of any of the Restoration dramatists. Marlowe is represented by a single lyric—the threadbare "Passionate Shepherd." Thomas Moore is present, but not

Synge. Macaulay is there, but not Froude, Buckle or Lecky. In brief, a compendium for literary pastors and country school-teachers, eager to get through the business of acquiring culture quickly and in dread of picking up ideas.

Mr. French's collection of humorous pieces is somewhat better done. It contains some excellent stuff by George Ade, Montague Glass, Ring W. Lardner and Harry Leon Wilson, but also some dreadful things by John Kendrick Bangs, the lady humorists of the last generation, and the popular buffoons of half a century ago. It is hard to believe, reading Mr. French's specimens, that people once laughed at Josh Billings and Max Adeler, or at the "Sparrowgrass Papers" of Frederick Swartout Cozzens. Nothing so bad is printed today, not even in the comic papers. . . . Dr. Newton's book of sermons is simply a cruel give-away of the rev. clergy. He seems to be a connoisseur of such things, and he writes of his preachers with an air of thorough familiarity, but the examples of homiletic science that he presents are pathetic. I have read them all without encountering a single idea. They are all mere platitudes and mush.

Cabell

STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS: DIZAIN DES DIVERSIONS, by James Branch Cabell. New York: *Robert M. McBride & Company*.

OSTENSIBLY, this extremely lively and amusing book is a sort of epilogue to all of Cabell's other books—a final summing-up by an author who grows weary of the pen, and is about to lay it down. But let the Cabellistas hold their fears and protests! Cabell is not only *not* going to quit the trade he so brilliantly adorns; he here offers overwhelming proof that he'll *never* quit it—that is, so long as there is breath in him and he can stagger to his desk on two sticks. To do so would be as impossible for him as it would be for a movie actor to give up wenching. He is moved toward it by an irresistible impulse and

desire, nearly amounting to a tropism. The true artist, indeed, is almost completely the creature of instinct; the Good Citizen is quite right in viewing him somewhat suspiciously, as a fellow defectively broken to correct living. A young man may choose rationally between entering a bank and embracing the tallow business, or even between entering a bank and studying law or taking holy orders, but when he goes in for any of the fine arts it is a sign that God, in His infinite wisdom, has put a ring into his nose, and that the pull at the other end is far beyond his volition and control. Beethoven did not write his music by a logical process; he wrote it by a process comparable to the fine, free, non-sensical jumping of a grasshopper.

Cabell goes into all this at length in his book, and then enters upon a consideration of the nature of art itself. He balks at calling it a criticism of life, apparently because that definition of it has been worn threadbare by pedants, but he is soon saying much the same thing in different words. Art, he maintains, is, in its essence, "an evasion of the distasteful." The artist is "simply one who does not like the earth he inhabits." For the laws of nature "his admiration has always been remarkably temperate, and with the laws of society he has never had any patience whatever." In other words, art is an escape from life. The artist seeks to create an ideal world that is measurably more beautiful and more comfortable than this dreadful world we live in. His value to society lies in the fact that he cannot monopolize it, once he has created it. Anyone with the yearning is free to enter its pearly gates and graze upon its field of asphodel. Cabell himself has led a happy horde that way. He calls his world Poictesme, and he has not only planted it with asphodel but also peopled it with rare and charming folk. They are more real to thousands than Cabell himself. But the friends they make are, in a way, his friends too. Thus the artist leaves his mark upon his time and attains to happiness. Thus, by making life

more bearable to strangers, he makes it more bearable to himself.

"Straws and Prayer-Books" is a fine piece of work, beautifully designed and delicately wrought. It is the composition of one of the soundest artists this great Christian land has yet produced.

Brief Notices

BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully. New York: *Albert and Charles Boni*.

SKETCHES from the life of a tramp. The best book of its kind I have ever encountered. Thirty-one strange chapters, and all of them good.

HOW TO KEEP WELL, by A. F. Currier, M.D. New York: *The Century Company*.

THE old-fashioned Family Doctor Book in a new form. Superficial, and, in the main, quite useless.

DAVID WILMOT, FREE-SOILER, by Charles Buxton Going. New York: *D. Appleton & Company*.

A CAREFUL and valuable but almost incredibly dull biography of the author of the Wilmot Proviso. God help the historians who must read it!

PRIMITIVE RELIGION, by Robert H. Lowie. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

A COMPETENT and extremely interesting study of the religion of savages, by the author of "Primitive Society." The reader will note innumerable points of resemblance to the faiths of various current American sects, notably the Methodists, Christian Scientists, Swedenborgians, United Brethren and Episcopalians.

THE NATURE OF LOVE, by Emmanuel Berl. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

AN attempt to interpret a physiological phenomenon in mystical terms. Mainly nonsense.

LIONS 'N TIGERS 'N THINGS, by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company*.

ANECDOTES of the menagerie, many of them very hard to believe, but all of them amusing.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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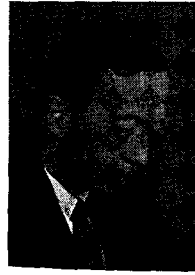
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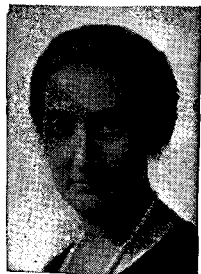
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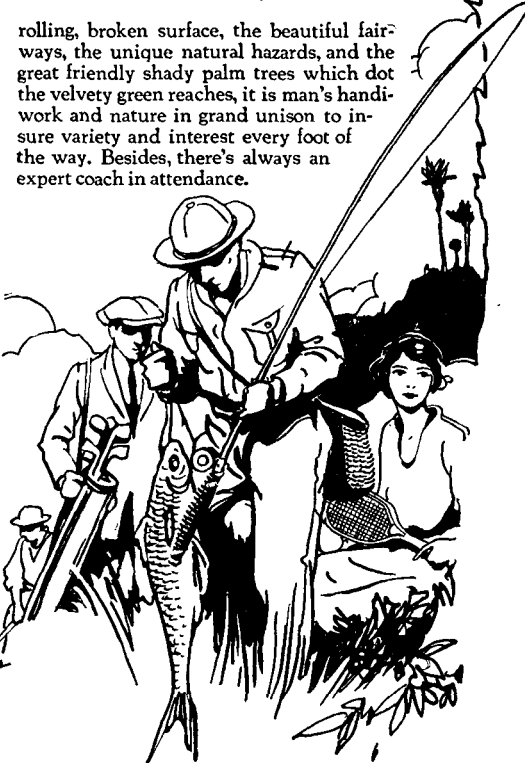
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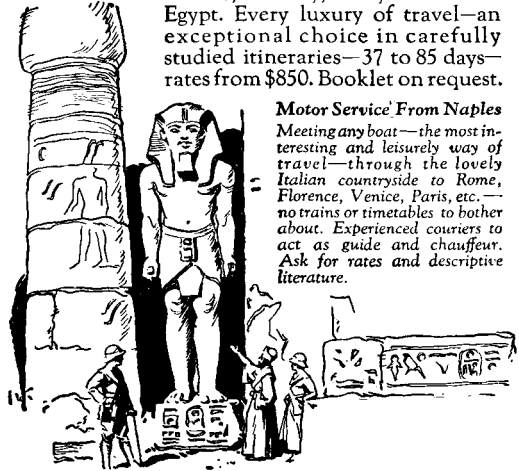


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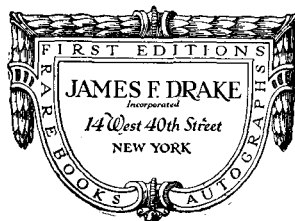
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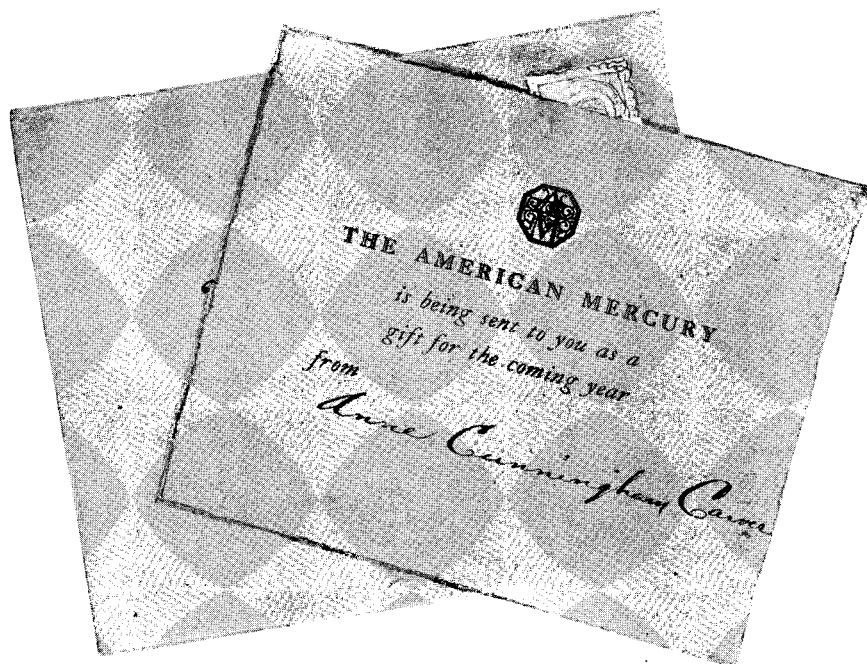
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